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The Saturday Evening
POST

March 4, 1961 – 15¢

Artificial "Pacem[illegible] for Faltering Heartbeats

THE EARLY MANHOOD OF ABE LINCOLN

By PAUL HORGAN

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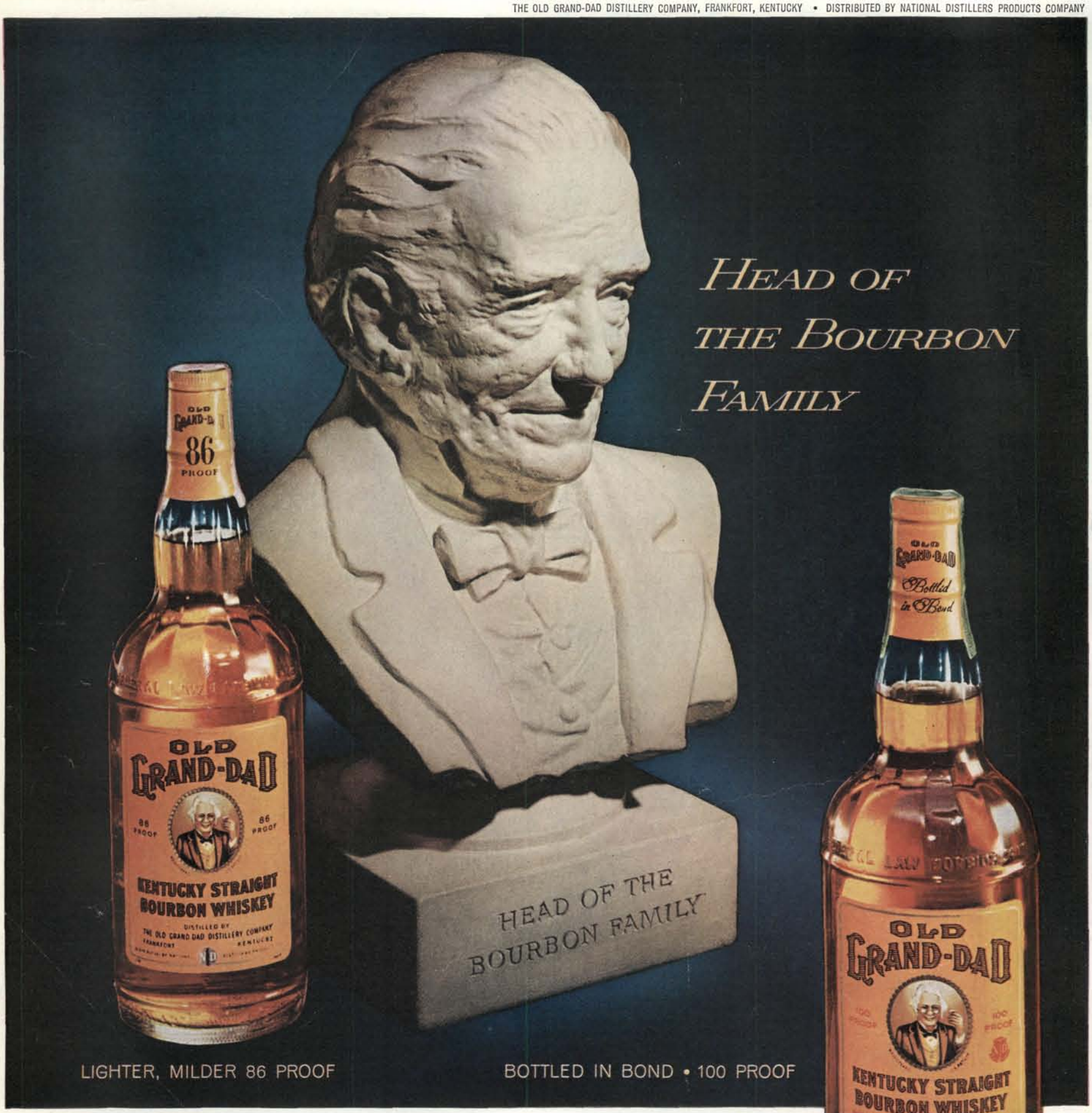

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BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

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Both are Old Grand-Dad and each is a true delight. If you enjoy Kentucky bourbon in all its rich and hearty goodness—then your choice will be Old Grand-Dad, bottled in bond 100 proof. Or, if you lean toward the somewhat lighter bourbon—then you may select Old Grand-Dad in milder 86 proof. In either case your pleasure is completely assured.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Kentucky Straight Bourbon

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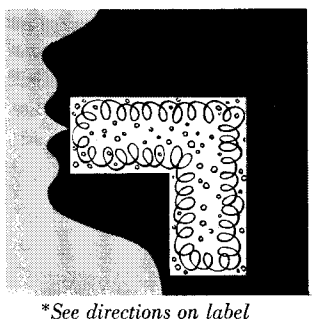
Colds and germs go hand-in-hand—but

Listerine's Protection-in-Depth Kills Germs Before They Attack

Today's germ-killing Listerine is scientifically formulated to penetrate into tiniest crevices of the mouth, and deep down into the throat. You can get the benefits of this *Protection-in-Depth* the Listerine way*, the recommended way.



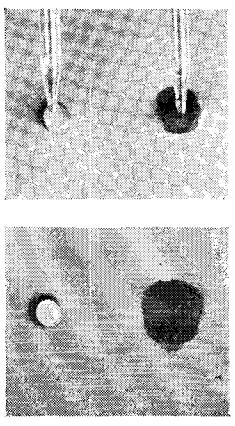
*See directions on label

Listerine *Protection-in-Depth* kills germs by millions instantly—on contact. Kills germs that ordinary mouth-rinsing cannot even reach.

Penetrates where even water doesn't reach!

Listerine is *twice* as "wet" as water, reaches deep into crevices where bacteria lurk. Kills mouth bacteria modern "wonder" drugs can't stop!

Simple test illustrates—top: Water and Listerine dropped onto note paper. Bottom: Seconds later, Listerine has reached deep into the microscopic surface openings. In 5 minutes, water is *still* on surface.



PROOF!

Colds Reduction with Listerine

12-year tests with 3,000 people proved those who gargled twice daily with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer, milder, shorter colds than those who did not (see chart below). Don't you owe your family this Listerine *Protection-in-Depth?*

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

89% more severe colds than those who did

85% longer colds, measured in days

73% more sore throats

51% more "ordinary" colds

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Get "Protection-in-Depth" today! **REACH FOR LISTERINE®** ANTISEPTIC

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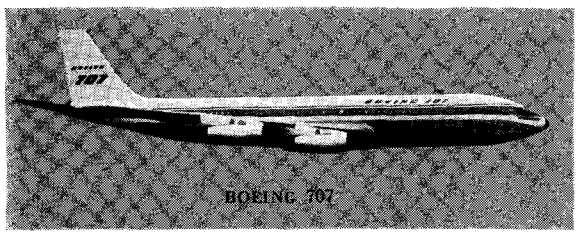
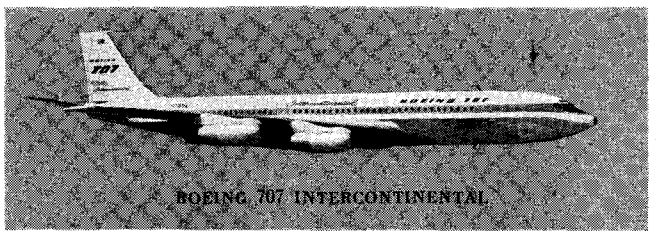
Now, from the world's most experienced builder of jetliners


BOEING 707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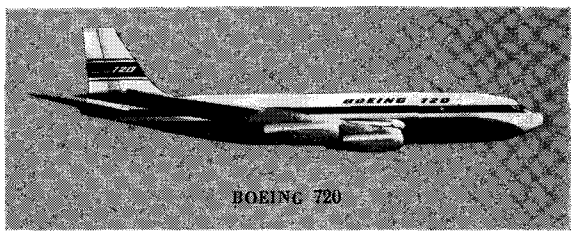
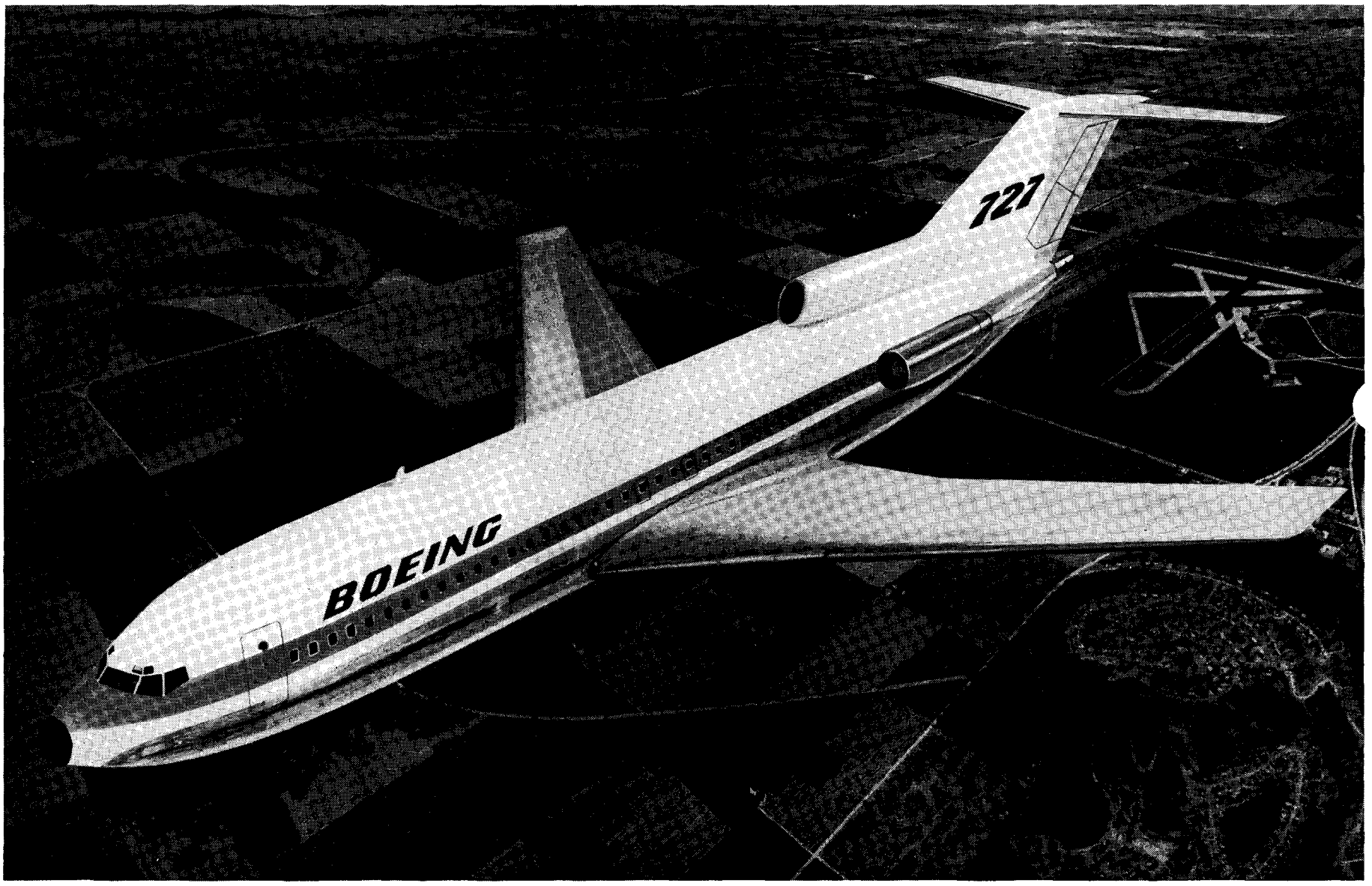

BOEING 720



The new short-to-medium range Boeing

727

The superb new Boeing 727 is a high-performance jetliner for service over short-to-medium routes. With it, airlines will be able to extend jet service to many more cities. Eastern Air Lines and United Air Lines have already ordered eighty 727s for delivery in 1963.

The three-engine 727 incorporates many of the structural and systems components that have been proved in the Boeing 707 and 720. It also has the same cabin width, permitting 4- 5- or 6-abreast seating.

The 727 is designed to operate from 5,000-foot runways with full payload, and to serve economically on routes from 150 to 1,700 miles. It offers 850 cubic feet of cargo space. Speed is 550 to 600 mph.

Of equal importance, the 727 is backed by the outstanding performance and reliability demonstrated in more than 238,000,000 miles of Boeing jetliner operations . . . good reasons why *more* airlines have ordered *more* jetliners from Boeing than from any other manufacturer.

BOEING

These 20 airlines (plus MATS*) have ordered 337 Boeing jetliners:* AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA • AMERICAN • AVIANCA • B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • EASTERN • EL AL • ETHIOPIAN • IRISH LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • SOUTH AFRICAN • TWA • UNITED • VARIG • *and* WESTERN. *In addition,* NORTHEAST, PERSIAN *and* PAKISTAN *operate Boeing jetliners under lease.*

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IN THIS ISSUE

March 4, 1961 *Vol. 234, No. 9*

4 Short Stories

Bogus Bride . . . . . *Peggy Simson Curry* 16
The Cat That Vanished . . . . . *John Reese* 24
Little Tommy's War Bonnet . . . . . *Norman Garbo* 28
The Range Butchers . . . . . *Jack Schaefer* 31

7 Articles

Making a Heartbeat Behave . . . . . *Steven M. Spencer* 13
Citizen of New Salem . . . . . *Paul Horgan* 18
Adventures of the Mind: The Universe Revalued . . . *D. E. Harding* 22
The Church That Nick Built . . . . . *Ellis O. Briggs* 25
The Space Generation . . . . . *John Bird* 26
James Stewart (Fourth of five parts)
War and Marriage . . . . . *James Stewart, as told to Pete Martin* 30
The Face of America: On the Ways . . . *Photograph by Gus Pasquarella* 32

1 Serial

The Case of the Spurious Spinster (Sixth of seven parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 36

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 34
Verse . . . 38, 58, 66, 74, 79, 81
Hazel 82
Keeping Posted 84

THE COVER

Mr. Plumpski, our middle-aged snow-bunny (novice skier), pictures himself involved in the fanciest sort of downhill derring-do, while Spoilsport the salesman, looking ahead a few feet, visualizes our hero at the termination of a well-executed eggbeater. The more subtle message of Alajálov's cover scene is that all enthusiasts of this sport—even ski salesmen—focus their daydreams on the nearest mountaintop. The truth is, members of the schuss-and-slalom set live in a world of their own. Tell one of them that skiing is a corny game, and he'll inform you that "corn" happens to be an excellent grade of skiing snow. Show us a skier, and we'll show you a person who can pack a suitcase as fast as you can say, "The weatherman predicts seven inches by morning."

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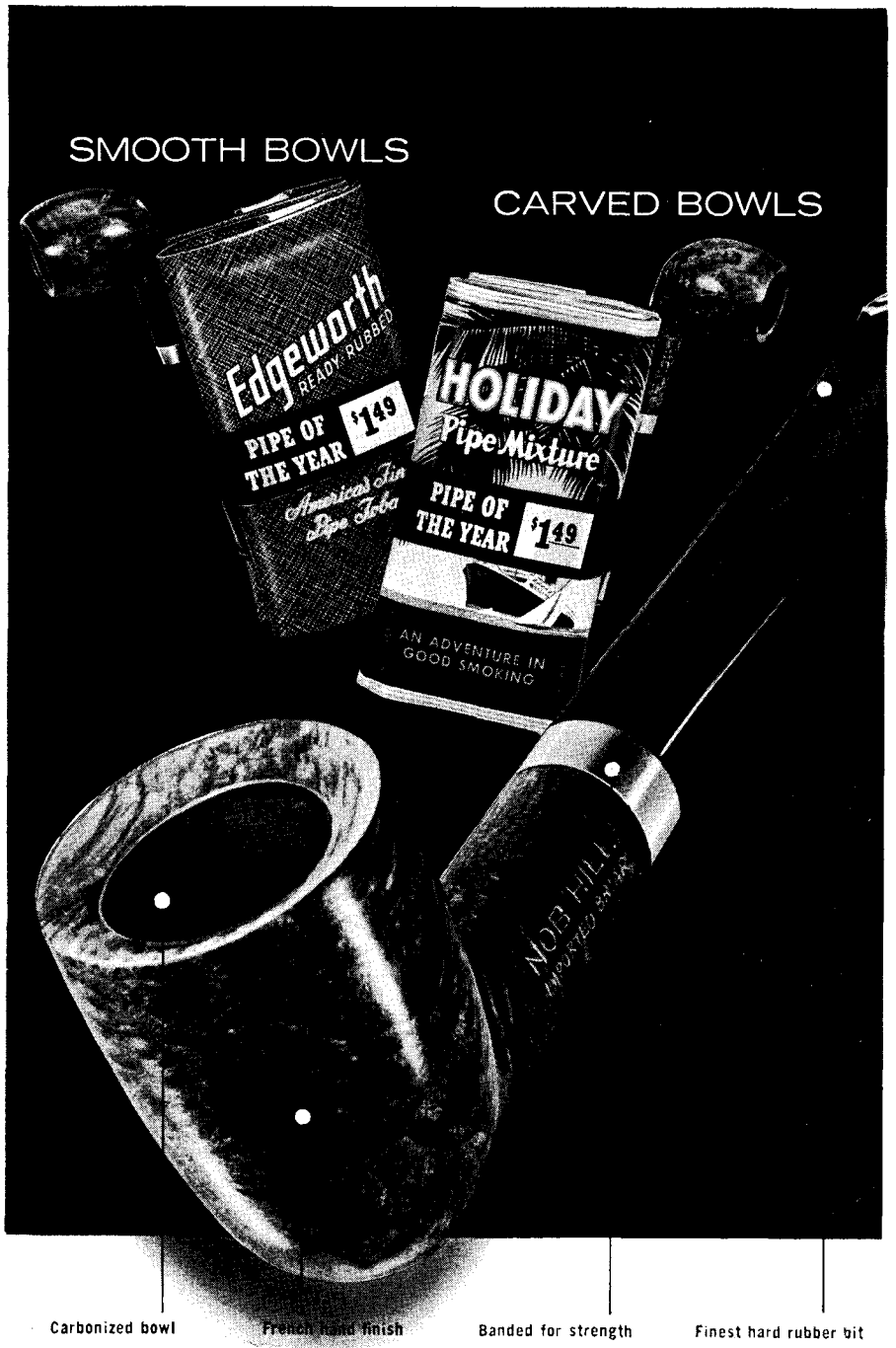

Carbonized bowl — Smokes sweet from the start. Concave, non-spill top.

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Letters

Yes-Women No More

Dear Sirs:

I was absolutely delighted with Hannah Lees' article, WOMEN SHOULD NOT PLAY DUMB, Jan. 28. I'm sick and tired of being told that the only way to "catch a man" is to keep my eyes open and my mouth shut. . . . Any man who wants the

company of someone who simply stares up at him should be taking out a cocker spaniel, not a woman.

SYLVIA LOWENTHAL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Until I read Hannah Lees' article, I always thought the women played dumb because they were really smarter than the men and because it was a method that was easy and nearly always worked. Now it looks like they are going to abandon that and try something much harder.

Lady, I think you are making a mistake. It may not work after all, and besides you will have to bone up on a lot of abstruse subjects.

JAMES MCD. CRAVEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

May I submit one corollary to Hannah Lees' intriguing line of thought? Men do recognize the intelligence of women in general. What they shy from is the intelligence of the woman they happen to be with.

CAROL ATKINS
Wadsworth, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Any American man who swallows the sweet-molasses line of a yes-woman certainly can't be classed as either intelligent or superior. Any woman who needs the interest and admiration of such a gullible egoist must be either spineless or desperate!

JOSEPHINE CULLISON
Warsaw, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I don't think any boy in his right mind wants to go out with an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* for a date.

GINNY SMITH, *age 14*
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

For four years I have been dating Radcliffe girls, who are not intellectually aggressive but certainly have no qualms about voicing their opinions. I admit I often like a respite with the other type—the typical, superficially dumb, ego-boosting woman.

THOMAS MUNNELL, *Class of '61*
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Obviously Hannah Lees is from the East. On the West Coast the situation is reversed. Women here have so many strong opinions that the poor male has a chance only to nod his head.

HUGH C. HYDE
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I agree with the author wholeheartedly. I think any man or boy worth his salt does too. Just look at Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy. Her healthy I.Q. has hardly been her downfall.

(MISS) MERRELL E. DAVENPORT, *age 16*
High Bridge, N.J.

Well-Spanked Wives

Dear Sirs:

In regard to the wife-spanking controversy [LETTERS, Jan. 14], I must add my two cents' worth.

My husband has spanked me when he found it necessary and will probably continue to do so. He would not strike me during a difference of opinion, but only on occasions when I have provoked him unreasonably for no good cause.

When a wife behaves childishly, she should be dealt with as a child. The important thing is to have a husband wise enough to know when his wife is being

(Continued on Page 6)

WHO'S IN THE ROSE ROOM?

"Probably the two-o'clock feeding."

Dear Sirs:

The Jerry Marcus cartoon in POST SCRIPTS [Jan. 28] amused me. Is use of the Rose Room as a nursery to be another White House first?

EARL H. KELLER
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

Surely baby Jack's vocalizing has yet to attain such amplitude that papa Jack, in the interest of uninterrupted sleep, has exiled him from the private family quarters.

CHARLES RAY PETERS,
Minister
The Methodist Church
Caddo Mills, Tex.

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Bright new beauty...

1961 MERCURY MONTEREY

And now, for the first time, all that famous Mercury value...extra room, economy, pep, and riding comfort...in the popular price range

Mercury has always been known for its *extra room*. After all, Mercury knows that Americans are getting bigger, not smaller. For 1961 Mercury makes you even more comfortable—with more rear-seat hip, shoulder, and head room than last year. Next there's Mercury's reputation for a *fine-car ride*. Mercury carries this tradition forward with new and exclusive Cushion-Link suspension (standard on all Montereys and Meteor 800's). This ingenious new suspension system allows the wheels to "ride with the punch"—move back and forth as well as up and down—for a smoother, quieter ride. And now, for 1961, Mercury adds *new economy*. Mercury gas mileage is up to 15% better with Mercury's new line-up of V-8's plus a brand-new *Super-Economy* "6"—another Mercury "first" this year. Everywhere you'll find Mercury's traditional values setting new highs: *wider doors* for easier entrance. A *vacation-size trunk* (32 cu. ft.) for "take-everything" packing. *7 self-servicing features* that reduce such maintenance as chassis lubrication and brake adjusting. A *longer wheelbase* (120") and *sturdier construction* (up to 241 pounds heavier) than other cars in its price range. And don't forget, all of these famous Mercury values are now yours in the *popular-price range*. See your Mercury dealer for a demonstration ride. Take your pick from 3 popular-priced series. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

1961 MERCURYS All in the popular-price range	**1. MERCURY MONTEREY** Finest, most luxurious of all 1961 Mercurys—America's lowest-priced luxury car.	**2. MERCURY METEOR 800** Priced to compete with the top series in the low-price field.	**3. MERCURY METEOR 600** Priced right in the heart of the low-price field.

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Tape is a tool—choose the best tape for the job ——→ "Scotch" Brand!

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. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

a stinker deliberately and controlled enough to spank her without being brutal. My husband is both.

MARGARET D. MENAMIN
Steelville, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

In regards wife spanking, I think it is rather fun! There is a story about the husband spanking his spouse, but by the time he got her over his knee he forgot about the spanking. So what's everyone so furious about?

JEANNE CARRIERE
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Best Floating Chess Game in Paris

Dear Sirs:

Please, someone, draw a picture for me of the following sentence from THE WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN [by Samuel Eliot Morison, Jan. 21]: "The young, beautiful and amiable Madame Brillon de Jouy was willing to sit on Franklin's lap and to let him play chess with her when she was soaking in one of those enormous covered bathtubs of the period, but no other favors beyond that would she allow."

JOHN W. MARTINSON
Mountain Home, Ark.

● *Glad to oblige, below.* —ED.

In Dublin's Fair City

Dear Sirs:

Author Ray Bradbury and *The Post* owe the citizens of Dublin an apology for THE BEGGAR ON THE DUBLIN BRIDGE [Jan. 14]. Such conditions as the man describes have not existed for many a year. Eamon de Valera is a proud man and he would not allow such things to be. Dublin is as cosmopolitan a city as London or Paris or New York or Boston. . . .

I doubt if the Irish tourist agencies will give Mr. Bradbury a card of thanks for his scurrilous diatribe. He "gave the beggar five pounds." He did in his eye. If there was a beggar and he gave him anything, it was probably a three-penny bit.

MARY A. GILMARTIN
New London, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

To quote from Bradbury's story, "So what does it prove?" What *was* he trying to prove in that exaggerated and grim tale? Maybe he wanted the world to know he gave five pounds to a beggar! There are so many beautiful and inspiring things to write about Dublin, which of course has its share of beggars, as does every city.

MRS. J. DUGGAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

One of the most penetrating pieces of fiction that I have ever read. The story is so real I can hardly believe that it is fiction.

CHARLES HARE
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

A troubling story. We'll never look through a beggar again.

HOWARD A. SMITH
Fairfield, Conn.

We Give the Coast Guard a Ship

Dear Sirs:

I would like to make a correction involving the article THE ICE IS THEIR ENEMY, Jan. 28. The *U.S.S. Burton Island* is a Navy icebreaker and does not belong to the Coast Guard as stated by author William L. Worden.

BRUCE D. MORELAN, *BT3, USN*
U.S.S. Burton Islana
Seattle, Wash.

● *"A foolish oversight," says Worden.* —ED.

We Give the Navy a Plane

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your Jan. 21 article TERROR ON A PACIFIC NIGHT [by Norman Sklarewitz] a caption under a photo states. "Passengers of the ill-fated DC-7C aboard a Navy plane that rescued them."

Please be advised that the photo is of a *Coast Guard* UF-2G Albatross, . . . the first plane to sight the survivors. One of the crew members standing at the rear has been a crew member of mine numerous times. . . .

The article was very well written.

LT. L. F. LANDER, *USCG*
Quonset Point, R.I.

● *Correct. The photograph was labeled "official U.S. Navy photo." This tricked our caption writer into assuming it showed the Navy plane which came along later.* —ED.

Agnes Loves George

Dear Sirs:

George Bradshaw's IMAGE OF A STARLET (Jan. 28) greatly boosted my morale. It's about time someone named a heroine Agnes. We who bear the name are not always past age eighty, senile and toothless, as many modern writers verily believe. We are just as young and lively as the Kims, Lisas and Pams of the sixties.

I love George Bradshaw.

AGNES R. LEWIS
Tunnelton, W. Va.

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Reading across pages, then down:

13–Bill Shrout. • 14–Two by George Burns; Buffalo Evening News; Bill Shrout. 15–George Burns. • 16, 17–Joe DeMers. • 18, 19, 20, 21–Larry Keighley. • 22–Tom Blau. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Two from U. S. Information Service; Jacob Lofman. 26–Gus Pasquarella. • 27–Republic Aviation Corporation; two by Gus Pasquarella. 28, 29–Peter Stevens. • 30–Wide World. • 31–Stan Galli. • 32, 33–Gus Pasquarella. 36–James R. Bingham. • 84–John R. Wells; Paul Horgan; Thomas G. Carrigen.

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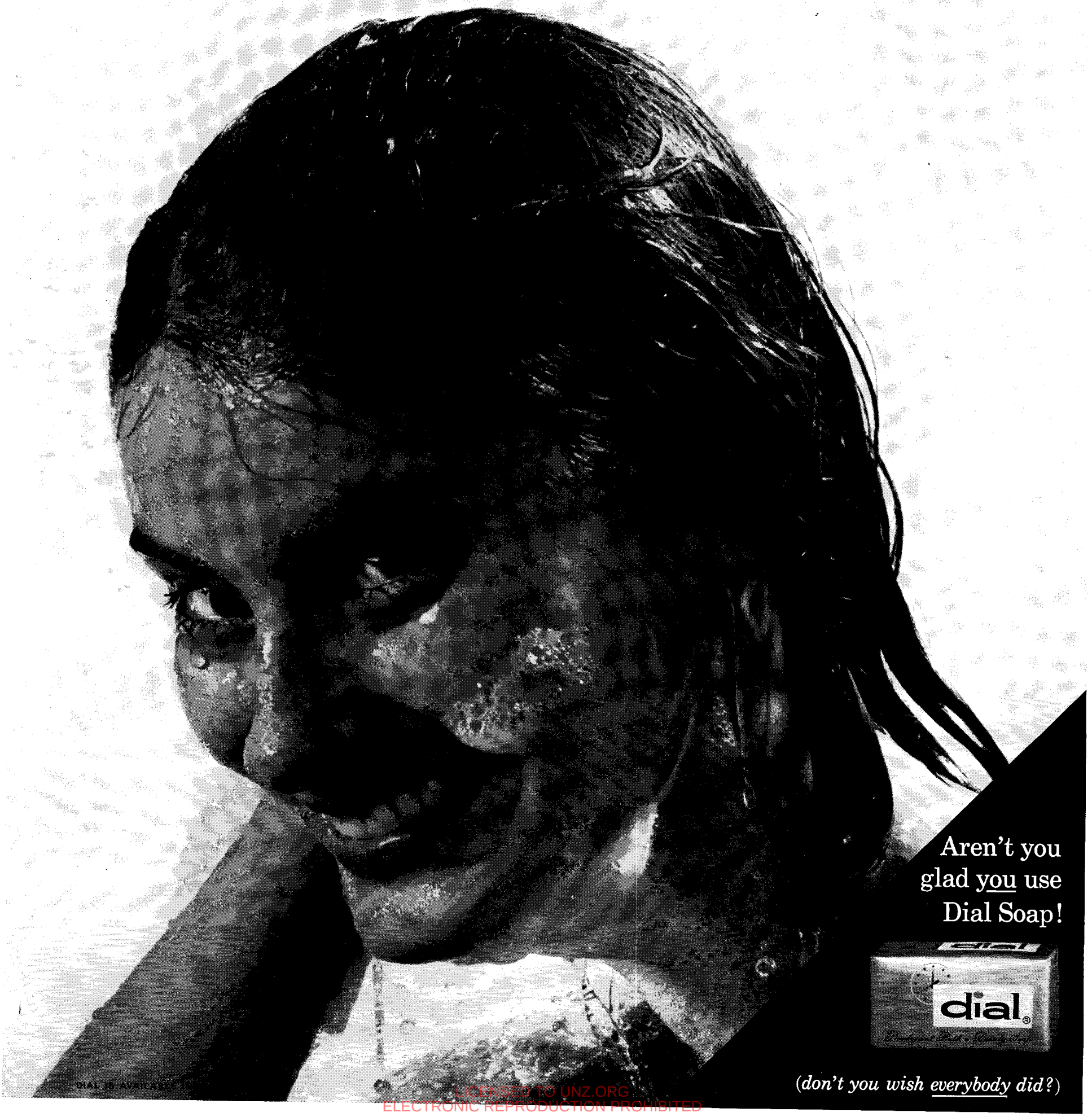
What some "soaps" aren't

Some bath bars aren't soap, they're detergents. They're apt to remove too much natural oil from your skin. But Dial is true soap. Cleanses thoroughly —but doesn't overdo it. And only Dial has AT-7, most effective deodorant in any bath bar. Dial, the soap for people who like people!



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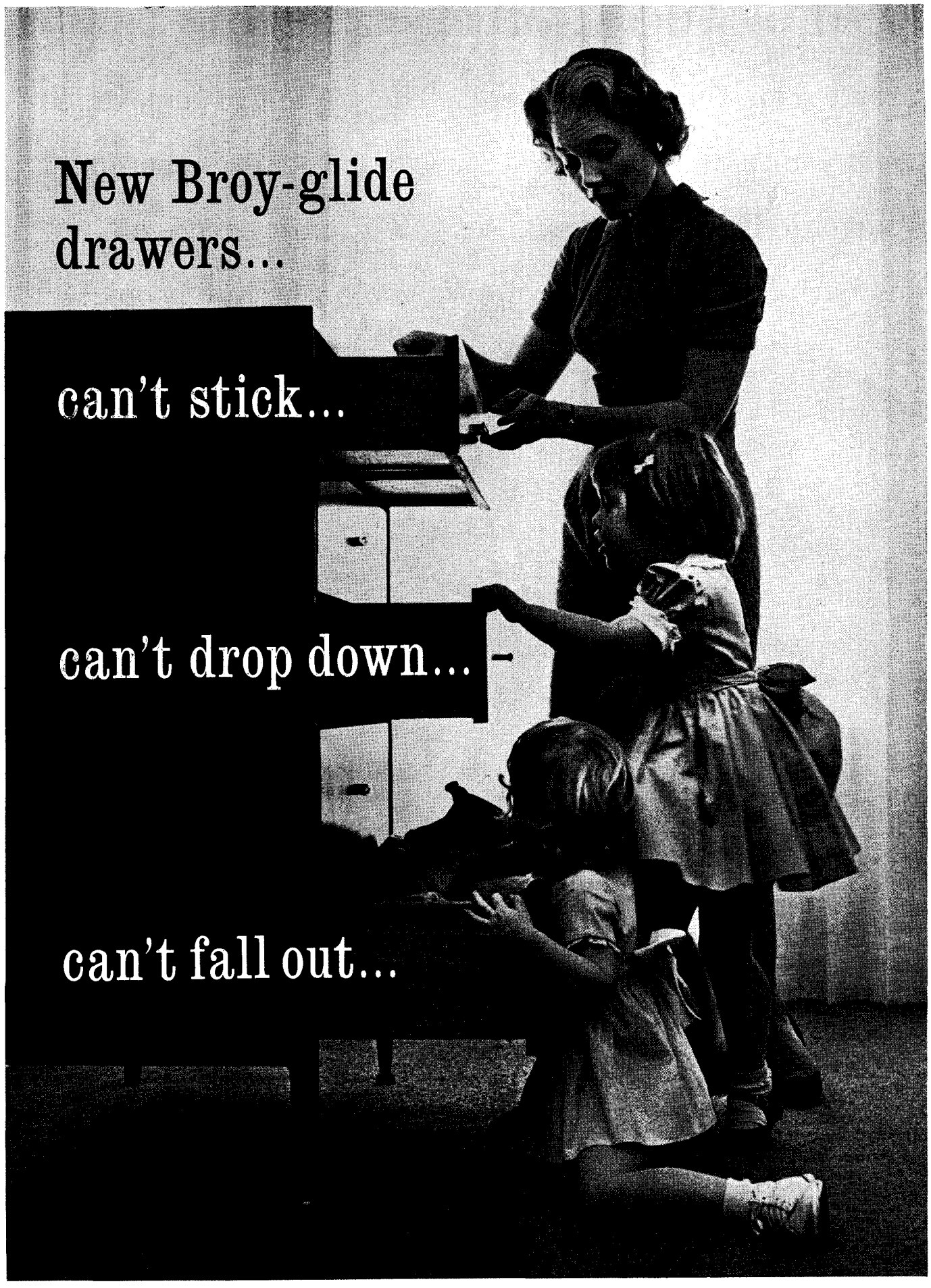
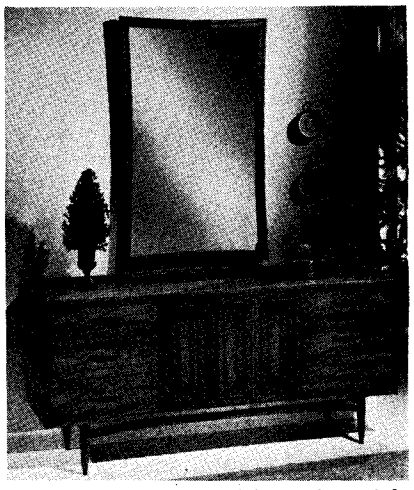
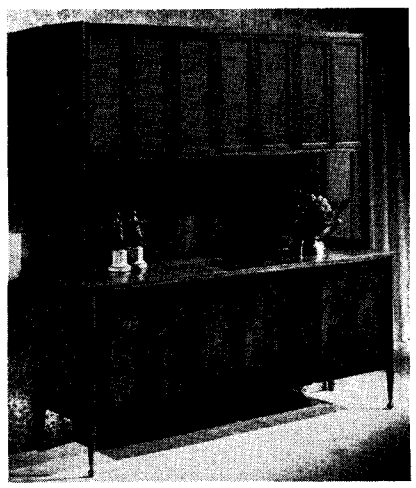


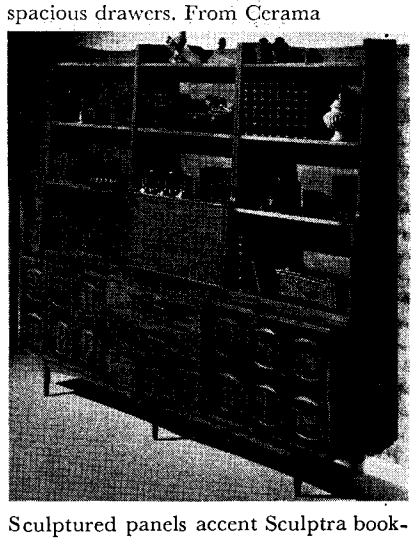


Sculptured design motif dramatizes triple dresser with mirror from Sculptra



Unusual wood graining and Cane-weve keynote Cerama credenza and hutch

Triple dresser with mirror features nine spacious drawers. From Cerama



Sculptured panels accent Sculptra bookcases and functional units

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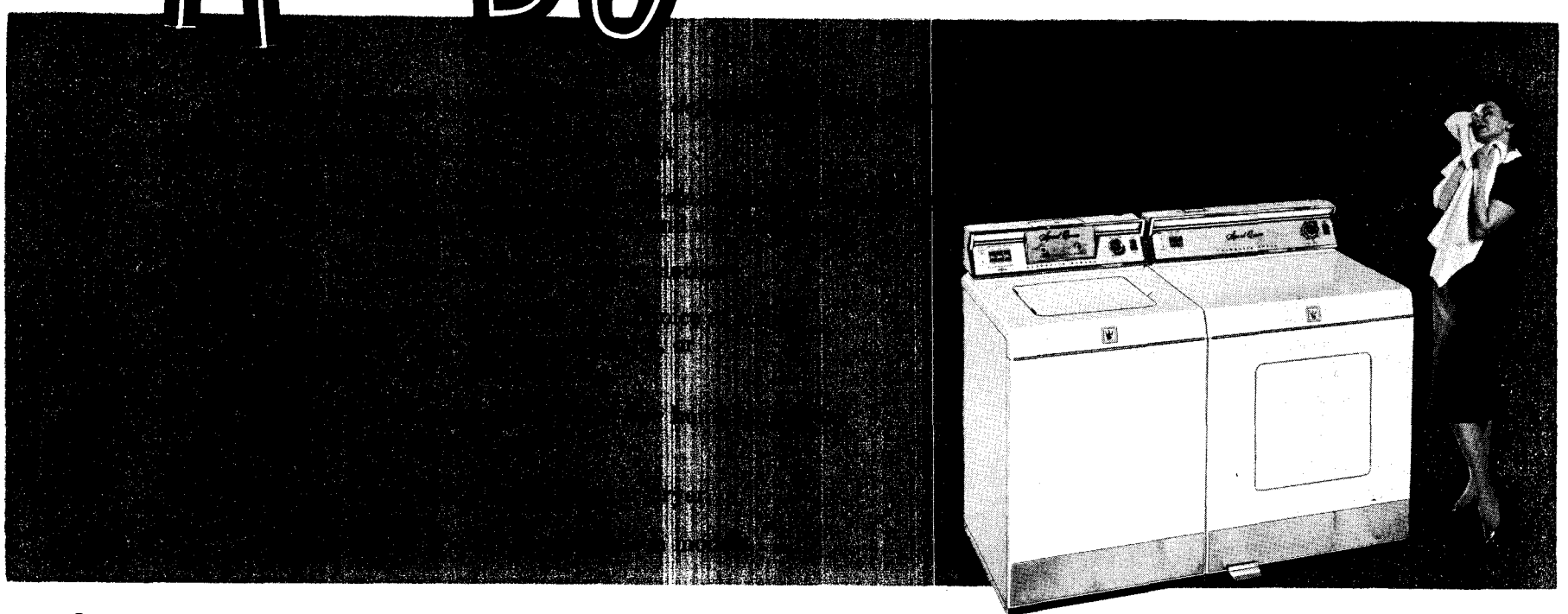

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Editorials

Congress Could Weary of the Kennedy Speed-up!

Inasmuch as it has always been possible for the House of Representatives to vote on any measure on which the members really wanted to vote, there was a touch of unreality about the "Battle of the Century" between Speaker Sam Rayburn and Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia, chairman of the House Rules Committee, over whether to add three new members to the committee. Despite the almost universal view to the contrary, Mr. Smith's committee has never been able for long to "bottle up" bills on which a vote was desired. Many of the Kennedy welfare bills came to a vote in the post-convention session of Congress last August. So what was the fuss about?

After the inauguration, Poet Laureate Robert Frost was quoted as saying to the new President, "Don't be afraid of power." The lengths to which the Administration went to pressure House members into voting to enlarge the rules committee suggest that President Kennedy may have taken the poet a little too seriously. It is all very well to use power, but one should pick the right spots. Was it the essence of political wisdom to get into a knock-down-drag-out combat with a branch of the Congress merely to compel it to do what it would eventually have to do anyway? Conceivably the enlarged rules committee will dump big spending bills on the House floor faster than previously. The Speaker may be able to dictate the flow of bills and prevent amendments on the floor. But a vote of 217 to 212 hardly presages a pushover for everything the Administration wants.

In short it could turn out that the President has strengthened the determination and influence of members on both sides of the House who have well-reasoned doubts of the value of inflationary spending as a solution for our current ills. In his State of the Union message the President gave the impression that the Eisenhower Administration had left things in a terrible mess. The recession is real enough, but, as Walter Lippmann wrote in his column, "the great majority of Americans are well off, and the dangers abroad present no immediate threat to their comfort and tranquillity." Statistics show that, even in that supposedly bleak year of 1960, the American people as a whole had more spendable income than ever before in their history. If our miseries must, as Mr. Lippmann adds, "be seen with the eye of the mind and the imagination and felt with the compassionate heart," many statesmen are going to need considerable imagination and compassion before voting endless billions to cure a malady from which a good many people don't know they are suffering.

Politics demands some strange sacrifices of good taste, not to mention principle. It was even considered necessary to send two members of the Kennedy cabinet to a dinner in honor of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, a performance which *The New York Times* characterized as "an action entirely unworthy of the high principles and the inspiring projects of the Kennedy Administration."

As this is written, the White House seems unsure as to whether a "missile gap" exists. This and the successful experiments with Minuteman and Samos must cause many to question the honesty of the Democratic campaign's attacks on the Eisenhower Administration's allegedly laggard indifference to the Space Age. These triumphs were hardly achieved during our first fortnight on the New Frontier!

A reasonable number of these retreats from rectitude will be accepted as occupational necessities for politicians, but if they become a habit, people will begin revising their estimate of the "high principles and inspiring projects" of those who practice them. And should that happen, members of Congress who want time to consider expensive legislation will find plenty of popular support.

George Washington Achieved "Status," But the Thing He Sought Was Honor

One of the shrill complaints in recent years is that we have become a nation of status seekers. This is like discovering that we had somehow acquired two ears. When a man puts on his pants in the morning, and when he shaves, he is seeking status. When a beatnik blossoms out with a beard a yard square, it is a symbol of his status as a daredevil rebel against status seeking. In most groups, whether civilized or savage, status seeking is so normal that it appears to be instinctive.

The American people last month observed the birthday of a great status seeker, whose life largely determined the course of their lives. He began as an emotional, thin-skinned boy. Of the term "status seeking" he never heard, for modern sociology and pseudo sociology had not yet been invented. He thirsted for a high reputation; but the word that he used was "honor." He also set his heart on wealth; for it was normal that a man who had succeeded in life, who had attained "honor," should also have large holdings of land, ride a splendid horse, dress finely, be a generous host and lend money liberally.

He was, in short, a conventionally minded boy who accepted the code that prevailed in his colony and his time, a code that had been brought over the wide ocean from status-seeking England. Never a great thinker, he was a great doer. Conventionally, like many other colonial boys, he copied down the "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour" that were set forth in an English book then current; and to these he soon added a few others. What was astonishing was that he firmly adhered to them all his life. Every day, every minute, he must be faithful to his duty. He must work extraordinarily hard, tell the truth always, never do an injustice, be unfailingly courteous and yet insist on his own rights.

Certainly he was naïve; but the boy who tried to harness himself to such rules was never an icy prig; he had a hot temper and to the end of his life resented a slight, especially on his integrity. Although he gradually acquired a remarkable self-discipline, there were a few times when his anger broke through, or even his tears. It took him decades to grow from his intense concentration on his own ambitions to the leadership of his country in long and anxious years of war and uncertain peace.

Seeking wealth, primarily through land ownership, he began the study of surveying before he was fifteen. When he was seventeen he was appointed county surveyor. He was already making money, and incidentally had been adding a bit more by demonstrating to kinsmen and friends his proficiency at billiards and cards, from age sixteen on. At eighteen he bought a thousand acres of land. At twenty he became Major Washington, adjutant of the southern district of Virginia.

Because he thirsted for "honor," he volunteered at twenty-one to go on a dangerous mission of diplomacy for the royal governor of Virginia, Robert Dinwiddie. He was to carry an ultimatum to the French commander in the Ohio country, warning France to stop encroaching on English lands. The mission proved to be one of hardship and peril, taking him almost to Lake Erie, and lasting two and a half months in bad winter weather. The young glory hunter was shot at; he nearly drowned when thrown out of a raft in the ice-jammed Allegheny River.

He wrote a 7000-word report to the governor, who had it printed as *The Journal of Major George Washington*, which was read with interest in America and England. Thus at twenty-one he was already an author and well started on his long journey with "honor." Lacking our twentieth-century knowledge of our own psychology, he did not know that he was a status seeker and therefore to be pitied.

To use a modern term, he gradually "sublimated" his ambition to the good of his country. Yet as long as he lived he was sensitive to any slur on his reputation. He was decisive, patient, self-disciplined, just and courteous. One of the traits he most abhorred was arrogance. And inasmuch as the character of this man rested firmly on a foundation of the seeking of "honor," it is well to ask whether anyone lately has found a better formula.

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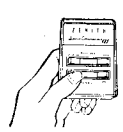

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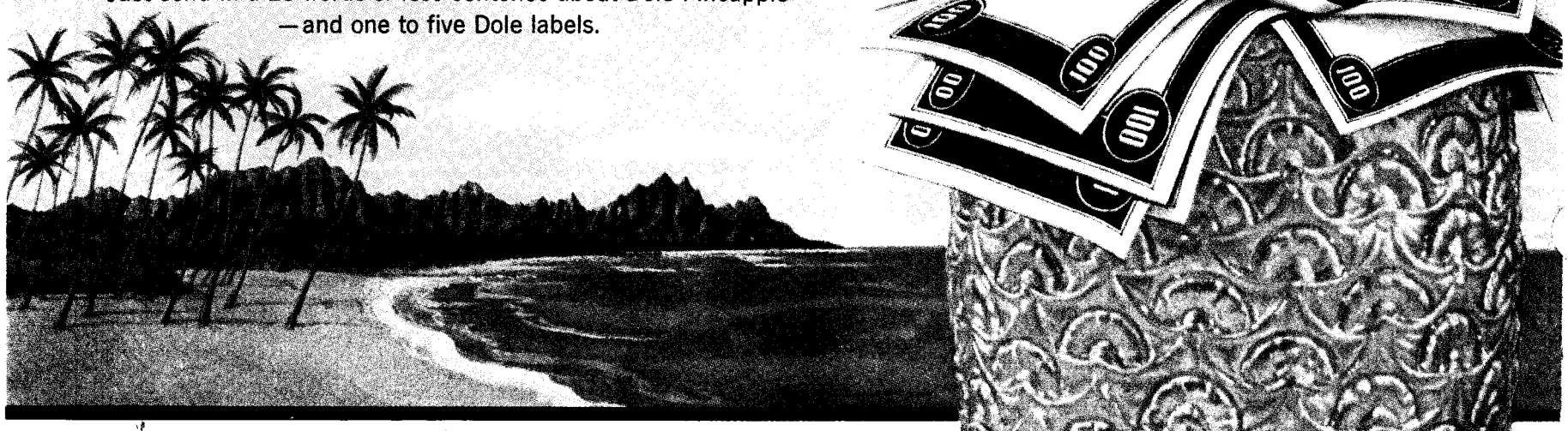

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David Williams's heart is kept ticking on schedule by the electronic pacemaker in his hand. Examining David is Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, who helped develop the device.

Making a Heartbeat Behave

An amazing new pocket-size ticker sparks hesitant heartbeats and provides added years of near-normal life for many cardiac patients.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

In the marvelously integrated pattern of action that maintains life in the human body, one movement is central, paramount and indispensable—the beating of the heart. If it stops for five to fifteen seconds you become lightheaded or fall in a faint. A longer pause, further depriving the brain of oxygen, may produce convulsions. A halt of two minutes or more usually ends in death.

The heartbeat starts in a small network of fibers, called the "pacemaker," lying in the wall of the upper-right chamber, or auricle. From here the rhythm is transmitted over the auricle to a secondary center, then through a band of specialized fibers to the lower and most important chambers, the ventricles. Day after day, year upon year, the pacemaker, like a tireless orchestra conductor, taps out the vital tempo of life's long and sometimes discordant symphony. It is a peculiarly autonomous process.

It is also electrical in nature; and upon this fact rests hope for many individuals suffering from certain types of heart trouble. Many interruptions of the beat are, of course, final and irreversible. But in some situations a lagging cardiac spark may be restored to near normal and the heart kept beating by an almost imperceptible tickle of current from a pocket-size assembly of batteries and transistors. Among the achievements of today's engineering wizards this is one of the most dramatic, an electronic "heart" you can hold in your hand, a transistorized "spark of life." From a lifesaving standpoint it is more important than the familiar electronic brain, and at a cost of $385 and a weight of eight or ten ounces it is certainly cheaper and more convenient to operate.

There are now upward of 100 individuals, ranging in age from eight to the upper seventies, mostly in the United States, but including several in Europe, South Africa and Australia, whose lives hang by a thin pair of insulated wires attached to portable pacemakers. Surgeons who have made the hookup, inserting the electrodes directly into the heart muscle, estimate several thousand more in this country alone might be helped by these new instruments. Some of the patients have been wired to their cardiac batteries continuously for

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nearly two years, without any harmful reaction, and so far as the doctors can determine the devices may be worn for many more years.

The attachment is remarkably strong and reliable. A confirmed golfer in Phoenix, refusing to let his battery and heart wires hamper his swing, entered an Arizona handicap tournament, spotted his opponent seven strokes and lost the match by only one stroke. A tool-and-die maker in Los Angeles has been back on the job for more than a year with an electronic pacemaker ticking away quietly under his shirt. Carl Barker, thirty-eight, has a professional interest in his cardiac sparker. He's an engineer with the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors, in Milwaukee. Five days a week he's busy in the laboratory, or walking around the plant on business. He played some golf last summer, hiked through the north woods last fall and all in all leads a near-normal life.

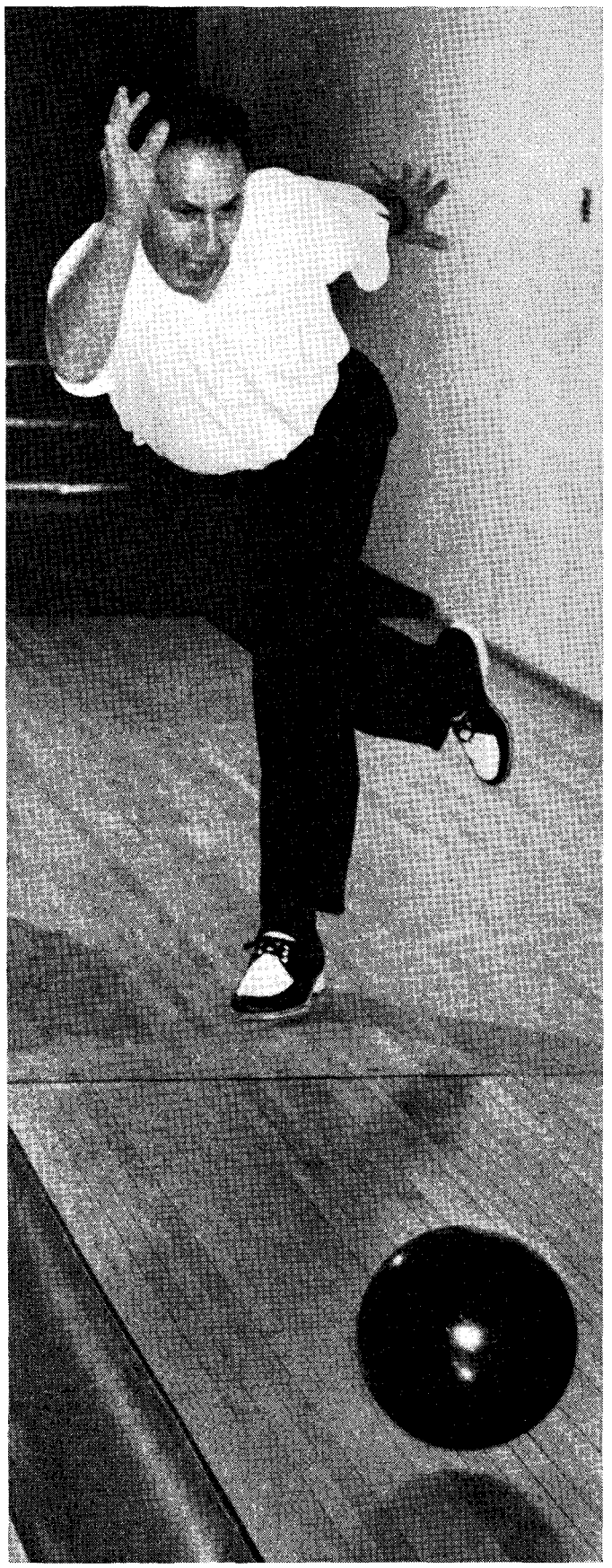
Most of the patients carry their electric "hearts" in the pocket of a cloth belt or in a holster slung from the shoulder. Dials permit variation of the pulse rate and current output, and this is usually done by the doctor. Engineer Barker, a "do-it-yourselfer," slows his own heart down to sixty or seventy beats per minute at night—he says it helps him get to sleep—and then dials it up to a snappy ninety when he gets out of bed in the morning.

In the newest and perhaps most promising development, a number of patients are wearing their artificial pacemakers under the skin, just above the beltline. Once installed, these cannot be adjusted without a minor operation. But Dr. William M. Chardack, of the University of Buffalo School of Medicine and the Veterans Hospital in Buffalo, who pioneered in this approach, finds that patients get along all right with a fixed pulse rate. For adults this is around fifty to fifty-five. A child's heart normally beats faster. So Larry Graves, an eight-year-old from Fairmont, West Virginia, the first child patient with an implanted pacemaker, has his set at eighty-five to ninety. Larry, whose difficulty was a complication of a heart operation, had his pacemaker installed by Drs. Samuel R. Schuster and Howard A. Frank at the Boston Children's Hospital.

The implanted pacer that Doctor Chardack has now placed in eight patients was designed and built by a Buffalo electronics consultant, Wilson Greatbatch. It is powered by ten thimble-size mercury batteries, specially developed by the Mallory company and rated to last five years. When the batteries begin to wear out, they cause a warning increase in the pulse rate. The surgeon will then simply make an incision in the skin and, under a local anesthetic, lift the old pacemaker out, disconnect it and replace it with a new one. This is done under sterile conditions, and the junction is sealed with silicone rubber.

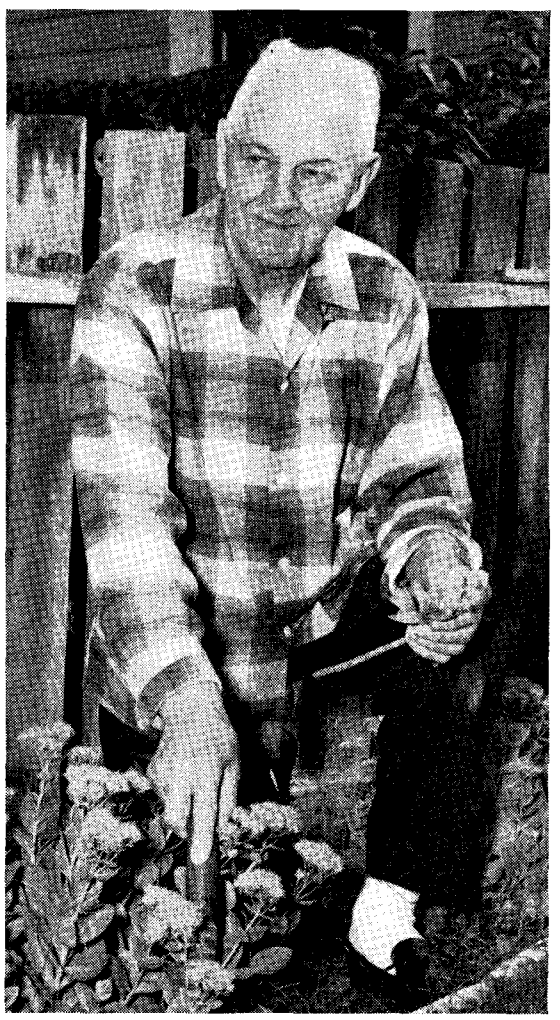
If this all sounds almost too easy, and if the patients are amazingly calm and confident, as I found them to be, credit should go to the engineering and surgical skills which have brought the electronic pacemakers to their present stage of perfection. Back of these neat little pocket tickers, however, were many years of difficult and sometimes disappointing research. And those who wear the devices today

THEY WEAR ELECTRONIC TIMERS ON THEIR HEARTS



Anthony Tasca, 36, had to stop working as a laborer two years ago when heart block slowed his heartbeat. Now he has a surgically implanted pacemaker. He is studying to be a hairdresser and is again an active bowler.

Mrs. Gladys Pearson of Buffalo, N.Y. A pacemaker keeps her heartbeat regular, and she can go about her house without fear of fainting or falling unconscious.



Frank Henefelt, 77, had the first "implanted" pacemaker installed a year ago. Before then, he fainted so often he wore a football helmet to protect his head.

Warren Mauston, 74, holding the external pacemaker that has been regulating his heartbeat for two years.

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The team which developed the implantable type of pacemaker: From left, Dr. William Chardack, Dr. Andrew Gage (indicating the pacemaker's location beneath the patient's skin) and engineer Wilson Greatbatch.

shudder as they recall the blackouts, head-cracking falls and other near-fatal experiences they suffered before they got their hearts on a dependable electric schedule.

Consider the story of Carl Barker, whose first intimation that he had a balky heart came when he fainted during a softball game in 1950. He was then living in Menominee, Michigan.

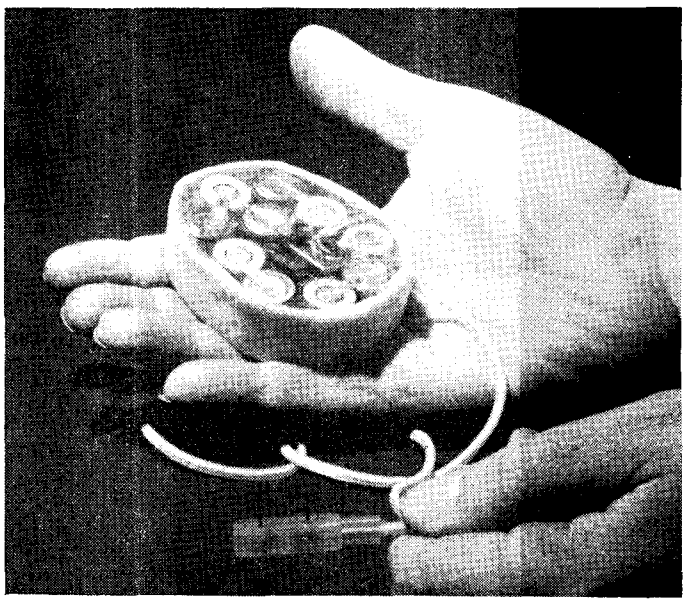
"It was an early-evening game," he told me. "I had got on first on a walk and was running for second when I suddenly passed out. Friends helped me off the field, and I sat on the bench awhile. But one of the fellows, Al Doran, convinced me I should go to the hospital. The doctor there said I'd had a coronary attack."

The plugging of an artery nourishing his heart was apparently not too severe, and Barker, like many other coronary patients, made a good recovery. He returned to his job and to his golf and fishing and hunting. Then in 1953, while walking, he suffered a second blackout. In September, 1957, his wife found him lying unconscious in the yard of their home in Milwaukee, where he'd been tossing a football over his head and catching it.

He was taken to a hospital and there had several convulsive seizures. His heart rate had dropped to between twenty-four and thirty. This and other signs, including the electrocardiographic tracing, showed that Barker was suffering from the condition known as heart block. The heartbeat signal from his own natural pacemaker was not getting through to the ventricles, which do the main blood-pumping job. The ventricles do have a built-in beat of their own that comes into action when the impulses from the master pacemaker in the auricle are blocked. This rate is fast enough in some people to serve them well. But it was too slow for Barker's health. And there was always the danger of further stoppages, the Stokes-Adams attacks, as they are called, which might at any time be fatal.

In heart block the interference occurs in the cord of specialized muscle fibers known as the bundle of His. Named for the German physician Wilhelm His, who discovered it in 1893, and pronounced "hiss," the bundle arises in the floor of the right auricle, passes down through the septum dividing the left ventricle from the right, and then splits into two branches, one for each ventricle. Because of its location the bundle of His or one of its main branches is occasionally damaged by a coronary attack, as in Barker's case, or by heart surgery, or by infection or certain drugs. Whatever the cause, the injured bundle of fibers fails to function as a message carrier, and the heart-rate orders are not transmitted. The auricles may continue to contract at a normal seventy to eighty beats per minute, while the ventricles plod along at a slow twenty-to-forty tempo.

Right: the implantable pacemaker. It is impervious to body fluids and is powered by ten five-year batteries. The two-pronged electrode in the foreground is "plugged" directly into the patient's heart muscle and transmits the vital impulses from the pacemaker.



Various medicines—molar lactate solution, epinephrine and especially isoproterenol—are often helpful. Isoproterenol—better known by its trade name of Isuprel—works by increasing the irritability of the heart so that the ventricular beat speeds up. Barker received this medical treatment for a time, but he nevertheless suffered several more Stokes-Adams attacks. They were so severe that he had to stop work, and his wife, Geraldine, took a job to help support the family, which included four small children.

In the meantime, Barker had read a newspaper report on the portable, transistorized pacemaker developed by the noted University of Minnesota heart surgeon, Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, and two electrical (Continued on Page 48)

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Who would suspect that she was paid to go through with her wedding?

BOGUS BRIDE

By PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

It came as a terrible shock to us. My brother Bruce went to Cheyenne to hire a few hay hands and was gone a week instead of a day. Then he phoned us from town, which is twenty miles from our ranch. He told my mother he was married and would be home with his wife as soon as they'd eaten some supper.

My mother started crying. My father swore. And in a few minutes Granny Sheila, who'd been listening in on her telephone down at the old house, came waddling across the slope to the new house, a black shawl over her shoulders and her white hair streaming in the July wind.

"Boil the kettle, Annie," she said to my mother. "I need a cup of tea."

"Tea, hell!" My father opened the kitchen cupboard and brought out a jug and poured a cup half full of whisky. "You know it wasn't love," he said. "Bruce has always been a backward lad. She got around him."

"He's no lad," Granny Sheila replied tartly. "He's thirty years old, and it takes two to get around. I'll not blame her a bit more than him. I told you long ago you'd got too fussy about the woman he should marry. Fanny Hankins didn't suit you because she put tint on her hair. You'd have none of Mary Duncan because she stayed up all night at the dances. You said she'd never rise from her bed to cook a rancher's breakfast. And the Widow Williams ——" Granny's bright blue eyes rolled.

"He loved none of them, or he'd have ignored us!" my mother cried.

"Well, love's a delicate thing," Granny said, "and not meant to be picked to pieces. I just came up here to tell you that now it's happened, fair or foul, we're going to make the best of it. You hear me?"

"The best would be finding us a lawyer," my father muttered.

"There's none in the county except old drunken Tom McCloud," Granny said. "And by the time you could find one, there's like to be a grandchild on the way. Do you want your flesh and blood growing up in a broken home? And who's to have the kid, huh, Bruce or the girl he married?"

My father straightened, a tall, dark-eyed man with a stern mouth. "Once a McKenzie, always a McKenzie. I'll do right by the wee lad."

"Humph!" Granny spat on the big kitchen stove that was still hot from cooking supper. "He's that smart, my son, that he decides the sex of the bairn before it's certain it's begun. Well, let me tell you this, John McKenzie; you'll never hold a candle to a woman when she stands up in court and asks a judge to give her care of her offspring. Motherhood'll melt hearts of iron."

"There's no doubt the hussy married my son for our money," my father said, scowling. "I told him to watch out for that. I told him——"

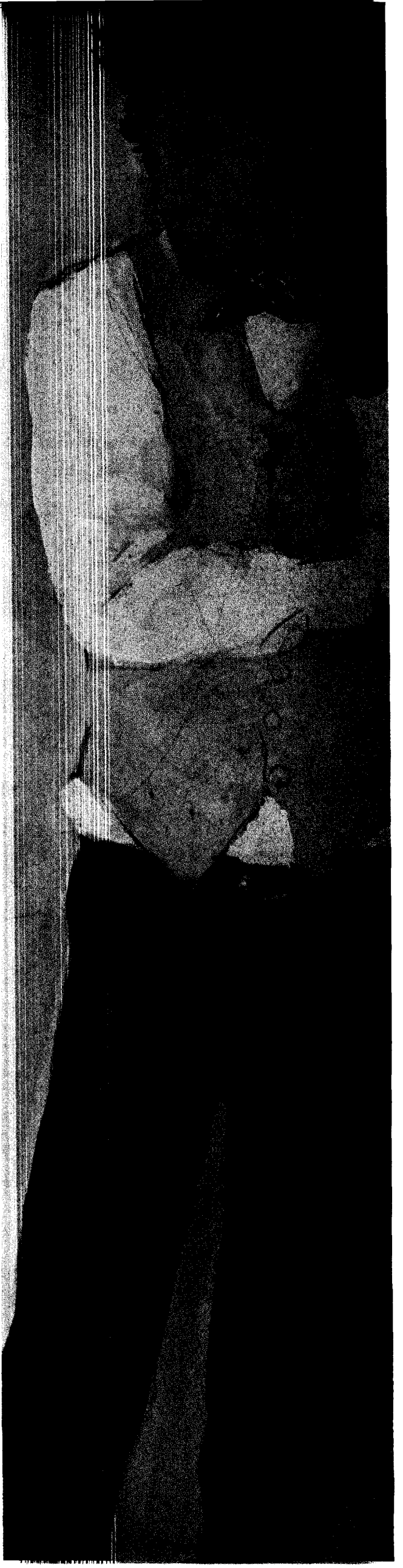
"And what are you to do with all your money?" Granny demanded. "Pay the devil to fan you with a palm leaf?" She waddled to the telephone and cranked the old-fashioned handle. "That you, Mrs. Green? Although it's your custom to listen in every time there's a ring on the party line, I feared you'd missed our good news. Bruce got married. What? Of course it was sudden. And why should a man of red blood put up with a long engagement? Don't believe in 'em myself. . . . What? Oh, she comes from a fine old family indeed. Sheep people and Scotch, like us. Now, dearie, I trust you'll pass the fine news to all our neighbors." Granny hung up and sighed. "And all the receivers clicking up and down while I talked to her."

"A fine cock-and-bull story you put out," my father said, looking glum.

"Oh, my!" my mother went on, wringing her hands. (Continued on Page 51)

ancy was the most popular woman
the wedding charivari.

Illustrated by Joe De Mers



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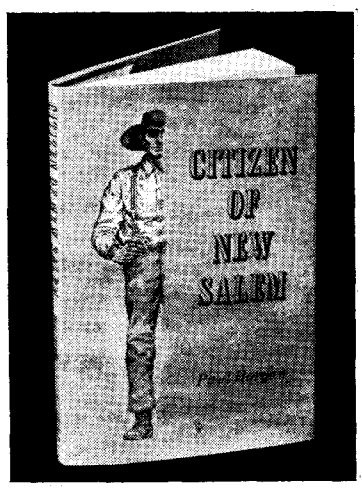
CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM

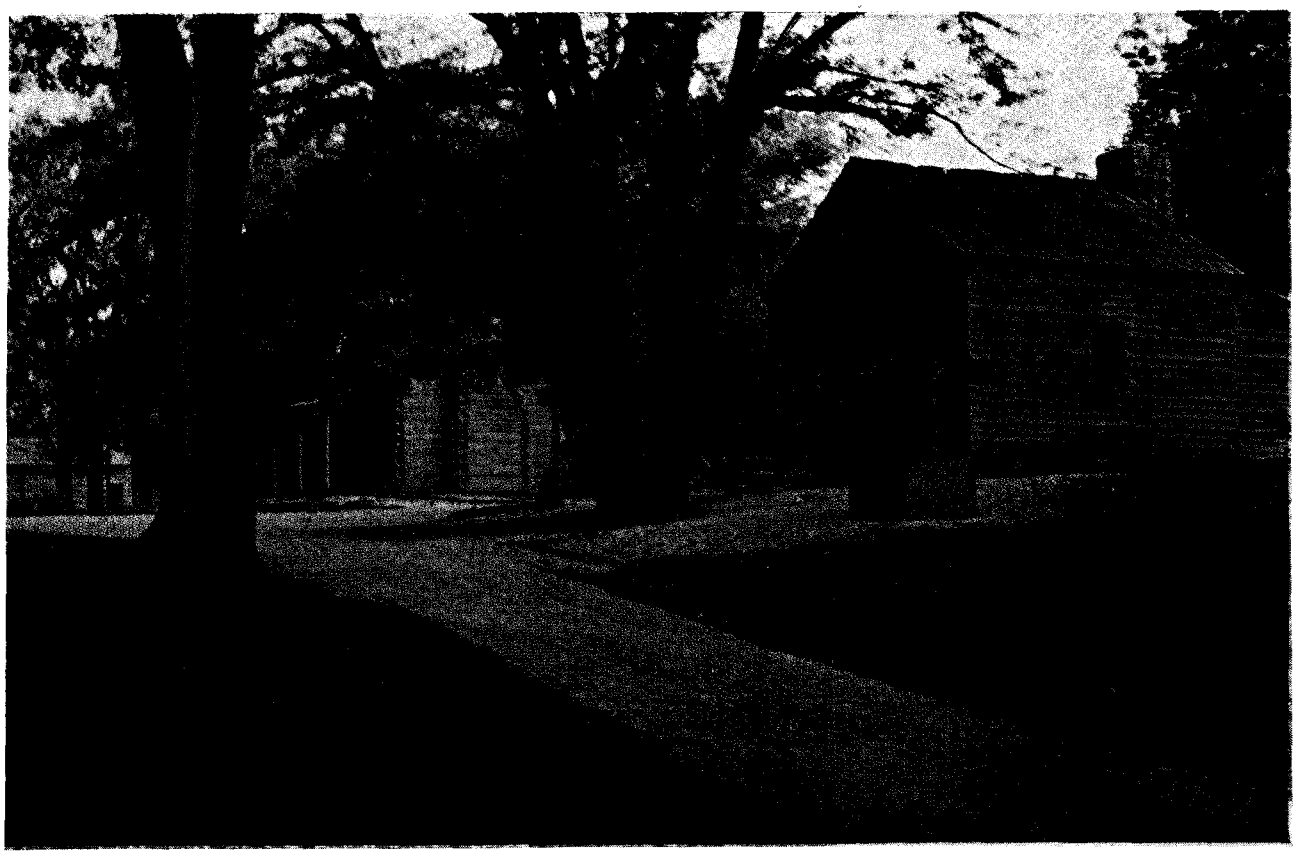
By PAUL HORGAN

One hundred years ago this week Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated sixteenth President of the United States. In anticipation of the anniversary, *The Post* asked Pulitzer prize-winning author Paul Horgan to visit the village where Lincoln spent six formative years of his early manhood. This double-length article is the result of that visit. *Citizen of New Salem* will also be published in book form on March thirty-first, by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. It is one of the Book-of-the-Month Club's dual selections for May.



This statue of Lincoln by Avard Fairbanks stands at the entrance to the Illinois hamlet of New Salem, now restored as an 82-acre state park.

© 1961 by Paul Horgan



The cabin at right is a replica of the store that Lincoln operated on this site in partnership with William Berry in 1833. In re-creating the New Salem of a century and more ago, historians consulted many old records to find the original foundations.

He assured those with whom he came in contact—wrote a friend later—*that he was a piece of floating driftwood; that after a winter of deep snow, he had come down the river with the freshet; borne along by the swelling waters, and aimlessly floating about, he had accidentally lodged at New Salem. . . .*

The previous winter saw "the celebrated deep snow of Illinois," as he called it long afterward. On Christmas Day in 1830 came the snow upon all the great prairie, and snow fell almost continuously in the whole winter.

So thick a winter made a flooded spring. The rivers received the melt and rose up until they flowed into the branches of bankside trees. Travelers went by river, in home-fashioned boats. A certain merchant enterprise began when a tall flatboatman with two companions set out from Decatur, Illinois, for Springfield in a homemade cottonwood canoe. On Spring Creek near Springfield they set to work building a flatboat destined for New Orleans. For four weeks they worked until they had a barge eighty feet long and eighteen feet wide. At night they camped on the creek shore and played seven-up. The tall flatboatman did most of the cooking, though occasionally at noon they all went to Caleb Carman's nearby cabin for dinner.

The flatboat was ready in mid-April and, with the owner, Denton Offutt, on board with the others, took to the Sangamon River heavily loaded with a cargo of "barrel pork, corn and live hogs." The waters were receding. The voyagers wound along the slow, unruffled

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When the first settlers came to New Salem in 1828, they traveled west in covered wagons much like this Conestoga freighter. The pioneers perched their town on a wooded bluff above the river and hewed logs of virgin hardwood to build their homes.

Above and left: The Sangamon River, where Abe was working as "a strange, friendless, uneducated" flatboatman when he ran aground at New Salem in 1831. The mishap occasioned his first visit to the town; that summer he returned there to live.

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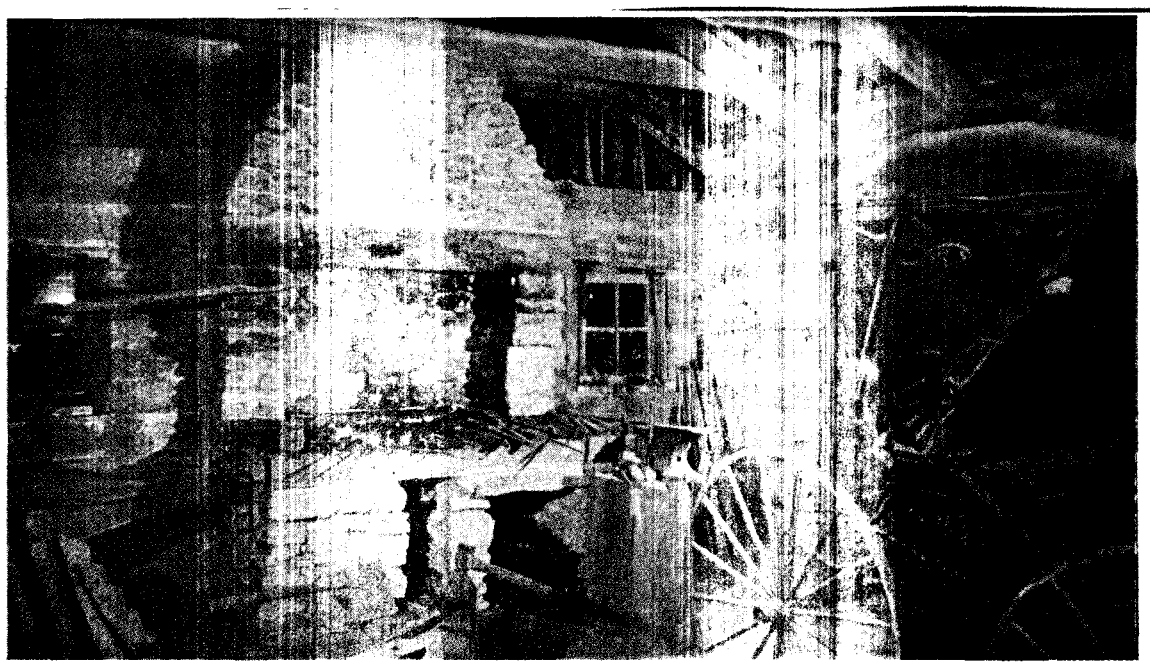
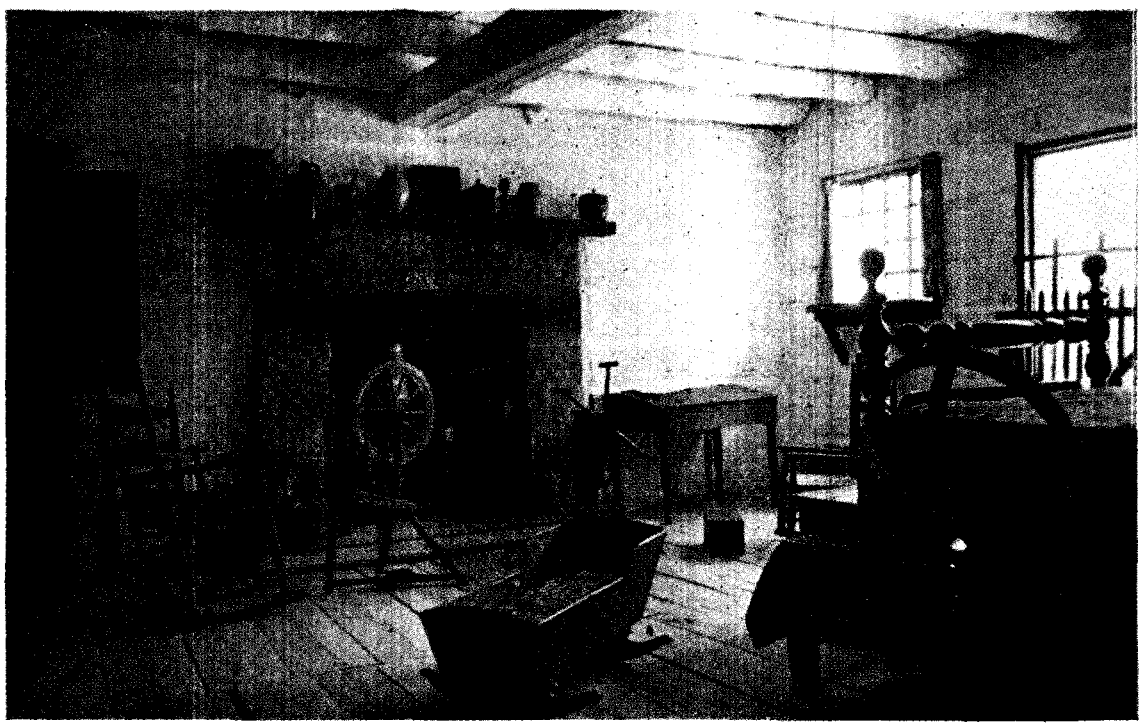


A replica of Joshua Miller's [illegible] where the village men [illegible] gathered. Here Abe listened and learned while Miller's brother-in-law, Jack Kelso, recited from Shakespeare and Burns.



The Rutledge tavern. Here the young store clerk talked with educated travelers, and here he met James Rutledge's daughter Anne. Legend says they fell in love. Anne died in 1835.

stream until on April nineteenth they came rounding a baylike bend where a high bluff pointed at the river. At the foot of the bluff was a mill, and reaching out from the mill was the miller's dam. Running to ride over it, the flatboat hung itself up on the dam with its bow in the air. Water poured into the shallow deck. For a day and a night the boat could not move.

It was a sight to see, and from the village of New Salem up on the bluff people came to watch what would happen next. They saw the tallest flatboatman take charge, though he was the youngest. Giving thought to the problem, he ordered the boat lightened by the putting ashore of part of her cargo. Another part he moved forward, to balance the boat on the dam crest. Still weighted with water aboard, it could not move.

The flatboatman borrowed an auger and bored a hole in the suspended bow. The shipped water poured out. He then plugged the hole, and the boat was edged off the dam into free water. It was then a simple matter to stow the cargo again.

The watchers saw the flatboatman dressed in trousers of blue jean rolled up any which way, showing a lot of shank, and a white-and-blue striped cotton shirt, and a buckeye-chip hat not worth twelve and a half cents. He described himself as "a strange, friendless, uneducated, penniless boy, working on a flatboat—at ten dollars a month." The flatboat went with the Sangamon River into the Illinois and with the Illinois into the Mississippi and all the way to New Orleans, where, selling the cargo, the boatmen saw the sights. Denton Offutt remembered New Salem. He could establish a store there in that thriving village on the long bluff above the Sangamon. To help him he hired the tall flatboatman, who had nothing else to do and nowhere else to go.

The flatboatman—as he declared in a sketch of his own life long later, written in the third person—*stopped indefinitely, and, for the first time, as it were, by himself, at New Salem . . . This was in July, 1831. Here he rapidly made acquaintances and friends. . . .*

Reading by firelight just as young Lincoln did, an actor from the *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* cast sits among the barrels and firkins in the Lincoln-Berry store. The play is presented annually at New Salem.

Lincoln slept in the back room of the store. The young merchant developed his talents as a speaker by spinning yarns as he weighed out tea and tallow for his customers. Later they became his loyal voters.

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Photographs by Larry Keighley

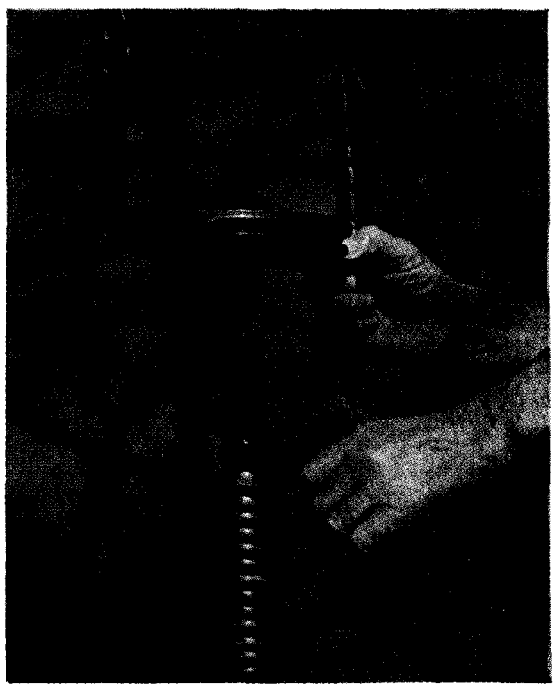
He met the two owners of the saw- and grist-mill and the dam, who had founded the village three years earlier. One was an ordained minister and the other was the town's first innkeeper, John M. Camron and James Rutledge.

A few years before, only hunters and trappers came that way, traveling alone and vanishing. Later came emigrant parties destined westward, who did not linger. But now with farms on the prairies the village was wanted as a trading post. Its lots, laid out by the surveyor Reuben Harrison in 1829, sold for as much as ten dollars, and to put up a log house took as much again.

Now came a man, and now another, and another, each with his skill, to meet needs felt by all. With them all came their women and their children, and it was not long until new lives were born there, and then New Salem had people who were not strangers. Though some families came and stayed only briefly, moving on farther west in search of their notion of a life, the village at its fullest would have about twenty-five families occupying twenty-five to thirty wooden buildings. It was the largest town the flatboatman had ever thought of staying in.

All about lay the prairie under its summer skies, the color of water as he saw them through gaps in the great ranks of trees that marked off the open land. Between two creeks that trifled away toward the Sangamon River was a high stand of wooded land which pointed to the river like a finger. Its far end dropped away in the bluff that backed up the mill. Along its flat crest, which curved this way and that, the village was strung out in a long line amid the forest clearings, with prairie behind it and river before it.

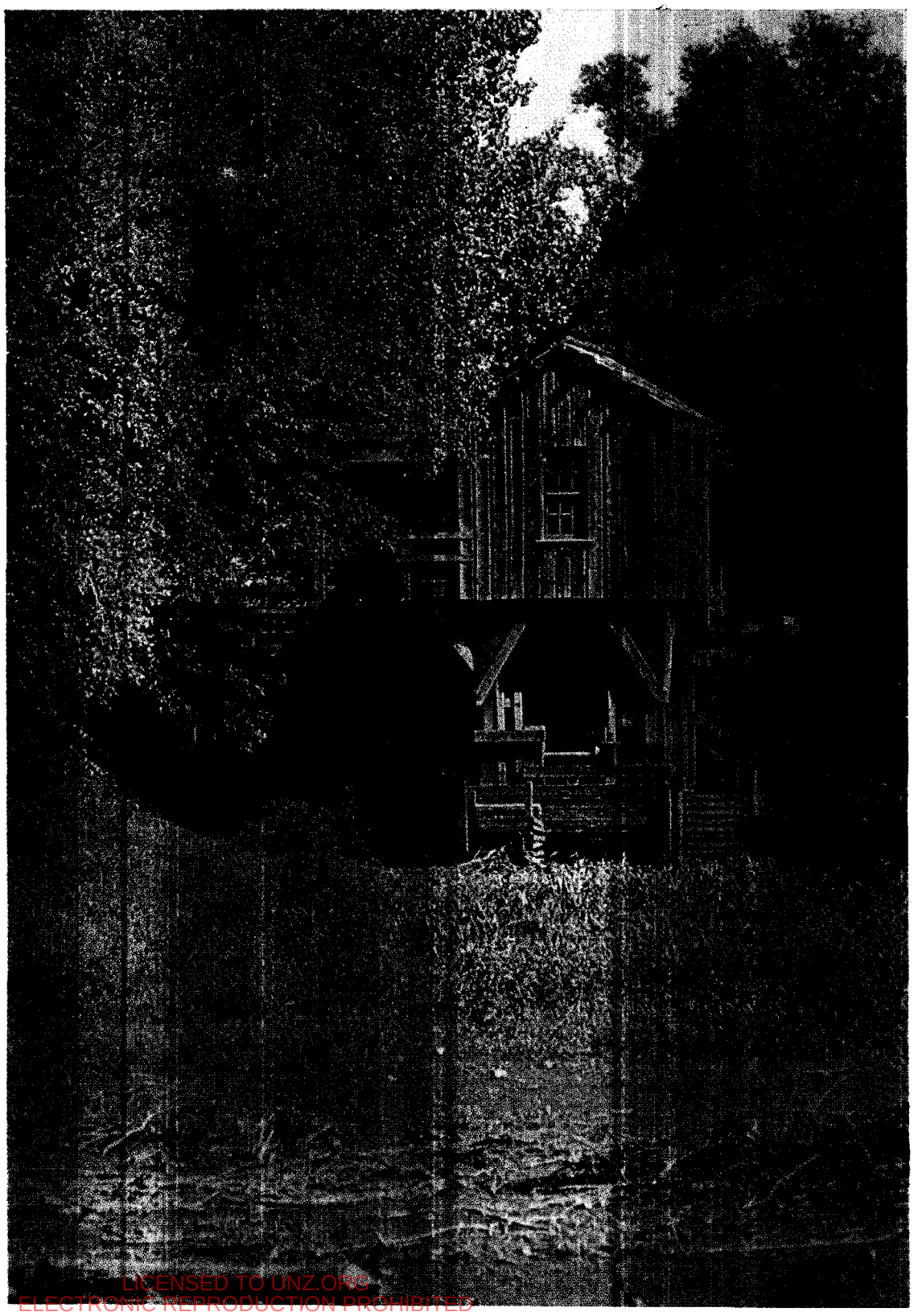
On the forest-edged hillsides grazed cattle, sheep and goats, and hogs snouted in the woods and grunted in the wagon ruts. Small as foxes, and as quick, prairie wolves watched the sheep and took what they could. Every man was a hunter and went for deer and wild turkey in the woods, prairie hens and quail in the open country, wild geese and duck by the river. In spring (Continued on Page 66)



This transit and chain were used by Lincoln when he became a surveyor in 1833. Many boundaries that he set are still in use.

Henry Onstot's cooper shop is the only original building in restored New Salem. After Lincoln's grocery failed—his partner Berry was a drunkard—he frequently studied here. At this time Abe was eking a living from odd jobs and his small earnings as village postmaster.

The New Salem mill has been rebuilt on its original site, although the river's course has now shifted. Lincoln worked at the gristmill off and on during the 1830's, unloading and measuring farmers' grain. The mill's activity provided the basis for the town's commerce.



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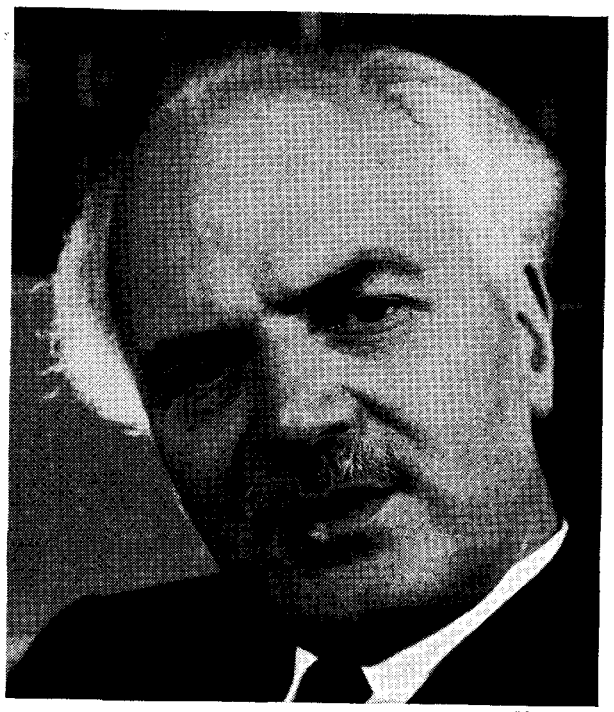
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Universe

By D. E. HARDING



TOM BLAU

About the Author

Douglas Edison Harding, British architect, author and lecturer, was raised in the Plymouth Brethren, an ultrafundamentalist and puritanical religious sect. As a result of his subsequent apostasy from the Brethren, when he was a student at University College, London, Harding has devoted much of his life to a subject remote from his profession—the reconciliation of science and religion. A practicing architect since 1931, Harding has successfully combined his career with the pursuit of this philosophical quest. In 1952 he published the fruits of his speculations in *The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth*. "My hope," he says, "is that out of this unusual history has come an equally unusual point of view, of interest to those unable to live in a universe without religion and so without meaning."

Every age has its world-picture, its taken-for-granted view of the universe and man's place in it. Ours is *supposed* to be based on science, and no longer on religion or superstition. But is it really the growth of science which has made a cosmology like Plato's or Shakespeare's incredible, and our own the only possible one? Is our modern, educated layman's estimate of the universe really founded on facts, or on prejudice?

It is certainly unlike the old estimate. Men once used to think of the universe as full of life, of the sun and stars and even the earth as visible deities, and of the blue sky as the country of the blessed. Priests and astronomers pointed up to the same encircling heavens, to celestial realms whose divinity was proportional to their distance from man at their center. Physical height matched spiritual status.

All of this has now, we imagine, been finally disproved. Instead of a universe of concentric spheres, we have a centerless one, a cosmic potato instead of a cosmic onion. Instead of an aristocratic universe, we have a leveled-down one, whose principalities and powers have long ago lost all their influence. Instead of awesome star gods looking down on us, we have so many celestial firecrackers or blast furnaces blazing away in the night sky.

Instead of a tremendously alive universe, we have an inanimate one in which sentient beings, lost like the finest of needles in the vastest of haystacks, manage to scrape a brief living. Instead of a meaningful creation—a proper place for man—we have a vast expanse of mindless space in which living things are the rarest accidents, or anomalies. And, in the last resort, even they are accidental collocations of particles.

Such, more or less, is the new world-myth. Roughly speaking, this is how most of us educated nonscientists regard the universe. And we are under the impression that science makes any other view impossible. Does it, in fact?

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Have the discoveries of modern science irretrievably relegated man to an insignificant place in "a vast expanse of mindless space"?

Revalued

First let us note that, truly speaking, there is nothing about the universe which forbids our taking this earth—or the sun, or any other convenient spot—as its center. On the contrary, we have only to use our eyes to see that the universe is always arranged as a nest of concentric regions—occupied by such things as pipe bowls and spectacle rims, hands and feet, men and animals, clouds and aircraft, moon and sun and stars—around the ever-central observer. To discount altogether this eminently verifiable fact, in favor of some theory—however useful—of uniform space, is unrealistic. In practice, the dead and centerless cosmic potato is found to be a cosmic onion, whose observer-core is the very focus of life and mind.

Nor are the outer layers of this onionlike universe necessarily without life. True, we have direct evidence of only one inhabited heavenly body—our own. Nevertheless, according to recent scientific theories, a significant proportion of the stars are likely to have developed into solar systems resembling ours, and again a significant proportion of these systems are likely to contain planets which are suitable homes for the living. And where the right conditions arise—the right ingredients and temperatures—there, scientists assure us, life will follow.

Consequently, the number and variety of inhabited worlds may well beggar imagination.

At any rate, then, we have better reason than Shakespeare for feeling, on starlit nights, that we are looking up into heavens well-sprinkled with life, some of it far surpassing our own. And the chances are that, to find the more superhuman of these inhabited worlds, we should need to probe farther and farther afield from our earth-center. For the realm of the nine planets plainly holds less promise than the remoter realm of the stars—the hundreds of millions of stars of our own Galaxy—containing who knows how many earth-encircled suns. Nor is this realm a millionth part so rich in celestial possibilities as the still remoter realm of the galaxies, with its unthinkably great star population.

Thus science itself not only hints at the existence of the superhuman but links it with distance from ourselves. We are even warned that the more exalted of the worlds above could be influencing us all the while in unsuspected ways—say by telepathy: the laboratory evidence for this faculty is impressive and, apparently, distance is no bar to its operation. In short, we are already back to something like the ancient world-picture, which science was supposed to have destroyed once and for all!

Clearly, then, we laymen can hardly claim the support of science for our pseudoscientific world-picture. But consistency is not our strong point. For instance, we talk as if it were somehow to our discredit that our universe home is on so splendid a scale, and as if we had lost and not found ourselves in it. We think of ourselves as mere pin points in the universe, as if our inability to weigh more than one or two hundred pounds apiece were somehow more significant than our scientists' ability to weigh the stars. Again, we speak of this "vast expanse of mindless space" as if it were anything but our life's source, saturated with and saturating our own mind if no other. We are urged to fight nature, as if we packed a secret supernatural weapon. As for the human self-portrait as an "accidental collocation of particles," and one moreover that walks around blandly describing itself as such—now there's a delightful spectacle! If this is a sample of what our idiotic universe can throw off *accidentally* (whatever that can mean), think of what it could do if ever it got around, by some particularly happy accident, to doing it *intentionally!* And, in fact, we don't have to go far to find intention in what it does. It does *us*, who are full of intention. At any rate, a certain part of the universe called "I" intends itself, and a good deal besides. And so, presumably, does every other star *CONTINUED ON PAGE 75*

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One touch of the button and the cat went *poohhff.*

THE CAT THAT VANISHED

By JOHN REESE

California Institute of Technology will deny this. Caltech has clammed up completely about "the phenomenon allegedly observed at the Burro Canyon Subatomic Particles Laboratory." It will also be denied by the University of Chicago, on whose digital computer the original equation was worked out. It will be denied, too, by Harvard, although one of their engineers first sketched the electronic circuitry for a gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor.

But what of Miss Jennifer Fairhead, who swears she saw it? Jennifer is an accountant in the field audit section, inventory-control branch, equipment division, Los Angeles zone office, General Services Administration. The inflexible scrupulosity of Federal accountants is well known. So, if you choose to believe those universities, you go right ahead and be silly.

It was shortly after noon that Jennifer presented her credentials at Caltech, with the announced purpose of making an inventory audit. She could not be expected to know that the Subatomic Particles Lab was not on the campus, because most of the people at Caltech had forgotten about it too. She was finally referred to Prof. Tab Crombellian who offered to drive her up to Burro Canyon, since the lab was and still is part of his department.

Crombellian is a physicist, a shy, near-sighted man of sixty, not at his best around strange girls. But as they neared the canyon, which lies in the foothills above Pasadena, it occurred to him that he had better prepare Miss Fairhead for what lay ahead.

"It's probably a bit of a mess," he said. "This site was used for secret research during the war. After that it stood idle for years. We now have two graduate students there, working on a rather improbable theory. They're trying to transmit matter by reducing it to pure energy, directing this energy into what is called a gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor, and re-creating with it the identical molecular structure."

(Continued on Page 38)

"It's gone!" the professor shouted. "Why, it works!"

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Above: Ambassador Briggs (striped tie) and Nick Demakos (bow tie) on Nick's big day, when St. Demetrios Church was dedicated in his native village.

The Church That Nick Built

The American Ambassador to Greece tells how a Manhattan *maître d'* raised over $25,000 to rebuild a war-torn church in his native Peloponnesian village.

By ELLIS O. BRIGGS

Above: A giant banner welcomed the author to Pakia, whose 1034 inhabitants came to celebrate the completion of their new church (in background).

There are more than 2,000,000 Greek-Americans in the United States, loyal American citizens with room in their hearts for the mountains and islands of Greece and her careworn little villages.

One of them, Nicholas Demakos, got the idea of going to America, 5000 miles from his native Peloponnesus, from a gypsy fortune-teller. Prophesying well, the gypsy missed seeing that the governments of Greece and the United States would take notice of Nick one day and do him honor.

As Nick tells it, he was a small boy when he consulted the fortuneteller, half a century ago. At that time he lived on a rock-strewn slope overlooking some of the oldest olive trees in Greece. He had never been as far north as Sparta, forty miles away, but he had seen the blue Aegean, because his father shipped olives from the ancient port of Monemvasía, which lies in the shadow of a crumbling Venetian fortress.

"You will soon go," said the fortuneteller, "on a long voyage, to a new land."

"As far as Athens?" asked Nickos. His father had once been to the capital. In the village *taverna* he often talked of the wonders of the Acropolis and the ways of the politicians.

"I mean a *long* voyage," said the gypsy. "And while you are in that new land, where you are going, you will meet famous people. Kings and queens. Millionaires and ambassadors. . . ."

(Continued on Page 59)

Right: "Nick-of-The-Gotham" on the job as official "host" at the New York hotel. Here he greets industrial designer Francis Blod and Blod's daughter, Nancy.

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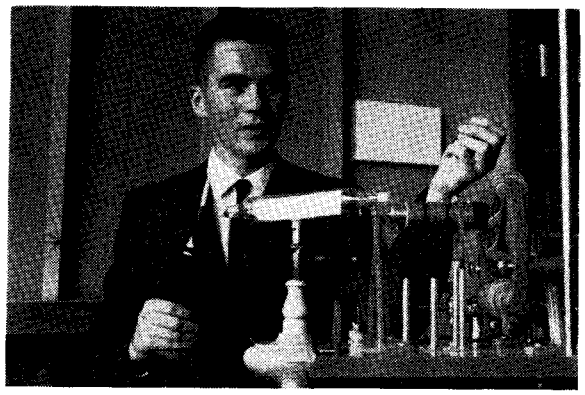
The story of JETS, a national organization for high-school students which is cultivating engineers and scientists so desperately needed for America's future. A *Post* editor reports on

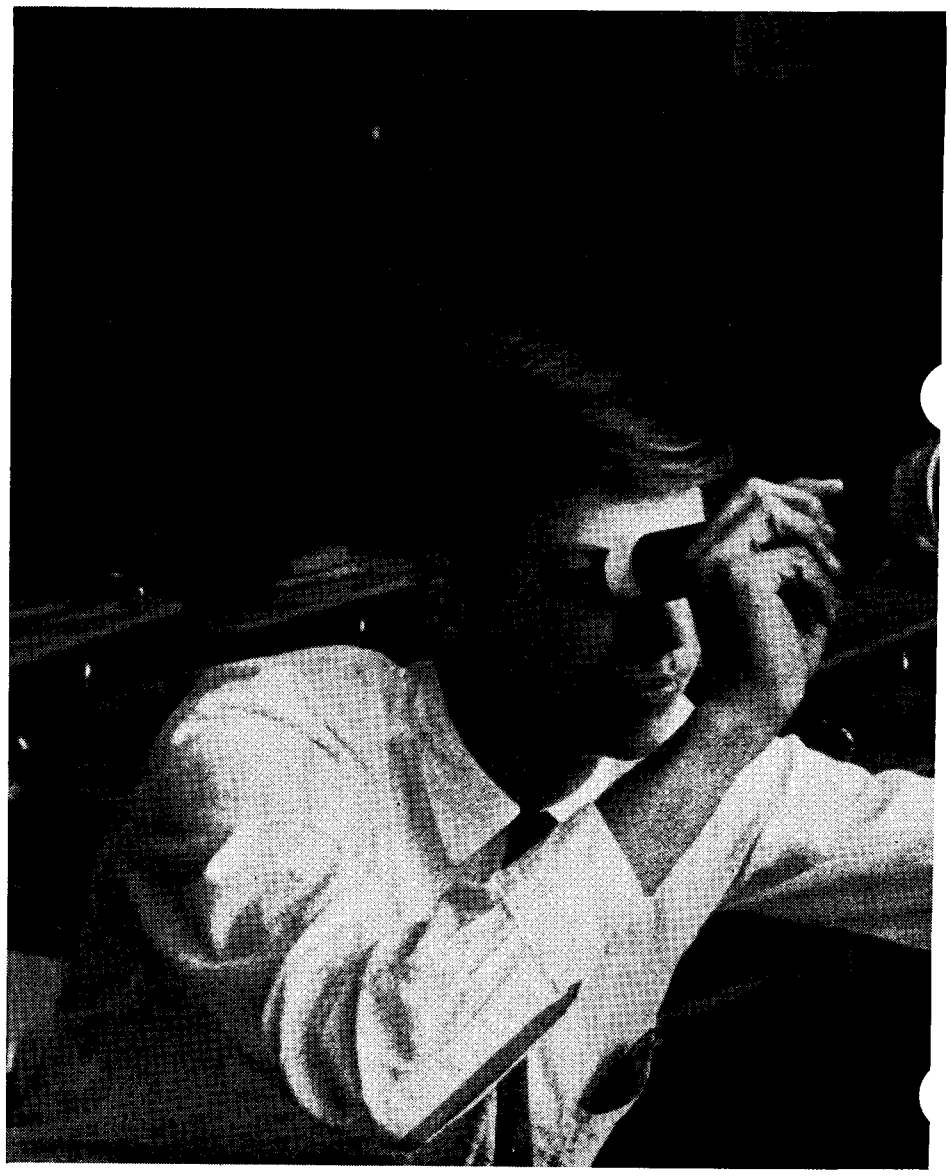
THE SPACE GENERATION

By JOHN BIRD



Earl Godfrey, 18. As a JET, he was so impressive that a philanthropist is paying his way through college.

Junior engineers in session: A JETS group in Springfield, Mass., watches club "pilot" Sister Loretto Thomas perform an electromagnetism experiment.



For the past several years a number of people have been worrying in print over the alleged softheadedness of our teen-agers—pointing with dismay to the manner in which high-school students carefully avoid the tough, hard-core subjects such as mathematics, physics and chemistry, the basic sciences which are the foundation for the nuclear, space-conquering age we have entered. But I, for one, am no longer worried. Not since a year ago when I first began talking with such youngsters as Earl Godfrey, Joseph Liro and Albert Thiess Jr.

Earl Godfrey, then a dark-haired, serious-eyed seventeen-year-old, looked out the window at the winter sky during a pause in our conversation at Cathedral High School, Springfield, Massachusetts. "I hope it snows soon," he remarked.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I shovel snow to earn money for my science projects," he explained. "Right now I need forty dollars to buy an electric motor and other parts for an electrostatic generator I'm building. It's to generate half a million electron volts to power a particle accelerator, the kind that shoots alpha and beta particles at a target."

Earl told me he wanted to become a nuclear physicist.

"That's been my ambition for four years. I like research. I hope to go to college, but my folks can't afford to send me, so I'm trying out for various scholarships and loans. But right now I'll be in a fix unless it snows, so I can finish that generator."

It's a pleasure to report that Earl Godfrey has been able to go to college, thanks to a grant from an anonymous donor, and is majoring in physics, with a view to nuclear engineering, at the University of Massachusetts.

Joseph Liro, a blond, crew-cut seventeen-year-old, was an all-round student leader in the same high school and found time—aside from his studies, activities, and part-time job in a grocery store—to plan an electronic computer which, he hoped, would operate from spoken numbers.

"You mean you would just talk to this machine, tell it numbers, and it would add or multiply them?" I asked.

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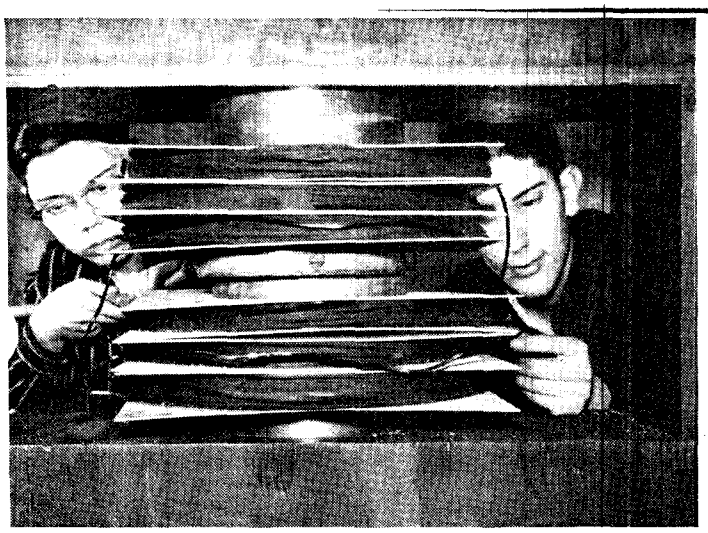
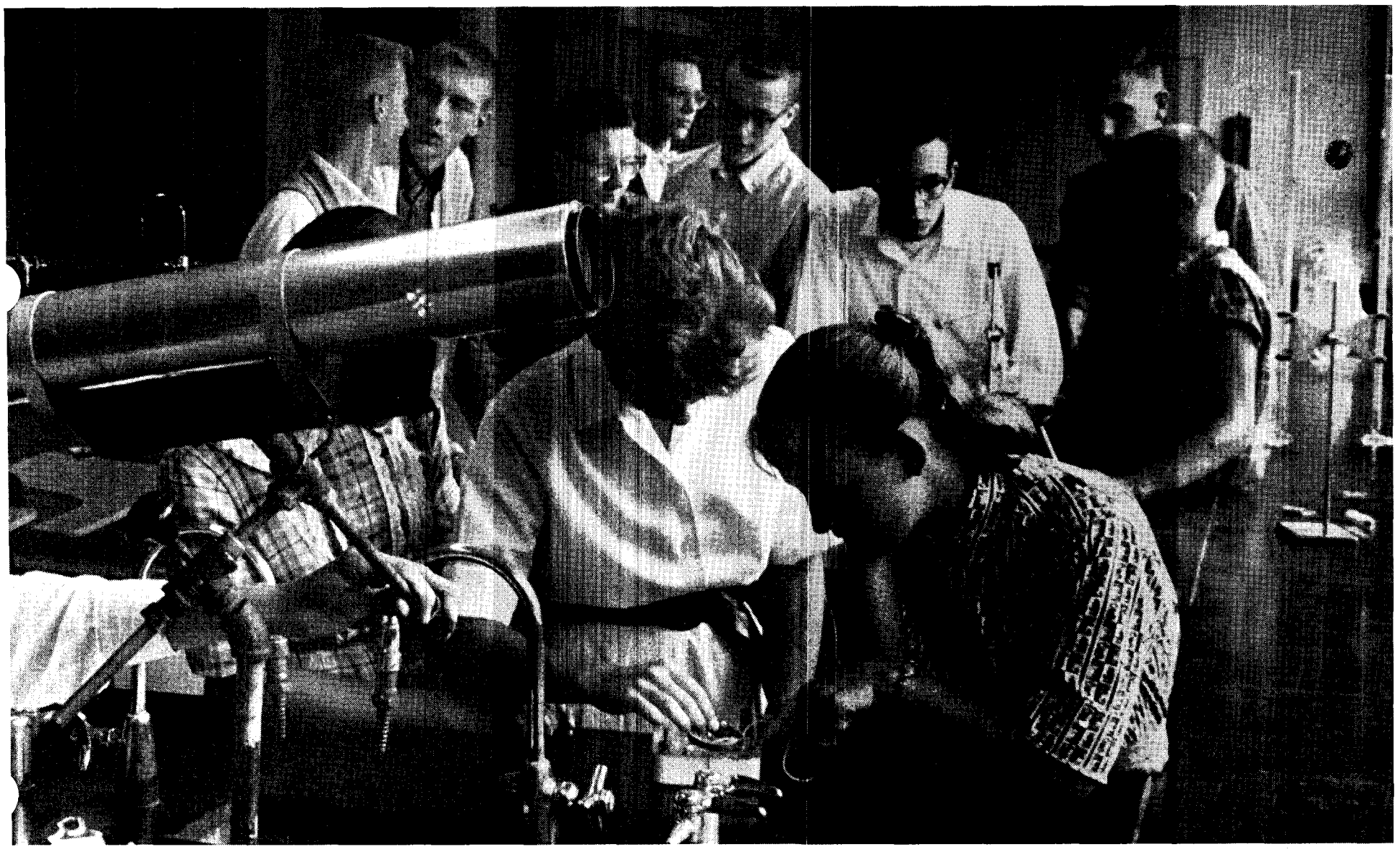


Levittown, N.Y.: Mark Keller (left) and James Kraus with the two-ton magnetic core of the atom smasher their club designed and built.

Greg Touchman holds an air-liquefying device that he built to study the effects of extreme cold. He won a JETS scholarship to Michigan State and the 1960 National Junior Engineer award.



East Lansing, Mich.: The girls are testing a Geiger counter built by their schoolmate George Henshaw (left), who also made the telescope he is adjusting.

"That's the idea," he said. "You see, every number—fortunately—has a different base frequency. This means that a system of resonant crystals could be arranged in a series of ranges proportionate to the voice frequency of the numbers. If I can build a device which differentiates between these ranges, I'll have the basis for a voice-actuated computer. Think what that would mean to a telephone company, for example—you'd simply tell the phone the number, and the computer would do the rest."

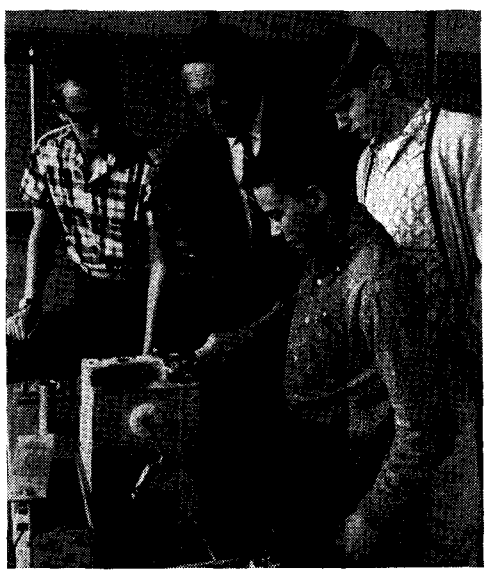
"Isn't this a rather difficult project to tackle?"

He grinned and said, "It may be, but I've already built a little computer that recognized *written* numbers. That was my project in 1959 and it gave me the idea for this one."

Joseph Liro didn't get his voice-computer project completed, but another idea, a method of showing the effect of Beta rays on metal plates, won him several prizes. He's busy now as a cadet at the U. S. Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I met Albert Thiess Jr., then a pint-sized eighth-grader from North College Hill High School, Cincinnati, when he was one of the first exhibitors to arrive at an engineering exposition at Michigan State University last May.

While Albert unpacked a small, neatly built model garage, a runway, a model car, certain electrical equipment and diagrams, he told me, "This is a demonstration of the principle of the photoelectric (Continued on Page 80)



Fritz Shultz, 13, operates his homemade arc furnace for Dr. J. D. Ryder, dean of engineering at Michigan State and national president of JETS.

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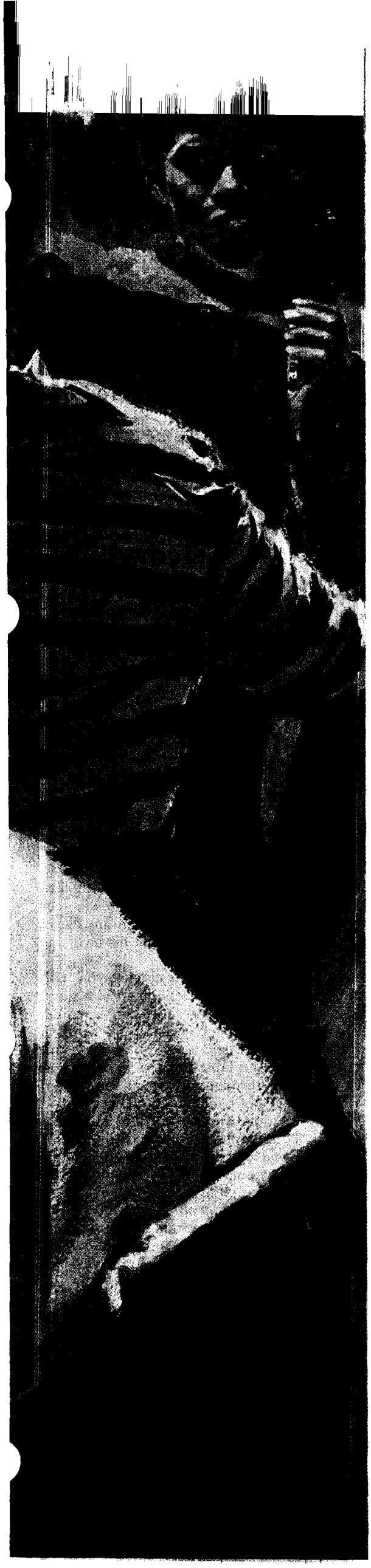

He whirled to meet the hoodlums, his small fists swinging, each of them at that instant a deadly tomahawk.

Little Tommy's war bonnet

he fought like a warrior against overwhelming odds

By NORMAN GARBO

The man at the wheel of the big, fast-moving truck squinted hard into the sun and refused to believe his eyes. The glare was bad, so that it looked at first like a tall, multi-colored bird walking in the dust at the side of the road. But as he started to brake at a hundred yards, the tall, feathered thing became a small boy in a big Indian headdress. The huge, wide-spreading feather bonnet trailed brilliantly down the boy's back, so long that had he not carefully looped several feet of tail across one arm, it would have dragged behind him in the dirt. The driver swung the truck off the road and waited, grinning appreciatively as he leaned from the cab.

"Wanna lift, chief?"

The boy looked at the big trailer truck, then at the man. "Where are you going?" he asked cautiously, his eyes wide and black and solemn. He wore green shorts and a matching T shirt with the words CAMP WINNETONGA emblazoned across the chest, the letters seeming far too many for so sadly narrow a space.

"Dalesburg," the driver said, naming a town twenty miles distant. He stopped grinning as he stared at the bony, dust-covered limbs.

The boy nodded and climbed into the truck. He removed the war bonnet and placed it reverently in his lap, small hands caressing the feathers.

The driver had watched with interest. "That's quite a bonnet you've got there, chief," he said, setting the big rig in motion.

"I'm not a chief," the boy said soberly, knowing the man was joking, but wanting to keep everything straight anyway. "I'm not even an Indian."

The man did not smile. "Well, you sure had me fooled with that outfit."

"This is a war bonnet," the boy explained. "You don't have to be a chief to wear it. You just have to be brave in battle."

"I guess you must be pretty brave then," the thickset man said.

"It was the Indians that had to be brave," the boy said patiently, "not me. I only made it." His voice thickened with pride. "It took me all summer, almost. But I made it all by myself."

"You mean a little kid like you really made something like that?"

The boy sat taller. "I'm older than I look. I'm nearly ten."

"That's pretty old," the man admitted. "How far you going, chief?"

"My name's Tommy Neally," the boy said. He did not like being called chief. "I'm going home—to New York."

The truck driver looked at him to see if he was joking. He wasn't. "You know how far it is to New York?"

"About a hundred and forty miles," Tommy said, quite missing the point.

"You running away from camp or something?" the man asked suspiciously.

Tommy smoothed a feather. "Camp's over. Everyone's going home today."

"Sure, and I suppose everyone's out on the road hitching too?"

"No," Tommy said. "Just me. Everyone else went home by bus. But I couldn't go by bus."

"Why not?"

"Because of my war bonnet. They wouldn't let me take it on the bus. They said it had to be sent with the baggage and things. They said there was no room on the bus for anything but kids."

"So you just took off like a big bird and hit the road?"

"Well, gee! There wasn't anything else I could do."

The man whistled softly between his teeth.

Tommy frowned, sensing adult disapproval. "I mean, this war bonnet is a very delicate kind of thing. What if something happened to it with the baggage? I couldn't take a chance like that, could I?"

"Of course not," the driver said flatly. "But won't your mom be worried when you're not on the bus?" (Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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JAMES STEWART PART FOUR

War and Marriage

He tells of the embarrassments he suffered before obtaining a combat flying assignment during World War II. He also reveals his personal method for making a Hollywood marriage work.

Above: Maj. James Stewart on combat duty in England in 1944. He flew hazardous missions and returned to civilian life with an illustrious record and the rank of colonel.

August 9, 1949: Jimmy and Gloria Stewart on their wedding day. Then 41 and a famous bachelor, Jim courted her almost a year before proposing. Now, 12 years later, they are an exceptional example of a happy Hollywood couple.

By JAMES STEWART
as told to Pete Martin

Anyone I'm introduced to is apt to remark, "Funny thing, Jim, the way you say your lines. Sounds as if you're ad-libbing—you know, as if you'd just thought of the words, instead of having memorized them."

I wish I could confirm these guesses, but the truth is, my so-called ad-lib technique is an illusion. I try to get my lines down cold so I won't have to make a conscious effort to remember them when the cameras are rolling. Once I do that, I can toss off dialogue any old way. I never fish for a line. If I did, the camera would pick it up immediately. Any movie-goer can spot the wild and glassy look in the eye of an actor who doesn't know what his next line should be.

The camera is cruel. If it catches you with your lines down, the audience may not guess the truth, but they'll know something is wrong. An actor may use long pauses in his delivery, if his pauses mean something; but he mustn't pause to conceal a lapse of memory. That's as bad as rattling through lines word-perfect, but with no change of pace, no emotion.

The most unusual way of reading a line that I recall is the method adopted by Victor McLaglen—or forced on him—for his Oscar-winning performance in *The Informer*. Vic had trouble memorizing any lines at all, even simple ones. For his big scene in *The Informer*, he was supposed to answer a sudden accusation of treachery. He failed in trying to follow the script. John Ford, who was directing, let him flounder through a nervous ad lib—no prompting. Since Vic was playing a knucklehead anyhow, Ford thought his bumbling delivery would suit the part—and he was right. Everybody said Ford's snap decision was a flash of genius. True enough, but the device was usable just that once. Groping for dialogue is appropriate only for actors' nightmares.

There are as many ways to read a line as there are players. Every actor has his own style, his own (Continued on Page 55)

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"Come on down here, sonny," said the man with the rifle.

The Range Butchers

Rustlers were picking off the Slash Y herd one at a time.

By JACK SCHAEFER

Vast reaches of rangeland rolled westward, rounded in soft sanded contours under mid-morning sun, to lap against a long low ridge running seemingly interminably into the south. Along the flattened crest of the ridge rode two men, Dobe Chavez on a small, neat, stocky bay and young Lon Hall on a rangy long-legged pinto, riding line. They rode at a steady jog, scanning the country to the right that dropped in shoulders of humped land down from the ridge. They swerved to the right and down, picking up speed, and gathered a half-dozen steers and a cow with yearling calf at her heels into a compact bunch and drove them up and over the ridge and down the eastern slope. They jogged back up to the crest and moved southward along it again.

"Thees hill," said Dobe Chavez. "We follow eet. *Todas las vacas*, all the cows weeth the right brand, we push them over thees hill."

"*Sí, señor*," said young Lon Hall, eighteen years of lanky enthusiasm, proud to be where he was, with whom he was, doing what he was. "I gotcha, Dobe."

They jogged steadily along, making occasional forays down the western slope and back.

"Let's see something," said young Lon. "What time do you say it is?"

Dobe cocked his head to look from under the wide brim of his hat at the sun. "Ees about ten of the clock," he said.

Carefully young Lon undid the button on a pocket of his shirt and took out a somewhat battered gold watch. He pressed on the stem and the face cover flipped open. "Ten, seven and one half." (Continued on Page 44)

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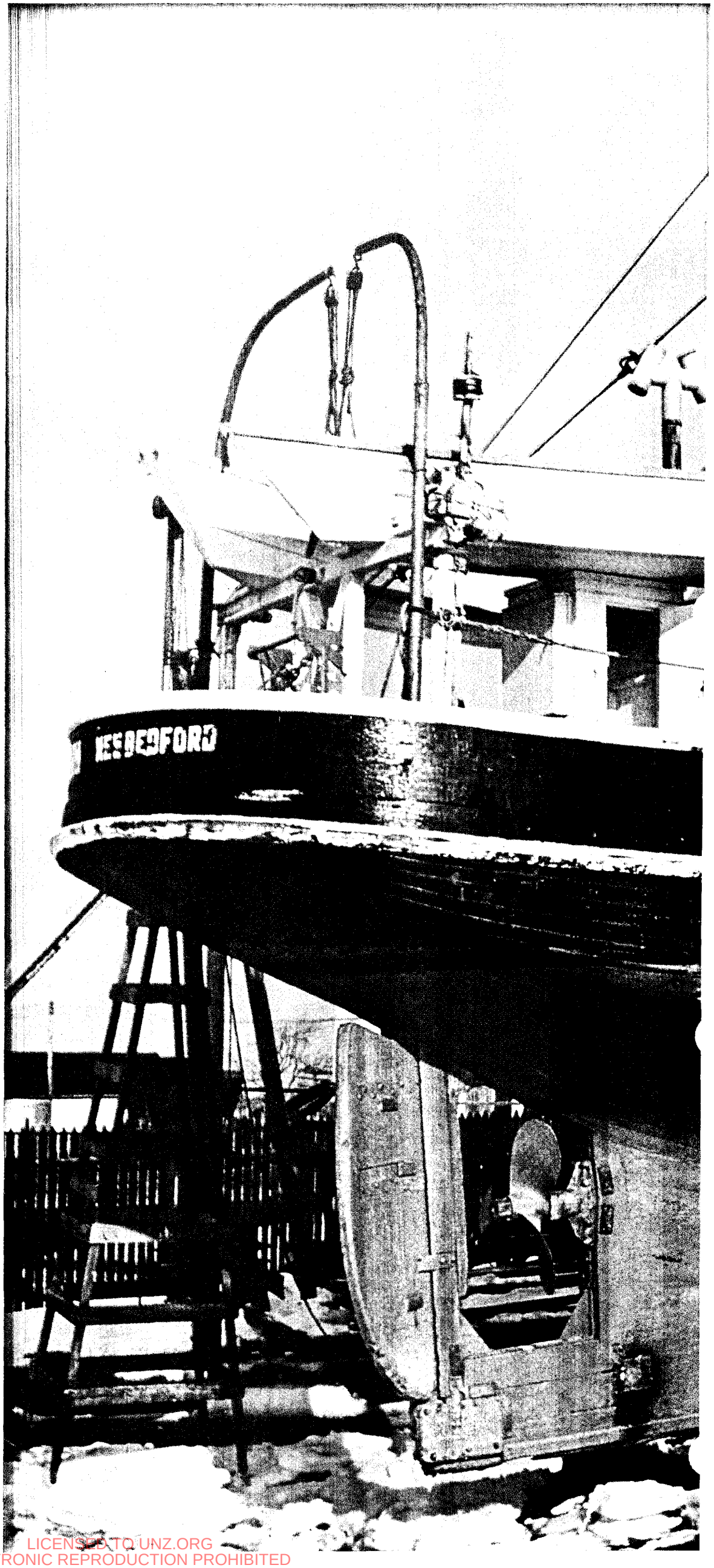
The Face of AMERICA

On the Ways

"A ship and a woman are ever repairing," observed the English poet George Herbert more than 300 years ago. Here the trawler *Dartmouth* is getting its own face lifting after going into winter dry dock at the D. N. Kelley and Son yard in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, directly across the Acushnet River from New Bedford. For almost 100 years Kelley's has been giving new life to seacraft that have "weather'd every rack" in rugged New England winters. After undergoing hull repairs and a general overhaul last December, the eighty-five-foot *Dartmouth* rejoined the growing 170-ship fishing fleet that has recaptured for New Bedford some of the city's pre-eminence of a century ago, when it was America's top whaling port. Besides ranking second nationally to San Pedro, California, in the dollar value of all fish landed, New Bedford now is the world's leading sea scallop and flounder port. And once again its harbor is a haven for stout men and ships that, as New England's Longfellow said, "with wave and whirlwind wrestle" to bring the sea's harvest ashore.

● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella



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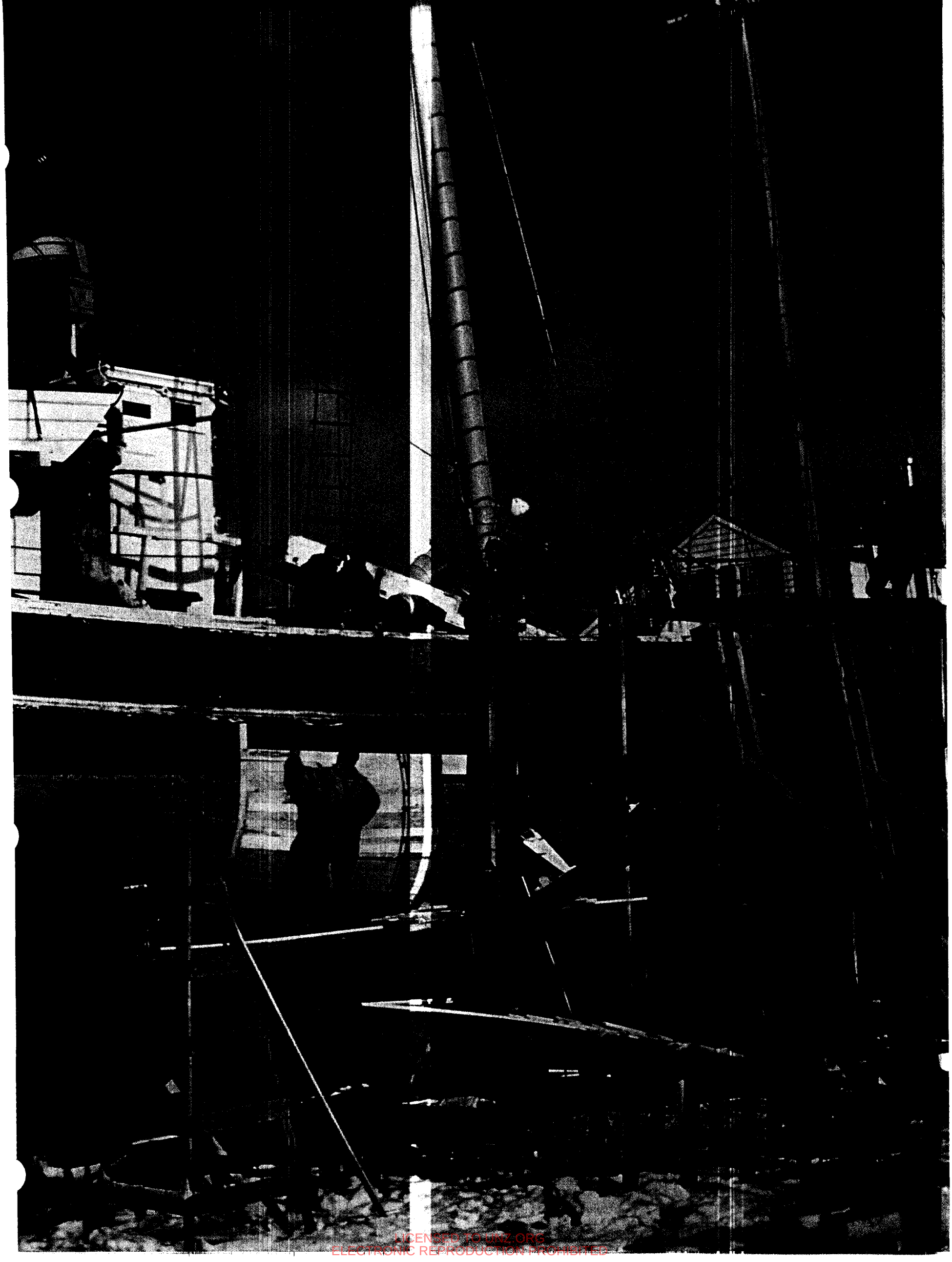

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Post Scripts

Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display. —News Item.

The Unhandy Spider

I found the spider spinning a new web.

"A spider's web is one of nature's greatest engineering feats, isn't it?" I said, getting out my pad and pencil.

"True," he replied. "It takes talent to make one. Now, let's see. I bring the thread down here, cross over and loop it here. . . . No, I take it up and over . . ."

Suddenly I realized he didn't know what he was doing.

"What are you staring at?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Haven't you ever made a mistake?" he said edgily.

"Of course," I replied, clearing my throat. "I understand that a spiderweb is stronger than iron. If you made one with strands one-inch thick it would hold fourteen elephants."

"Elephants!" he exclaimed. "Who wants to catch elephants! I'm just after flies!" He was so upset that he got his feet tangled in the thread.

"Marvin!" a voice said. "Aren't you finished yet?" It was Mrs. Spider.

"I was doing fine," Marvin said, "until this clown ——"

"You'll have to excuse Marvin," Mrs. Spider said to me. "He's not a do-it-yourselfer, and he's touchy about it. All the other spiders on the block are excellent web spinners, but —— No, Marvin, you attach that strand to the one on the left. . . . He's quite a trial to me. I have to explain him to the neighbors. I tell them he's the deep-think, creative type."

"Glug!" said Marvin, choking. The thread was wrapped around his throat.

"Here, Marvin, let me untangle you," his wife said.

"I got the left side pretty good," Marvin said, inspecting the web.

"Yes, dear," his wife said. "But if you leave those holes on the right side the children will fall out. You'd better let me finish."

She took his place and went swiftly to work. Relieved, Marvin said to me. "How are you at doing things around the house?"

"Well," I said. "You see ——"

"I understand," Marvin said. "You're a deep-think, creative type too. Your wife does all the work."

Blushing furiously, I closed my pad and slipped away.

JACK BROWNELL

Fellow Traveler

On every train or plane or bus
There is a child who makes a fuss,
A restless kid who writhes and stands
And eats, and gropes with sticky hands,
Is in and out and out and in
And always going where he's been.
If I'm disturbed, and somewhat vexed, too,
The reason is, it's he I'm next to.
And yet I really cannot whine
Because my luck is bad. He's mine.

RICHARD ARMOUR

"Anything exciting in the paper?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Office News

From *Scoop*, employee publication of the Schlegel Power Shovel Corp.

Isn't it just wonderful about our own Elsie (Espresso) Zalchek (receptionist) being chosen Miss Heavy Equipment of 1961. That's a national honor, and Elsie will attend the machinery convention in Chicago, maybe even get a screen test. Congratulations, Elsie, plus this word of advice: Don't let it go to your head. Stay as sweet as you are.

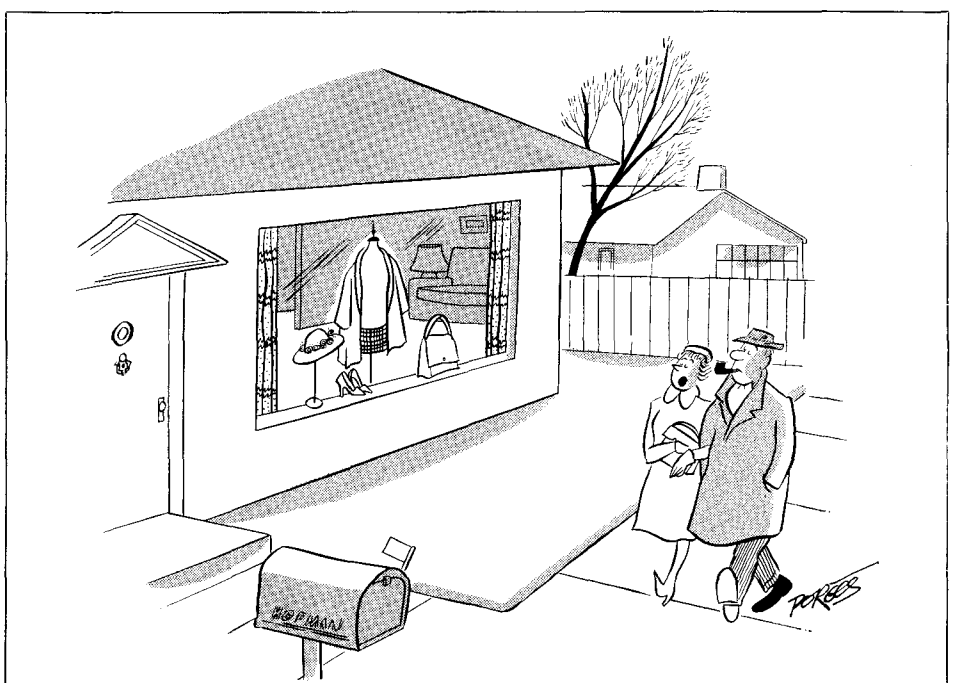
It's orange blossoms next month for Rosemary (Ginger) Devlin (Secretary, Export Div.), so she's leaving next week, to give herself plenty of time to get ready for the Big Day. Which reminds us—isn't it a shame how Carl Jarwiss (Export V.P.) keeps losing his girls? Ginger makes his fifth secretary since October to leave to get married or have babies, and his files are a mess. On the bright side, Carl has no trouble finding replacements, as all the girls consider that a lucky seat by now. So cheer up, Carl. And best wishes to you, too, Ginger.

Last Tuesday's snowstorm produced a paradox: Lennie Philgrew (Tech Writing), who commutes all the way from South Salem, made it in by ten A.M., while George (Phantom) Schultz (Mail Room) phoned from downtown that he was snowbound all day. No reflection on you, George. There's just something to be said for suburbia.

We defy anyone to get past the desk of Harriet (Dear Hattie) Hempel (Data Processing) without having to look at color slides of her Miami vacation. All eighty are very good, and her viewer is a pleasure to look through. And oh, those moments to remember—hey, Hattie?

A word about the annual Girls' Club Dance on Friday next. It's getting miserable support, and Debbie Hartman and her Committee report lots of tickets still unsold, with practically no action whatsoever from the unmarried men. Maybe some of you sports are holding off on spending the $1.75 in hopes that some girl will invite you again, like last time. Well, don't hold your breath. It isn't Leap Year this year.

W. F. MIKSCH



"I see Peggy got her spring outfit already."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE BONNEVILLE VISTA FOR '61

Your driving habits have changed- and so has the Wide-Track Pontiac

You probably spend a lot more time in your car than you used to. More stop-and-go city driving. More short trips. More long ones, too. You park, get in and out of your car more often.

Pontiac has kept pace with you. Doors are wider to ease your getting in and out. There's more room inside. Yet, there's a more parkable, garageable, maneuverable size. Excess weight has been carefully trimmed to give you *go* that goes easy on gas.

In town or country, Pontiac takes the effort out of roadwork. Curves and corners come and go, but you sit steady and straight, thanks to the built-in balance of Pontiac's new Wide-Track. And Pontiac's famous V-8 performance gives you a comforting confidence on a turnpike or in traffic.

If you want the car that's changed as much as your driving habits, see your fine Pontiac dealer.

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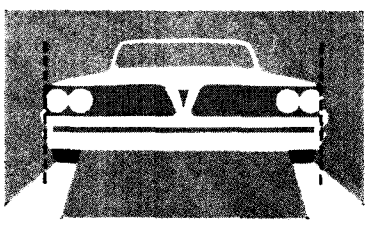

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THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

Even before the eye-witness appeared, the prosecution had an airtight case against Mason's client.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Ken Lowry, manager of the Mojave Monarch Mine, had been murdered. Suspected of the crime was Susan Fisher, secretary to the manager of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, which owned the mine.

A woman claiming to be Amelia Corning, owner of the mining company, had phoned Susan on the day of the murder and instructed her to be at certain places at certain times. Susan became the murder suspect because she followed "Miss Corning's" orders.

Perry Mason, Susan's attorney, needed time to investigate. So Mason's secretary, Della Street, took Susan from her apartment before the police could question her.

However, a few hours later Della told Mason that she and Susan had been picked up by the police. Della had been released after questioning, but Susan remained in custody.

VI

Gertie, in the outer office, gave a series of several short, sharp rings on the telephone, and simultaneously the door from the outer office opened, and Lieutenant Tragg stood smiling on the threshold.

"Good morning, Perry," he said and, turning to Della Street, he bowed and said, "I've already seen you this morning, Della."

"You have for a fact," she said.

Tragg said, "You'll pardon me for walking right in without waiting to be announced, won't you, Perry?"

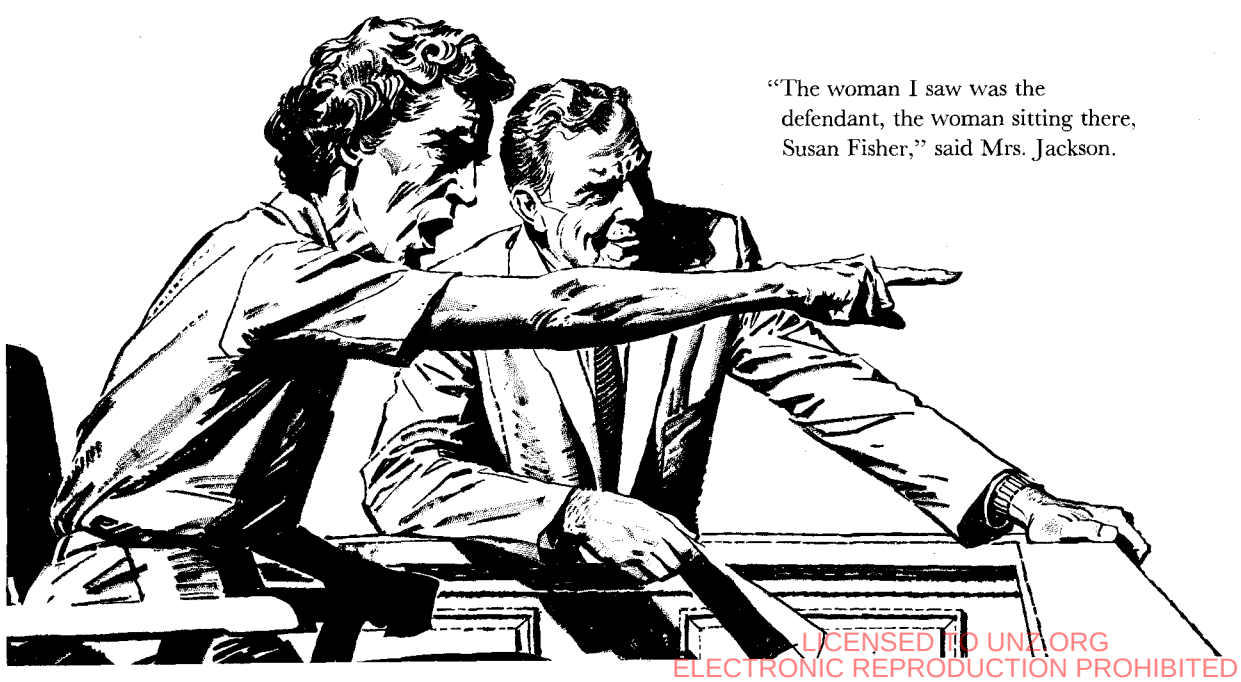
"And the purpose of your visit this morning?" Mason asked.

"Well, now," Tragg said, "I was instructed to ask you to look at certain sections of the Penal Code having to do with concealing evidence, being an accessory after the fact and things of that sort. But I'm satisfied you're familiar with them already, counselor, and quite probably have taken steps to see that they don't apply."

"Then what is the purpose of your visit?" Mason asked.

"Right at the moment," Tragg said, "the purpose of my visit is to advise you that we're taking into custody a rented car which you picked up last night from the We Rent M Car Company—and I'm instructed to ask you just why you deemed it necessary to rent that particular car."

"What particular car?" Mason asked.



"The woman I saw was the defendant, the woman sitting there, Susan Fisher," said Mrs. Jackson.

"The one you rented," Lieutenant Tragg said. "I suppose you know that was the same car that your client, Susan Fisher, had rented earlier in the day and driven out to the place where the body of Ken Lowry was discovered?"

"No!" Mason exclaimed in surprise. "How was I to know that?"

"I see," Tragg said. "In other words, it was just one of those coincidences."

"You might call it that," Mason said.

"And again, I might not," Tragg said. "If we process this car for latent fingerprints and find that all of the fingerprints have been wiped from the car, it will be a very suspicious circumstance, counselor. I think it might leave you in a very embarrassing position."

"I'm hoping it won't, because I'm hoping that you won't find that the car has been wiped free of fingerprints."

"Well," Tragg said, "we've located it down in the parking lot and we have a couple of fingerprint experts going over it. If you will come down to the parking lot and check the odometer, we'll give you a receipt for the car and take over."

Mason sighed. "Well, I suppose I'll have to. How long have you been working on the car?"

"Ever since you drove it in," Tragg said, grinning. "You know, Mason, I'm willing to make you a bet."

"What?"

"That the men will report there isn't a single fingerprint on that car except perhaps one or two of yours by the door—and do you know what's going to happen if that is the case? I'm going to take you down for questioning, to find out whether you know anything about the fingerprints' having been obliterated."

Mason sighed. "I always deplore these high-handed methods on the part of the police," he said.

"I know, I know," Tragg told him, "but the district attorney takes a very dim view of lawyers who go around obliterating evidence."

"What sort of evidence?"

"Well, for instance," Tragg said, "I wouldn't be too surprised if at one time Ken Lowry had been in that car and that his fingerprints might have been found in the car if they hadn't been tampered with. Since the car is in your possession and since you would be the one who would have a strong motive to protect your client, the answer is obvious."

Mason said, "Let's go down and take a look at the car, by all means. Perhaps you'd better come along as a witness, Della, so you can check the mileage."

Two men were working feverishly over the automobile Mason had parked. Another man with a fingerprint camera was busily engaged in taking photographs.

"Well?" Tragg asked as he approached the car. "You found it wiped clean?"

One of the men turned to Tragg. His face contained an expression of complete exasperation. "In all of my experience, lieutenant," he said, "I've never found a car with more fingerprints on it than this. The thing is fairly plastered. They're just all over the car—front, back, wind shield, windows, steering wheel, mirror."

For a moment the smile faded from Lieutenant Tragg's face. Then he drew a deep breath and bowed to Perry Mason. "One has no respect for an adversary who is unworthy," he said. Tragg

(Continued on Page 61)

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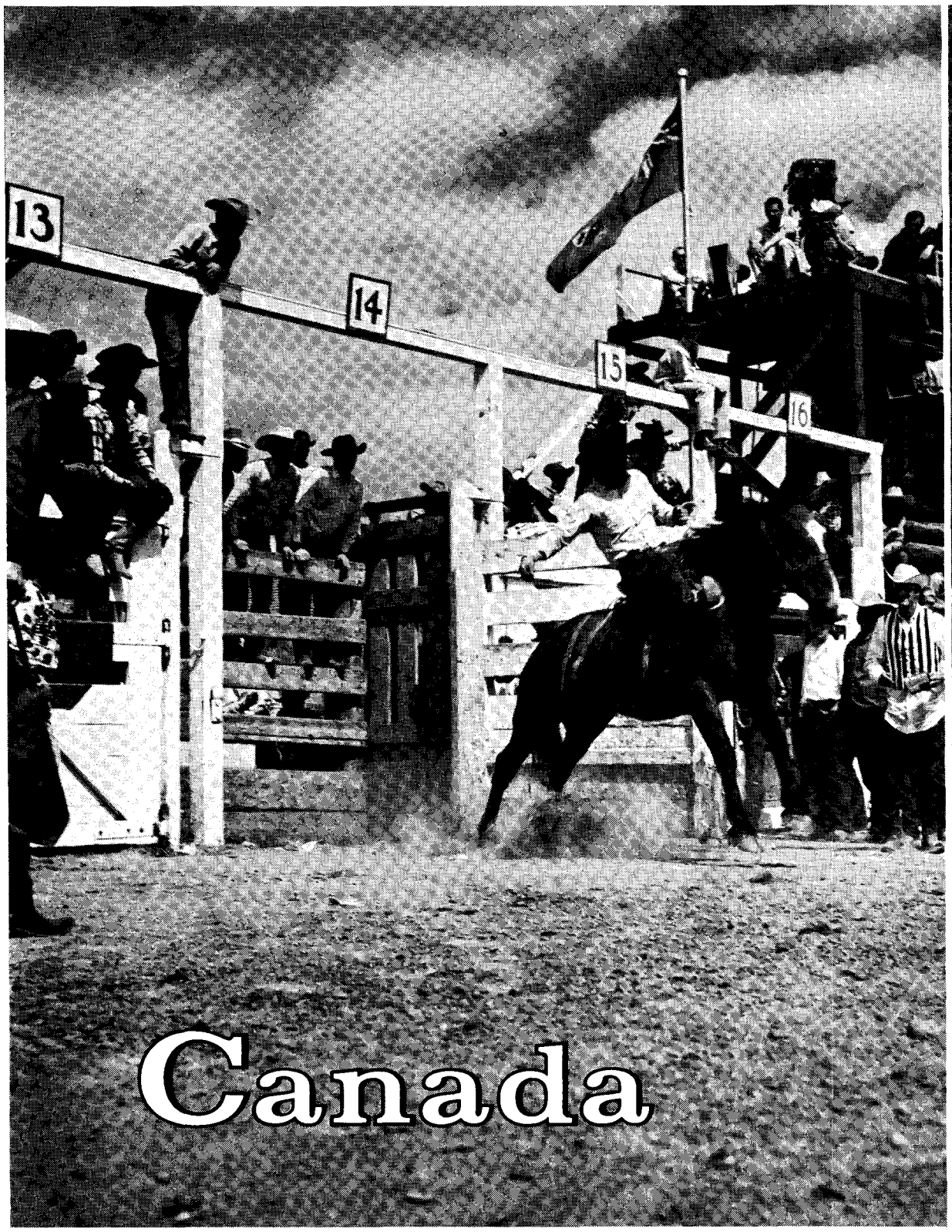
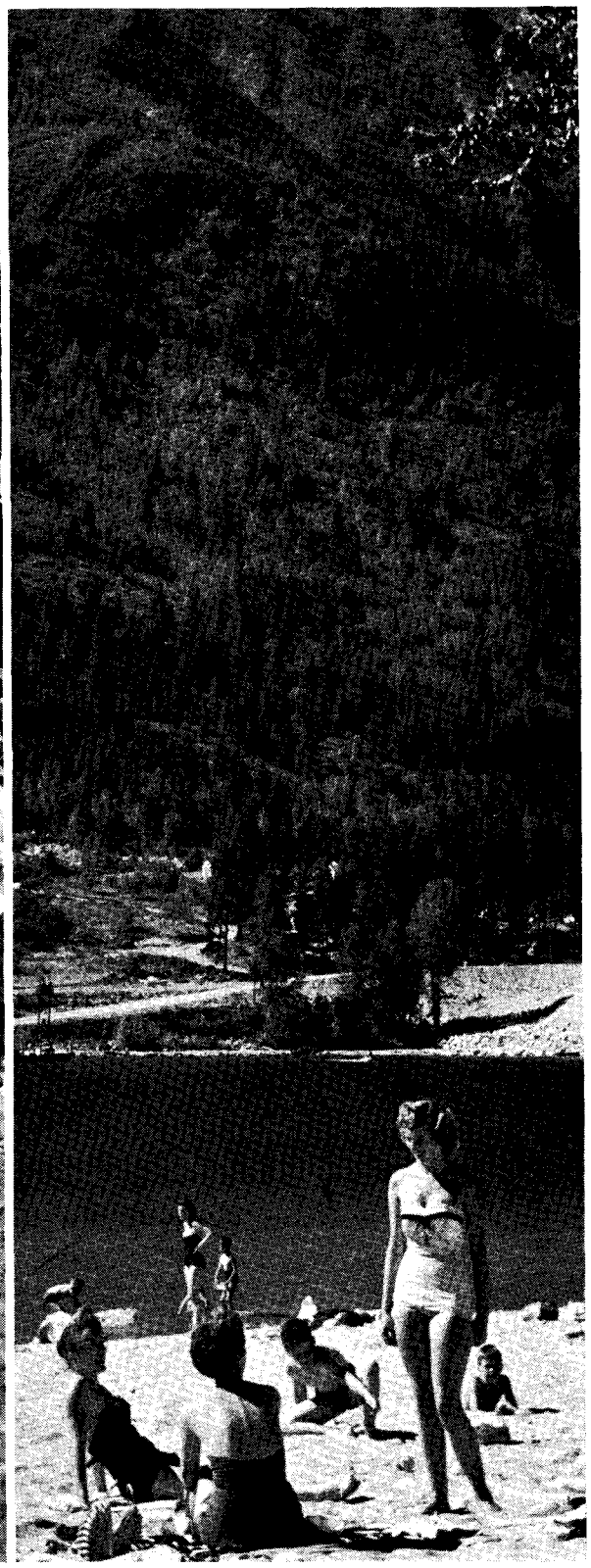


Carnival of the Canadian West... Calgary's famous Stampede



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The Cat That Vanished

(Continued from Page 24)

He looked at the girl through his thick glasses, hoping he had not been talking down to her. She smiled back brightly. "How interesting!" she cried. "My father tried for years to invent an ash tray for a car that wouldn't stick, or else fall out and spill everything. He never did succeed, poor man."

The professor had almost crashed the car into the canyon wall when he remembered to stop looking at her. "Oh, yes, an ash tray," he muttered. "Yes, quite, quite!"

"So I sympathize with anyone working with molecules," Jennifer went on. "They must be so difficult! But it would be nice to get some use out of them, like plankton. Did you know we could feed the world on the protein floating around in sea water? I read that somewhere."

He risked another startled glance at her, seeing a shapely girl of twenty-two—a graduate, she had let it be known, of the best business college in Los Angeles. Jennifer had blue eyes, red hair and a short, snub nose. She wore a diamond engagement ring. It was difficult for Crombellian to reconcile all this femininity with the fat, ominously official-looking briefcase that she carried. But that, he supposed, was democracy in action.

There remained, however, the realities of Burro Canyon. "The project would have been abandoned long ago, except that the boys earned money enough to finance it themselves," he said. "At first, they both lived on the premises. Last month one of them, Glenn Winkler, got married. He commutes now, but Malvin Gabe still lives there. They built what they needed out of junk left from the war project, so I'm not sure what you'll find."

"Just so their inventory checks," said Jennifer. "Can't fool around with Federal property, you know."

"But it was only junk," the professor gulped.

"Federal junk," she amended firmly, "and if the book says a thing is there—well, it had better be there. I took an oath of office, you know."

"Yes, yes of course! Well, here we are," he said.

The Subatomic Particles Laboratory was not impressive. Behind a high wire fence stood a cluster of rickety sheds. The only contact with the outside world seemed to be a high-voltage power line. As Crombellian opened the gate, two young men came out of one of the sheds. One, Glenn Winkler, was a short, blond youth with the offensive, well-supervised neatness of a new bridegroom. He said, "Hi there, Tab. What brings you up here?"

The other was tall, dark, unkempt, bewhiskered and frowzy. He had dark circles around his bloodshot eyes. He had a spoon in one hand, and a can of corned beef in the other. He stared at them savagely for a moment, as though through a screen of intense mental concentration that he did not want broken.

Then Jennifer got out of the car, carelessly exposing one pretty knee. She patted her red hair. She smiled.

"A girl!" the frowzy student said reverently. "A real, live, human girl!"

"There now, Mal—it's all right!" Glenn Winkler soothed him. To Crombellian he explained, "Mal worked all night and wouldn't even stop for lunch. He thinks we're at the break-through—and Tab, I believe he's right!"

"Oh, nonsense!" Crombellian said.

Malvin Gabe did not even hear him. He stumbled toward Jennifer Fairhead, holding out the spoon and the corned beef. "Sometime I'm going to take you out to a nice, expensive restaurant for lunch," he mumbled, "but this is the best I can do now. Have some corned beef?"

"No thank you," Jennifer said. "I've eaten. But it was sweet of you to ask."

The professor introduced Jennifer and explained her purpose in coming. Glenn said, "H'm, inventory! Well, things get lost, I'm afraid, but we'll do the best we can."

Malvin Gabe said nothing.

"Before Miss Fairhead begins, perhaps you would show her your work," Professor Crombellian suggested.

"Oh, she wouldn't understand it!" said Glenn.

"What do you mean, she wouldn't understand it?" said Malvin. "It's very elementary."

"Then you show her," said Glenn.

"With pleasure," said Malvin. "This way, please."

He put the spoon and corned beef in Crombellian's car. He took Jennifer's elbow and guided her toward the largest of the sheds. At the door a large, evil-looking, brindle tomcat with only one eye joined them, coming out of a clump of nearby sagebrush. Its scarred face twisted into a snarl, and it exposed its long, yellow fangs as it sniffed at Jennifer's ankles.

"Oh, what a lovely cat!" Jennifer cried.

"Don't touch him!" Malvin said, as she stooped to pat his head. "He'll tear your arm off. That's the worst-natured cat I ever saw."

"Maybe he's just lonesome. What's his name?"

"I don't know. We call him Good Old Clem."

"Why, that's a lovely name for him!"

The cat leaped ahead of them into the shed. Crombellian and Glenn went in behind Jennifer and Malvin. Malvin turned on the lights.

There was not much to see. In one end of the long room stood a plain wooden pedestal about four feet high. The top of the pedestal was a marble slab about ten inches square. The pedestal was surrounded by complicated electronic equipment—wires, sockets, tubes, capacitors, and so on. This was the gamma transmitter, which almost anyone can build.

Thirty feet away, at the other end of the room, stood another wooden pedestal with a marble top. It, too, was surrounded by electronic equipment, only more of it. This was the part that had originated at Harvard—the gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor, and just let them deny it.

"It's beautiful!" Jennifer sighed. "What does it do?"

"The idea," Malvin explained, "is that when you detonate an atomic bomb, you reduce matter to pure energy. Now, all matter originally came from somewhere, didn't it? Obviously the universe at one time was only energy, but somehow some of it was converted into matter. The purpose of the gamma transmitter is to convert some of that matter back into pure energy—but not in the form of an explosion. This is a strictly controlled reaction."

"I'll bet!" Jennifer said admiringly.

Malvin beamed and went on, "As that energy is released, we direct it to the gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor. It duplicates the process by which the universe was formed, by re-creating the identical molecular structure destroyed by the transmitter. The entire process takes three ten-millionths of a second. In other words, we can 'send' a solid object, as we say, across the room in that length of time. We could 'send' it across the Pacific Ocean in, say, a millionth of a second."

"Fascinating!" said Jennifer. "Won't it be useful in airmail, and even parcel post, and so on?"

"You understand that it's all theoretical so far, Miss Fairhead," said Professor Crombellian.

"The heck it is, Tab," said Malvin. "We sent a penny this morning."

"I don't believe you!"

"Well, ask Glenn."

The professor looked at Glenn, who nodded soberly. "So help me, Tab, we did. Not once, but several times!"

"I still don't believe you. Show me the penny!"

"Unfortunately," said Malvin, "the fifth time, the gamma principle failed, and we lost the penny."

"Oh, that's too bad!" Jennifer cried. "One hates to lose even a penny. Where do you think it went?"

"Out into its own little orbit, a galaxy of subatomic particles," said Malvin. "Maybe right here in this room. Maybe halfway to the sun by now."

"And it would have been such a nice souvenir!"

"Would you like a souvenir?" he said craftily. "I'll show you how it works, but we'll have to have something to send. How about that ring you're wearing?"

"But that's my engagement ring!" she objected.

"Oh, you're engaged, are you? Who's the guy?"

"Leslie Cutts, deputy chief, card-index division."

"Listen, don't you think good old Les would like to have a souvenir too?" said Malvin. "Why, this could be the most significant engagement ring in the world! You could tell your grandchildren about it. Think—the first ring ever 'sent' by the gamma principle!"

"Well, all right," said Jennifer.

"Mal, you can't do this!" Glenn said, as he saw the girl strip off her diamond ring.

"Look, when you and Cissy were going together, did I butt in?" said Malvin. "Now watch closely, everyone. You are about to behold the gamma principle in action."

He put the ring on the marble slab on the pedestal of the gamma transmitter. He went around the room, closing various circuits. Finally he stopped beside Jennifer, with his thumb poised over a red button.

"Five, four, three, two, one," he said. He pressed the button. Nothing happened.

"Nothing happened!" Jennifer said.

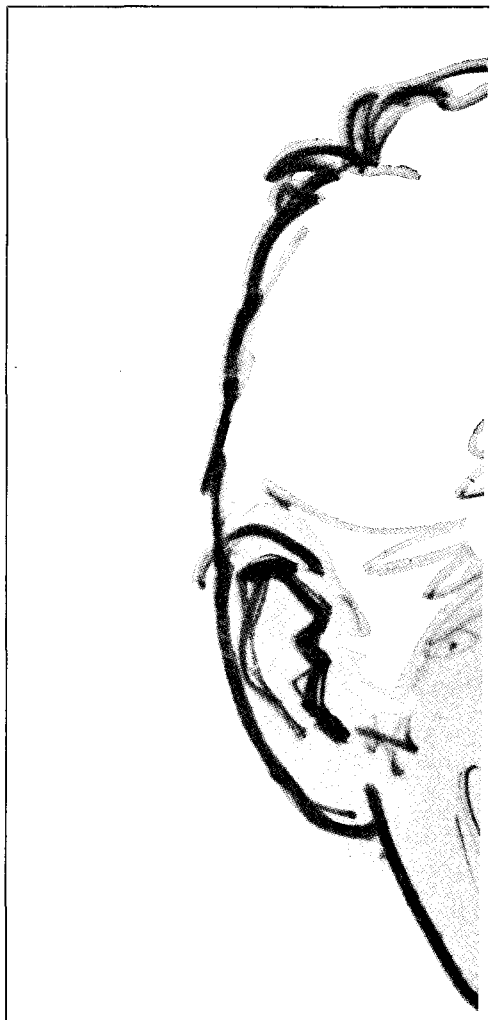
Tab Crombellian understood first. "The ring is gone!" he shouted. "Why, it works! It disappeared."

"No, there it is in the receptor," Malvin said, disappointed. "What the heck did I do that was right?"

Crombellian was pale. Behind his thick glasses his eyes were blank pools of incredulity; yet he could not deny what they had seen. There, on the marble slab across the room, lay Jennifer's engagement ring. He had seen solid matter transmitted through space as radiant energy!

"Don't touch it!" Malvin shouted, as Jennifer ran to get her ring. "If you tried to put that ring on now, it would burn your finger off. It's radioactive."

"Oh, come on!" said Glenn. "Please, Mal."



In Between

By May Richstone

Love that little girl of yours
With those beguiling ways
of hers,

Skipping off to school, a
sprite,
A joy, a vision of delight.

Too few years hence, she'll
be a bride
And fill parental hearts
with pride.

But in between
She'll be thirteen!

SATISFY YOURSELF!

Get a new kind of mildness—*Air-Softened Mildness*—*with a richer, fuller taste*

This King gives you more. Every satisfying puff is Air-Softened—to enrich the flavor and make it mild. Special porous paper lets you draw fresh air into the full king length of top-tobacco, straight Grade-A, for a cooler, smoother smoke that's mild Try Chesterfield King. You won't b *fully satisfied* until you do.

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Mal turned on him furiously. "Listen, did I butt in when you told Cissy she couldn't go home yet because the fence was radioactive?"

"That's different. We were engaged."

Jennifer looked doubtfully down at her ring. "Oh, dear, I hope Leslie will understand!" she sighed. "He's so superstitious he doesn't even want me to take it off to wash dishes. When can I have it back?"

"I'll test it one of these weeks," Mal said vaguely. "Now let's get on with your audit. I'll help you. I know where this junk is better than Glenn does."

The professor and Glenn waited in the office shed. They did not talk. By now Crombellian did not care if they all went to McNeil Island for making off with Government property. He was too shaken by what he had seen, too stunned by the scientific, social and political implications of the gamma principle to care about details. At that time, you see, he still believed. He had not yet been driven to doubt his own faculties.

Now and then, through the window, he saw Mal and Jennifer. The girl had her inventory book out and was making marks in it with her pencil. The yard was full of odds and ends of old equipment, as were the other sheds. It seemed to him that they spent most of their time in the sheds.

In perhaps an hour he saw them go back to the main laboratory. Naturally he thought they were through with the audit. He did not mean to eavesdrop. Anyone who knows Tab Crombellian will tell you he isn't that kind of man. But outside the lab the ground was soft, and Crombellian and Glenn both wore rubber-soled loafer shoes.

Chesterfield
KING
CIGARETTES
the farther smoke travels Air-Softened, the milder, the cooler, the smoother it tastes
HESTERFIELD KING
© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

And they both distinctly heard Jennifer say, "Of course I believe in love at first sight! What do you think I am, anyway? I mean, if you can't believe in love at first sight in this world of today, what can you believe in?"

"Then why can't you love me?" Malvin demanded.

"Because I don't know you."

"How could you, if it's at first sight?"

"When it's love at first sight, you don't necessarily know at first sight," she explained patiently. "After you know a person better, you realize what it was. But not at the time. Nobody knows it at the time!"

"I do," said Malvin. "I love you more than Leslie does."

"Leslie who?" Jennifer said dreamily.

"Cutts. Your fiancé, Leslie Cutts. What kind of a guy is he, anyway?"

"I—I don't remember," she said in a troubled voice. "No, you mustn't try to kiss me. That would just confuse both of us. Besides, I'm on duty."

"Jennifer, tell me that you love me."

"Not until I'm sure."

"At least tell me you like me!" Malvin said thickly.

"How can I?" she said quaveringly. "I don't even know what kind of person you are, and your inventory doesn't check, and what if I had to turn in a shortage report after saying I liked you?"

"I give up," he said hopelessly. "I lied to you, Jennifer. Your ring isn't radioactive. Here, take it back and go away and leave a man in peace!"

Professor Crombellian and Glenn entered the lab just as Malvin handed her the ring. Instead of putting it on, however, she opened her bag and put it in her coin purse. She stared at Crombellian as though she had never seen him before.

"Well, how did the inventory go?" Crombellian said jovially, to spare them embarrassment.

"What's the difference?" Malvin said. "She thinks more of some old piece of junk than she does a human being."

"I do not," said Jennifer, "but duty is duty."

The one-eyed, brindle tomcat leaped into the shed. The professor had noted this much about Good Old Clem—he never walked, he never slunk, as other cats did—he always leaped. Every movement was a calculated pounce.

"Oh, look, the kitty!" said Jennifer.

The cat leaped up on the marble slab on top of the transmitter pedestal. It licked a long-taloned paw and began washing its scarred, evil-looking face. Jennifer put out a hand to pet it. The cat made no sound, but its yellow fangs came out in a murderous smile, and it flicked a paw at her. And Jennifer, with a shriek of pain, pulled her hand back with a long gash in it.

"Oh, he scratched me!" she said.

"Why, the dirty ——" Malvin gritted. "I'll fix him!"

He pressed the red button.

There was not a sound, not a flash of light, nor even a smell of singed hair. But the cat was no longer there! Professor Crombellian looked toward the pedestal of the gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor, and so did Jennifer. But the cat was not there either.

"Where did it go?" Jennifer cried.

"Gamma principle failed again," Malvin said, grinning. "But don't worry—he won't bother you again. That's the last we'll see of that miserable feline misanthrope."

"But where is he?" Jennifer said in bewilderment.

"Wherever my penny is. A miniature galaxy of neutrons and protons, spinning around in its own miniature sidereal system, waiting to be reassembled into matter again."

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Jennifer put her hands on her hips. Her blue eyes were suddenly blazing. "Do you mean to say you ground him up with that nasty old disintegrator ray or whatever you call it?" she screamed at him.

"Well, he couldn't ask for an easier death, Jennifer."

"He didn't ask for any death!" She stamped her foot. "What an awful thing to do to a poor, harmless kitty!"

"He was by no means harmless, and besides he was sixteen years old. It was time for him to die."

"That is not for you to decide, Mr. Soulless Scientist. Oh, you make me sick!" Jennifer said angrily. "You think human beings are mere grist for your mills. I'm certainly glad I found out about you in time!"

"But he wasn't a human being," said Malvin. "He was a tomcat, and he scratched you."

"Don't try to throw the blame on me! I hate you. I hate anybody that is cruel, and you're cruel!"

Glenn Winkler interjected calmly, "Suppose we get on with the audit. We're on the verge of an important scientific breakthrough, Miss Fairhead, and, if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to it."

Jennifer turned her back coldly on Malvin. "I think that is an excellent idea. I find your inventory to be in pretty good shape, on the whole," she said. "Considerable equipment seems to have been converted into something else, but your cold-blooded, inhuman associate identified all but one item. Can you show me where this is, either of you?"

She held her book out to Glenn and Crombellian, pointing to an entry that read, "Item NX-3501-118; ERADICATOR, Noxious Varmint, Self-Cleansing Type—1 only."

"I'm afraid we have a problem there," Glenn said. "That item has unfortunately been destroyed."

"Without appropriate authority?" Jennifer cried. "I suppose you realize what that means!"

"I do," said Glenn.

"I hope you have some explanation!"

"I have. You see, when that bunch was up here during the war, they had a lot of trouble with rats. They tried trapping them, but that didn't work. Then somebody decided to send for a cat, but the one that was sent up here was a newly weaned kitten. It had to have fresh milk and vitamins and inoculations, and so on, and that ran into money. So they lumped the sum into a Government purchase order and carried the cat on the books as a noxious-varmint eradicator, self-cleansing type. It was one of those little fictions that make Federal accounting so much simpler, but the trouble is, he was just 'sent.'"

She blinked. "You mean that's the cat that was just disintegrated?"

"Yes, and I'm not sorry. He was as wild as a tiger when Mal and I first came up here. Only recently has he condescended to come close enough to bite or scratch us. But he was your missing inventory item."

Jennifer turned to face Malvin. "All right for you," she said. "All right for you! Destroying life wasn't bad enough, was it? It had to be United States Government life! That cat was carried on the books at an undepreciated value of eleven dollars and forty cents. He belonged to the American taxpayers!"

"So put me in jail," said Malvin in a surly voice.

"When the Federal grand jury gets done with you, that's just what they may do!" Jennifer said with a throb in her voice that was almost a sob. She closed her briefcase, shaking her head sorrowfully. "Believe me, I don't enjoy turning in a shortage report, but I took the same oath as the President of the United States. I'm very sorry, Mr. Ice-blooded Malvin Gabe, but I'm afraid you're in some very, very serious trouble."

"Go away," said Malvin. "I wasn't happy before you came here, but I didn't know it. Now I do. Love at first sight, she says. Ha! Listen, what's more important—an old tomcat or our deepest human instinct, love?"

This could have gone on and on, because Jennifer was as ready to quarrel as Malvin. Professor Crombellian cut it short by hurrying the girl out to his car. His mind was clear again, and he could not wait to get at his typewriter. Subatomic Particles was in his department, and the thrilling break-through he had just witnessed was for him to write up in the appropriate scientific journals.

Not that he wanted to rob Malvin Gabe and Glenn Winkler of any of the credit—far from it! Tab Crombellian isn't that kind of man. He knew that if they wrote the report they'd be far too modest, that was all.

So it was a wild ride that Jennifer had back to the campus in Pasadena. In parting, she mentioned, rather sadly, the shortage report she would have to turn in. The professor was a bit testy with her. "Yes, yes, whatever you think!" he said. "A public office is a public trust, and all that. So if you'll excuse me, Miss ——"

He had, you see, his own report to write. He spent most of the night on it, and he made it as dispassionate, as aloofly objective, as he could. Only one sentence of it ever reached the public—that bit about "the phenomenon allegedly observed at the Burro Canyon Subatomic Particles Laboratory." And the press agent who released that is no longer with Caltech.

When he had it finished, doubts assailed Crombellian. He knew what he had seen, but there was evidence that the gamma principle was not entirely under control. There were the lost penny, which he had not seen, and the tomcat, which he most definitely had seen. Also, there were two other institutions involved—Chicago, which had developed the original equation, and Harvard, the source of the circuitry for a gamma-gamma retrogenerative receptor.

So, before mailing his report to an editor, the professor sent copies off to colleagues at Chicago and Harvard. The reaction from Chicago was swift—a telegram that said:

DISCLAIM ALL RESPONSIBILITY STOP OUR COMPUTER HAS HAD FUSE BURNED OUT FOR TWO YEARS STOP THIS WILL BE OUR PUBLIC POSITION IF ANY ATTEMPT MADE TO CONNECT US WITH SUCH CHARLATANRY STOP IF EARLY PORTIONS MANUSCRIPT CREDIBLE THE BRINDLE TOMCAT WAS THE LAST STRAW.

He never did hear from Harvard. But a few nights later, a Caltech friend of his got a call from an old buddy in a Harvard science department. After some beating about the bush, the Harvard man said, "Of course, I don't make transcontinental calls just to chitchat, on my salary. So let me come to the point. Hope this doesn't get around, and I don't want to alarm you. But has good old Tab Crombellian been hitting the bottle a bit lately?"

As you can see, nobody wants any part of this whole deal, particularly since the Federal grand jury's criminal-complaints committee went into the matter of wantonly and willfully destroying Federal property. The Federal investigators who swarmed up into Burro Canyon, armed with writs, subpoenas and affidavit forms in blank, were turned back at first by a huge sign that said, RADIOACTIVE FENCE—KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

One skeptic finally went up with a scintilloscope. When he couldn't get a quiver out of the needle, and tried to barge on in, two haggard, unshaven young men jumped on him. They threw him out bodily, slammed the gate and threatened to tie knots in his neck if he ever bothered them again. This, mind you, to a Federal officer!

It was about a week after this episode that a pretty woman of about forty-five, with only a little gray in her red hair, went into the den of her Los Angeles home, where her daughter was morosely watching television. "Jennifer," she said, "there's a strange young man here, and he says he has a present for you, but it must be a very strange one."

"Present?" Jennifer said dully. "What kind?"

"I don't know. It's in a gunny sack. Who in the world would bring a girl a gift in a gunny sack? But he insists it's for you. What can it possibly be?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," Jennifer said. "I don't want to see anyone, mommy, please. And that goes double for Leslie Cutts."

"All right, but I wish I knew what was the matter with you lately," Mrs. Fairhead sighed. "I'll tell this young man to trot along. He says his name is Malcolm Flabe or Melville Jabe or something like that, and I don't think he has shaved for a week. How these young men can ——"

But her daughter had run out, shrieking, "It's Malvin Gabe, after I tried to send him to McNeil Island! Oh, mommy, isn't it awful how you sometimes don't realize until it's usually almost always nearly too late?"

She flew out of sight with a haste unbecoming a Federal accountant, and there, on the dark porch, she saw him. He looked thin and gaunt and close to collapse as he held out the squirming gunny sack.

"I fixed it, Jennifer," he said hoarsely. "It was the beta refractor circuit and a defective anode in the secondary focusing grid. But watch him, honey, because he'll tear your arm off. I had to bring him in a gunny sack, because the experience didn't teach him a darned thing. Look!"

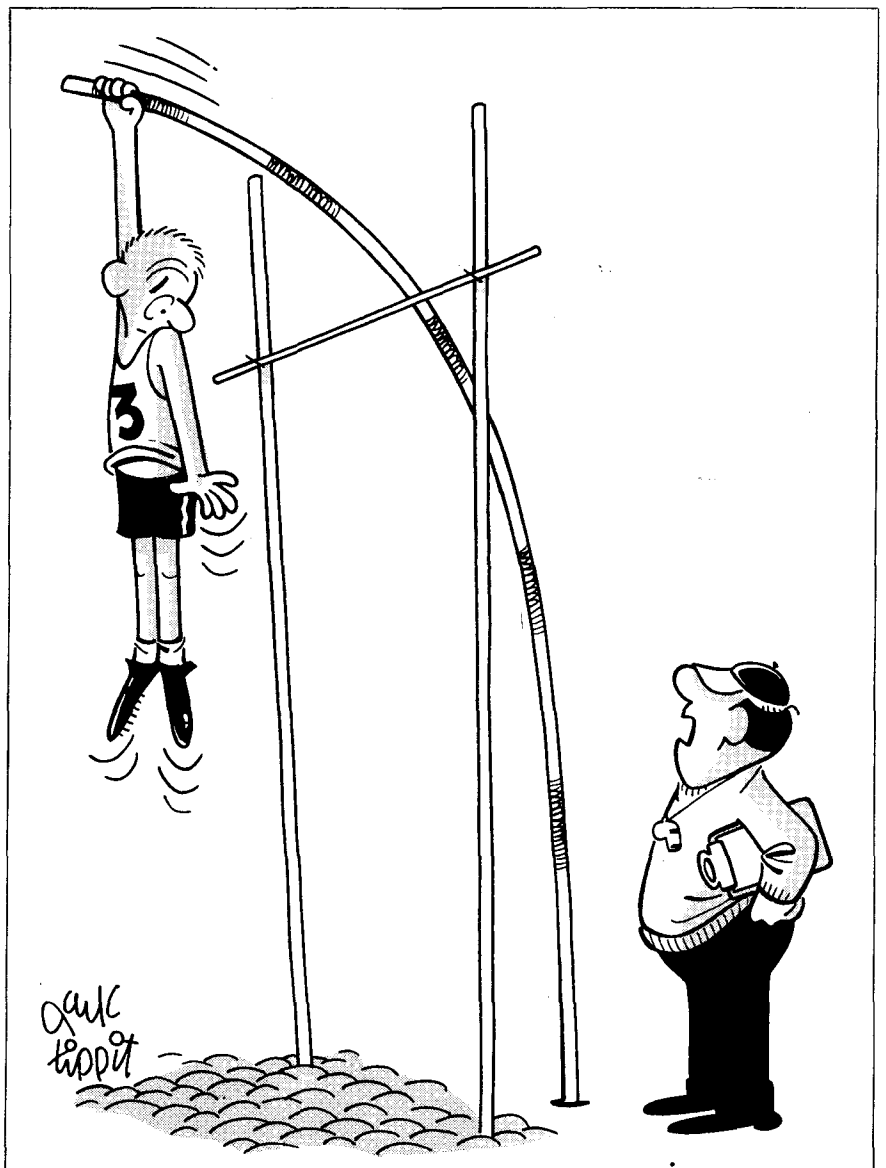
He opened the gunny sack just enough for her to peep in. From its dark depths came a rasping, carnivorous growl, and she saw one evil, yellow eye glaring at her. Just as it leaped, Malvin closed the bag.

There was no mistake. It was Good Old Clem, back in being after his trip to—where? We can't know. But there could be only one such vicious, one-eyed, brindle tomcat in the world—or out of it, for that matter. The identical molecular structure had indeed been re-created. Item No. NX-3501-118 was back on the books.

"You did it all for me!" Jennifer said liquidly.

"I sent him," said Malvin, "and it was up to me to get him back. But I've got to take him back up to the lab. If I turn him loose around here, he'll kill every other cat and dog within miles. You want to ride along?"

This is why we're so sure that the truth will eventually out—Caltech, Chicago U. and Harvard notwithstanding. The gamma principle does work. What it will do to our parcel post, it's hard to say now. It surely can't mash up the packages any worse than the way some of them come through today. It certainly did Good Old Clem no harm. At last report, he was as mean and lively as ever. THE END



"Now, try to remember—what was the next thing I told you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beautifully built to cut the cost of station wagon living

In this lowest priced of all full-sized wagons,* Ford has found room for the greatest advances built into any wagon. Advances that save you still more money *after* you buy! (See box at right.)

And every Ford wagon, (right up to the new 6-passenger and distinctive 9-passenger Country Squires) has new convenience. Rear windows roll down (with power control available in all models—standard in 9-passenger models and 6-passenger Squire). Tailgate openings are seven inches wider. And there's more!

Come see how Ford's Ranch Wagon cuts the cost of station-wagon living. *This is the Ford in your future!*

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself—You'll go 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications (which cost only about $4.00 and take about 20 minutes) because Ford has replaced conventional grease fittings with a sealed-in lubrication system.

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FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company

Beautifully built to take care of itself . . . '61 FORD

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

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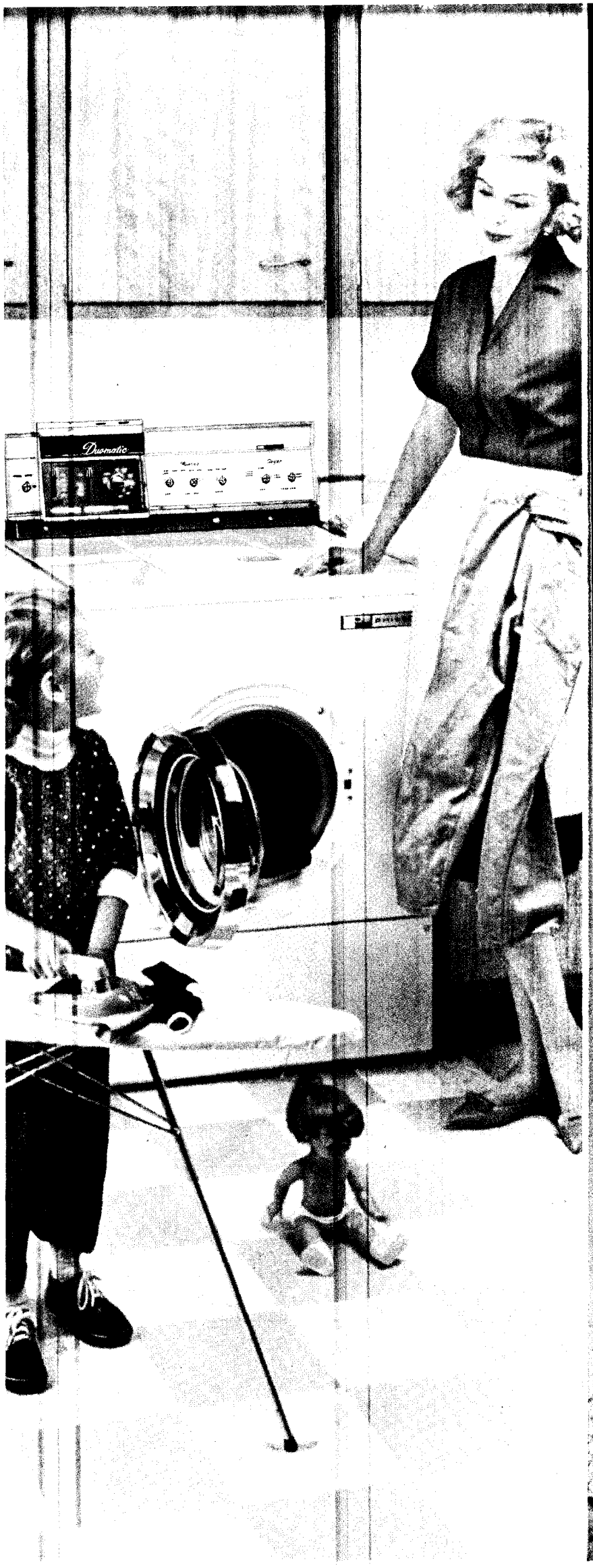
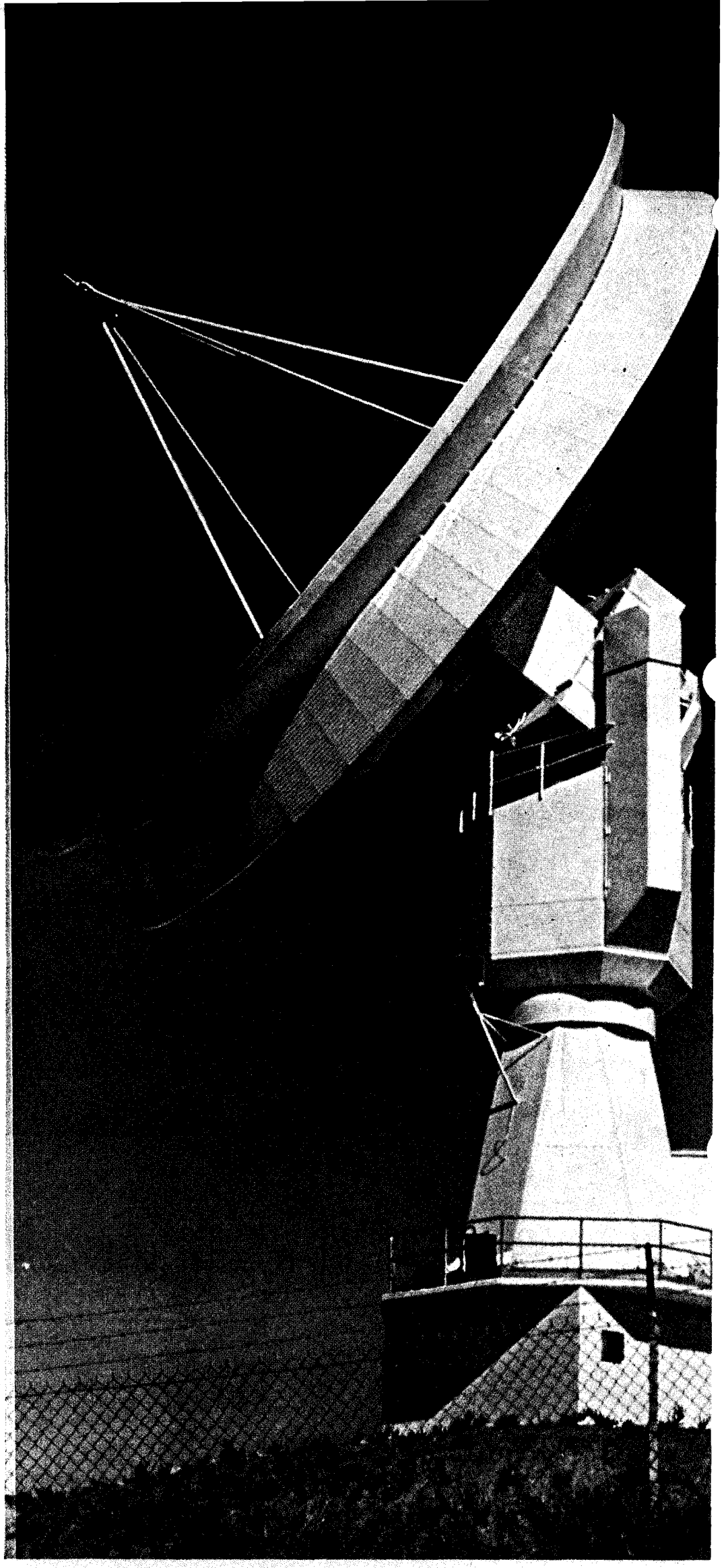


Philco-Bendix Hi-Speed Duomatic combination washes and dries the average family wash load (two sheets included) in just 58 minutes. It can be used as a washer or dryer alone or as a combination, yet it fits anywhere a washer alone will! Twice as many Duomatic combinations are in use as any other washer-dryer!



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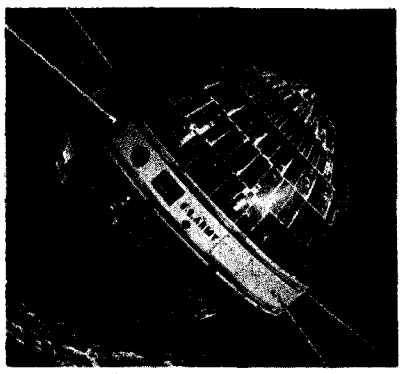
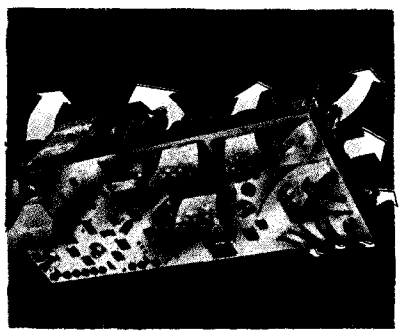


The Courier satellite, now whirling through space at 14,400 miles per hour, is the first step in a revolutionary new concept of instantaneous world-wide communications. Designed and built by Philco, it can receive, record and transmit 272,000 words every four minutes!

Easiest range to clean! The entire top of the Philco Tilt-Top range lifts up, lets you wipe up spill-overs as easily as wiping a dish. The Quick-Chef oven lifts out for cleaning at the sink . . . the "Broil-Under-Glass" unit eliminates smoke, splatter . . . the oven door lifts off . . . and you can clean under the range without moving it!



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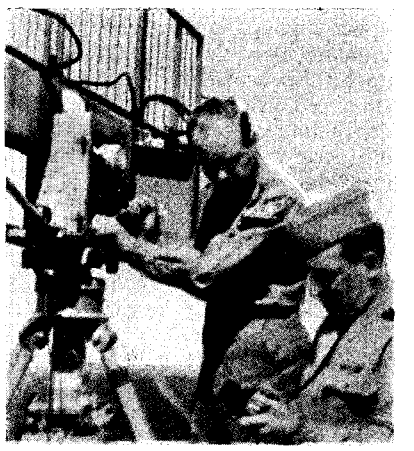

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The Range Butchers (Continued from Page 31)

"Ees what I say," said Dobe. "But ees a good clock."

"It was my granddad's," said young Lon.

They jogged steadily along. Off to the right about a mile, almost hidden in a small hollow, several small adobe structures came into view. A few haphazard garments hung on a clothesline between two sagging poles. A few chickens scratched at sun-baked ground, tiny specks of busyness at the distance. Two scrawny horses and a burro drooped dejectedly in a rickety corral.

Dobe drew rein. "I theenk," he said. "I theenk I go see my—what you call heem?—my couseen José Gonzales who owe me three dollar."

"You sure got a lot of *primos*," said young Lon.

"*Si*," said Dobe, grinning. "*Muchos primos*. You ride along. Slow. I come soon."

"Yep," said young Lon: "And I'll bet you're thinking of his sister. I've heard about her."

"Ees eet wrong," said Dobe, grinning again, "for *un hombre* to smile at *las séñoritas?*"

"I ain't saying nothing," said young Lon. "Just wishing you luck." He nudged the pinto forward along the ridge.

Lon Hall drew rein and consulted the battered gold watch. He liked the feel of it in his hand. Ten fifty-four. He tucked it carefully back in its pocket. Several hundred yards away, down the right slope, atop one of the humping shoulders of land, were three steers, still, rigid, staring on down beyond. He could make out the Slash Y plain on the flank of one. "Acting kind of funny," he said. He shrugged and slapped spurs to the pinto and swung down, circling. As he topped the humping shoulder just below them to drive them up, he drew rein again, sharp, in surprise. On ahead, in a hollow that had been hidden before, were four horses, two saddled, two carrying pack racks, and two men—one jumping fast for a rifle from the scabbard on one of the saddled horses, the other rising upright, knife in hand, from the half-skinned carcass of a steer.

The rifle bore on Lon Hall's middle, and a cold sickness gripped him under his belt.

"Come on down here, sonny," said the man with the rifle. "And easy."

Slowly Lon Hall nudged the pinto forward. Stopped. The muzzle of the rifle was unwavering and enormous.

"You Slash Y?" said the man with the rifle.

Lon Hall nodded.

"Well, then, you can take a complaint back to your boss, Brennan. Your damned cows keep wandering over here. Get in the way when we're picking one of our own like today to dress out. You got that?"

The man with the knife was reaching, quiet, furtive, to flip back with one foot the loose hide along the flank where he had been cutting. Lon Hall's eyes flicked to the foot and he saw, just as the hide went back, the brand, sharp and distinct. His eyes flicked back to the man with the rifle, and he saw the face hardening more and the certainty showing, and he reared the pinto with frantic hand on the reins and whirled it with spurs sinking in, streaking away and angling for the ridge top. He heard the rifle roar and a revolver join it, and the pinto leaped, shuddering, and caught footing again and strove upward and shuddered again, rearing high and toppling backward; he pushed out and away, hard, falling, sprawling, scrambling, and the thrashing body of the horse, life ebbing out of it, pitched down the slope and rolled full on him.

Along the crest of the ridge, trotting smartly on the small, neat stocky bay, rode Dobe Chavez, singing softly to himself a little song that fitted him precisely at the moment, something about *un caballero festivo*. He was checking the hoof prints of the long-legged pinto. He saw where they left the ridge top and swerved down to the right. Farther on he saw where they returned accompanied by the prints of several cows and went down the slope to the left. "Ees a good keed," he said. "Ees doing the work." He saw where they returned to the ridge top and led on again. He trotted smartly along. He saw where they swerved again down to the right. He trotted on. They did not return. He slowed, then stopped, looking carefully all around. He turned and backtrailed at a fast lope to where they had last swerved aside. He started down the slope to the right, following them.

"*Por Dios!*" he said, and the bay plunged forward under spurs and slid to a stop on its rump beside the body of the pinto. Under it, limp, pinned by the legs up to the waist, lay young Lon Hall.

No longer *un caballero festivo*, *un caballero triste* instead, Dobe Chavez swung out of the saddle. He shook out his rope and pushed the loop over the pinto's lifeless head. He pulled the rope tight to his saddle on the bay and whipped several coils around the horn. He stepped to the bay's head and took hold of the bridle and urged it into motion. It heaved, straining, and the body of the pinto pivoted and slid to one side. He knelt by the body of Lon Hall. Gently he turned it so that the head lay up the slope. Gently he felt along the legs and the arms, then grasped one wrist. He jumped up. "Ees there!" he said. He started again toward the bay. He stopped, looking down at the body of the pinto. A splotch of darkening blood showed on a foreshoulder. He knelt down and touched the splotch with a forefinger. The finger pushed on, easily, through the hide.

Grim-faced, Dobe Chavez searched over the ground. He found the tracings of the pinto's frantic plunge up the slope. He found the half-skinned carcass of the steer, the ears and a patch of the flank hide gone. He stood for a long moment by the tracks of four horses heading off southwestward, and his right hand rubbed slowly down and up the old leather of the worn holster at his side.

The several small adobe structures in their own small hollow seemed to be asleep in midday sun. One of the scrawny horses in the rickety corral raised its head and whinnied. Three or four chickens ran squawking into the nearest rabbit brush. Over the low rise behind the structures came Dobe Chavez, sweat streaking his face, carrying a saddle and a bridle. He was leading the bay. Two saddle blankets lay over the saddle on its back. And over them, lashed with his own rope, lay the limp body of Lon Hall.

Dobe Chavez dropped the saddle and the reins of the bay, still holding the bridle dragging from one hand. He walked to the door of the larger of the adobe structures and pushed it open. He spoke in Spanish, not asking, not explaining, simply stating. He strode to the rickety corral, went in and moved slowly—then reached out suddenly and caught one of the scrawny horses by the nose. He stepped in close and threw an arm over its neck and slipped the bridle on. Paying no attention to the man and two women and one boy, who had crowded out of the house, he led the horse out of the corral and slapped the saddle he had been carrying on it. He fastened the cinch. He took the reins of the bay and swung up on the scrawny horse. At a fast walk he led off, angling up the long slope toward the ridge top.

On a straw mattress and several blankets stretched on the floor of the bunkhouse lay young Lon Hall, limp, motionless, face boyish and bloodless in the light of afternoon sun through the open doorway. Beside him was Cal Brennan, manager of the Slash Y spread, gently letting a few drops from a bottle drip between young Lon's slightly parted lips. Five other men stood close by, watching. On the third bunk on the right sat Dobe Chavez, head down, staring at the floor.

Lon Hall's throat muscles moved. He swallowed, involuntary, unknowing. His head rocked a bit and his eyes opened, staring. They focused on the face of Cal Brennan bending over. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes, and a sob shook him, his body stiffening in pain at the movement.

"Easy, boy," said Cal Brennan. "Don't talk more'n you have to. We'll have you to a doc soon. An' we don't need to know much. You recognize any of 'em?"

Lon Hall's head shook slightly. "There—was—two. And—pack—hosses."

"You get a good look at 'em?"

The effort of words hurt. "Big man—heavy—freckles. Other—short—dark—no hat—black hair." He tried to raise up some, and pain stiffened him, and he fell back, limp again, eyes closing.

Cal Brennan rose upright. "Benton an' Garcia," he said softly. "So that's how they been gettin' that beef they been peddlin' at the fort."

"Damn it!" said Monte Walsh. "What got into you, Hat? Letting a kid like that ——"

"How was I to know?" said Hat Henderson. "He wanted to ride with Dobe."

Over on the third bunk on the right Dobe Chavez shifted weight and started to look up and let his head lower again.

"Hell!" said Hat Henderson again. "So I made a mistake. How was I to know? They been mighty quiet. They been smart up to now."

"They made a mistake," said Chet Rollins. "Not making sure of Lon."

"Hurryin'," said Cal Brennan. "Couldn't know how many of us might be around. Well, I guess the feed wagon'll do, padded enough. Sunfish, you harness the team. Make the best time in you can without bouncin' too much. Tell Mac about it, but we'll be way ahead of him. Get back here an' take over when the rest of the boys come in. We might be gone awhile . . . Monte, pick out good hosses an' saddle 'em . . . Chet, you dig out some rifles . . . Dally, you fill some canteens . . . Powder, get some grub. . . . An' you, Dobe, you listen to me. We got to do any shootin', we ain't shootin' to kill. Not 'less we have to. Lon's alive. An' Mac's been jawin' about our way of doin' things an' about keepin' things legal. We try an' take 'em in."

Cal Brennan sighed. "An' you, Hat. I ain't as spry as I used to be. I can't keep up, you just forget me. Keep goin'. Get 'em."

They rode, riding hard but not too hard, conserving the deceptive deep-bottomed strength in the tough little cow ponies under the saddles. They headed not for the long low ridge and the carcasses of a pinto and a half-skinned steer, but straight southwestward to skirt the far end of the ridge and on to a small jacal and pole corral where two men had squatted for some months, claiming to be running a few cows of their own dubious brand. There, in the first dark of night, they found evidences of a quick departure.

Dobe Chavez knelt on the ground, studying the prints of four horses pointed toward the far broken badlands to the south. "Ees stupeed," he said. "They take too much."

"Carrying weight, eh?" said Hat Henderson. "Well, we ain't."

They rode, not fast now but fairly steady in the dim shadowing shimmer of a piece of moon—Dobe Chavez in the lead, leaning down often along the foreshoulder of his horse, dismounting occasionally to lead it through the pooled shadows of the lower levels while he studied the ground.

The hours passed, and in the first flush of light up the eastern sky they found the ashes of a small fire and the stomped ground where four horses had stood and the barely perceptible rounded indentations where two men had rested.

Dobe Chavez bent low by the ashes and tested them with a finger. "Ees warm," he said and swung up into saddle again.

What's Going On Here?

An important colonial seaport is plagued by numerous fires. Obviously the blazes are set by arsonists. The behavior of certain slaves arouses suspicion. Soon it is rumored that slaves have plotted to burn the city. Panic grips the citizenry. Many slaves and their supposed accomplices are imprisoned. Thirty-eight are condemned to death. What city, and what ensued?

John Swanson

Answer on Page 47

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They rode, faster now in the growing light, chewing on a cold biscuit and a strip of jerked beef each. They dropped into the broken badlands and worked through them in and around the looming fantastic formations of red rock and hardened purple clay streaked with the dull white of long-ago-eroded limestone. More hours passed, and they emerged on the other side, and as they topped the first rolling rise of the upper level they saw, far ahead, in the seemingly limitless expanse of distance, two horses mounted and two horses packed.

They rode at a hard lope now; a half hour passed, and they saw that they had been seen and the four horses ahead were lengthening stride, and they rode forward, ramming into it now at full gallop.

They passed the two pack horses, cast adrift and slowing out to one side, and they were beginning to string out now in a straggling line across the great bowled expanse as the small secret accumulating differences in horses and men, and their riding, began to tell. They passed saddlebags ripped loose and thrown aside, and the two men ahead swung to the left, racing on fast-tiring horses up a long slope, and disappeared over the top.

They followed, strung out, cutting up the slope at a closer angle, and pulled in sharp at the top, piling into a compact group as horses slid on rumps, braking hard. On down the other side was a small adobe shack. It looked deserted, forlorn, with doorless doorway and windowless window openings on two other sides, but two sweat-streaked, chest-heaving horses stood close by.

"Holed up," said Hat Henderson. A rifle sounded from one of the window openings, and the whine of a bullet whipped past him. "Hop it," he said. "Get the hosses down out of range. And spread out around."

Another hour passed, and the first angry exchanging of shots had dwindled to an occasional impatient report from some vantage point around the shack and to a rare warning reply, and bullets had thudded harmlessly against the outside of the thick old adobe walls or through the doorway and window openings against the opposite inside walls. The two horses had shied from the shots and drifted away and been caught and brought around with the others, and Dally Johnson sat on the ground near his own horse holding a moistened neckerchief against his eyes, reddened and smarting from bullet-spurted sand.

Monte Walsh moved along, crouching below the top of the rise, and dropped to the ground beside Hat Henderson. "This ain't getting us nowheres," he said. "Me and Chet'll slip down on that blank side and around the corner. Rest of you keep them busy through the windows and we'll rush the door."

"Shut up, Monte," said Hat wearily. "You heard what Cal said. And they got nothing in there. No water. They got to come out sometime. Maybe when it's dark we'll try something."

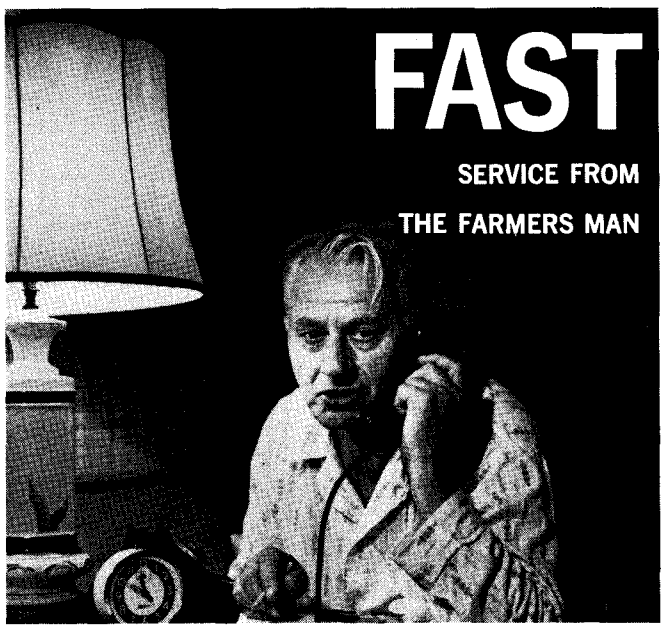
It was Dobe Chavez, flat on the ground, peering through a bit of rabbit brush through which poked the barrel of his rifle, who caught the bit of movement at a window corner and squeezed finger on trigger. And all heard the screaming yell that came from inside the shack and after a few moments the hoarse shout. There was talk back and forth, shouted, and a rifle was pitched out the doorless doorway and two revolvers after it, and two men emerged, one big and heavy and freckled with blood staining his shirt at the left shoulder, the other short and dark and hatless and black-haired.

Days drifted over the big land, and in the little town of Harmony two men, one with shoulder bandaged, both guarded by a deputy sworn in by Sheriff MacKnight, waited in the one-room jail for the circuit judge who would be along eventually. Sheriff MacKnight and three others rode out from town, across the vast reaches of rangeland, to the small jacal and searched thoroughly and found nothing. But a quarter of a mile away where the ground was soft and a coyote had been digging, they dug, too, and found the stiffened hides of seven steers, and five of them bore the Slash Y and two the Triple 7 of the next outfit to the north.

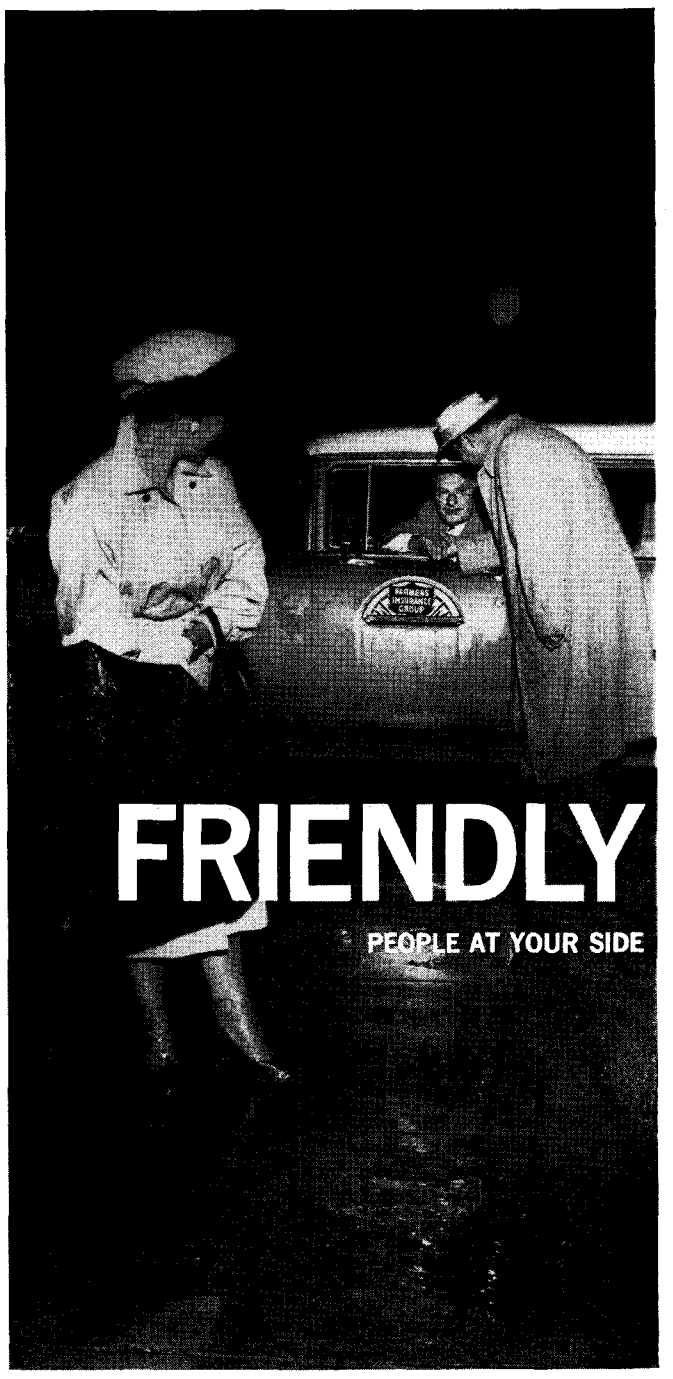
Back in Harmony in a room of the combination hotel-and-office building young Lon Hall lay on an old brass bed, tended by the proprietor's wife, visited twice daily by the one doctor there in town for his own tuberculous health. He was unconscious much of the time at first or asleep in a kind of coma, but color was creeping back into his cheeks, and he was awake and aware at times. And every other day, late afternoon, though they were working the wide company range, area by area, tallying and branding, someone from the Slash Y—but never Dobe Chavez—was there to sit with him awhile and take back the day's report.

"If there's any serious hurt," said the doctor, "it's deep inside. Time's the only cure I know. But one thing's fairly certain. He won't ride again."

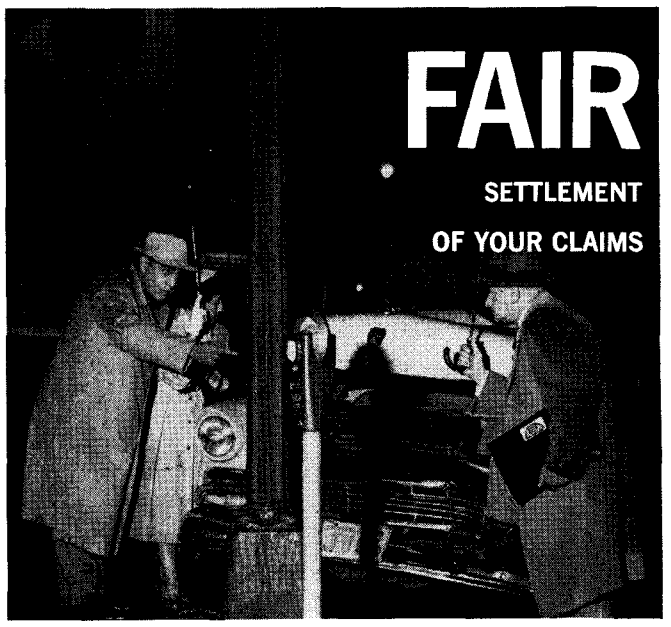
And young Lon, hearing that, turned his face to the wall. Three different times the proprietor's wife heard him say, unaware of her presence, apparently to a battered gold watch he liked to keep clenched in one hand, "Well, anyways, I was Slash Y for a while." And once, once only, while he was crying softly to



Friday, 11:50 PM. Rain and heavy weekend traffic mean accidents. A call for help late at night. The man from FARMERS is on his way...fast. His place is with the insured, helping.



Saturday, 1:35 AM. Everything's done that can be done tonight. The man from FARMERS has taken care of everything, driven the stranded couple home. The friendly way is the FARMERS way of doing things. A phone call brings efficient FARMERS people to your side, ready and willing to serve you quickly.



Saturday, 12:24 AM. Without red tape or delays, the FARMERS representative inspects damages, arranges for towing and follows through to see that repairs are made. He'll get you on your wheels again...fast. He can even sign the check. He's with you all the way to protect your interests.

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himself, she heard him say, "If only Dobe'd been there."

Early one morning Cal Brennan and Hat Henderson stood on the veranda of the ranch house. Out in the first corral horses were being saddled. The two men turned to look along the wagon trace leading in from the left. An old man in too-big clothes that seemed even older was approaching on an old gray horse. He came steadily on and stopped by the veranda, peering down with watery old eyes from under the limp brim of a shapeless old hat. "Thought you oughta know," he said. "They busted out last night. That Garcia had a gun. Betcha some other damned greaser slipped it to 'im. They stole some hosses. Sheriff's chasing them with just about everybody else in town."

"What time?" said Hat Henderson, quick, sharp.

"About dark."

"Which way'd they go?"

"Quit it, Hat," said Cal Brennan. He sighed, looking down at his boot toes. "Mac's after 'em. Well on the way by now. He's a good man. We're pressed for time anyways. An' Lon's makin' it. Seems to be gettin' better." He sighed again. "I don't like it any more'n you do, Hat. But we got work to do."

More days drifted over the big land, and the sun dropped behind the ragged edging of mountains to the west, leaving a vast splendor across the sky. Sheriff MacKnight, big and tired and dusty on a solid big-muscled roan, rode in along the wagon trace. Men were unsaddling in the first corral, and others were scrubbing faces and hands at several basins on the bench along the front of the bunkhouse. Cal Brennan sat at one end of the bench watching the big man approach.

Slowly Sheriff MacKnight rode over and dismounted. He was aware of others gathering around, but he looked only at Cal Brennan. "Don't take this too hard, Cal," he said. "I did my damnedest. Almost had them twice, but Garcia's got too many *primos* scattered south that'd hide them and find them fresh hosses. Lost them over in the Mogollons. Way out of my territory anyway, and Jaeger over there had his hands full with his own troubles. You know that country. Nothing to do but quit for now."

Sheriff MacKnight took off his hat and wiped a dusty hand across his forehead and put the hat on again. "I'll see about getting a reward posted," he said. "And there's something else. Young Hall died today about the time I got back. Kind of sudden. Internal hemorrhage, the doc said. He managed to talk some near the finish. Said to tell you he was sorry he flubbed it; he should of rode them down."

Sheriff MacKnight was aware of the tense silence surrounding him. He looked unwaveringly at Cal Brennan. "I got to know how you're taking it, Cal."

Cal Brennan sat still, very still, head down. One hand moved slowly, rubbing over a knee. "I guess we got to leave it as unfinished business," he said. He raised his head. "For now. But if you get wind of 'em, we'll be countin' on you to let us know."

"Yes," said Sheriff MacKnight. "I figured that." He sighed heavily. "And one thing more. He said to give Chavez this."

Sheriff MacKnight reached in a pocket and took out a battered gold watch.

In the lamplit interior of the cookhouse eleven men sat on wooden benches along a big plank table. They ate in uneasy silence, uninterested in the food, but intent on it. The only sounds were the small scrapings of forks or spoons and the soft hissing of the big old coffeepot on the huge old wood stove.

"Damn it!" said Monte Walsh. "I could of made a real bronc rider out of that kid!" He looked around, face flushed, angry, and saw that no one was interested in the statement and no one was looking at him. He lowered his head, intent on his own plate.

And outside, on the bench along the front of the bunkhouse, sat Dobe Chavez, staring into the darkening dimness of the big land, a battered gold watch clenched in one hand.

Darkness and the clean, breathing silence of night lay soft and serene over the clustered buildings and corrals. Not a light showed anywhere. The small thuddings of footsteps floated from the long, low, leaning barn, and a figure appeared in the doorway carrying something. It moved along the front of the building to the first corral and in through the gate.

From the doorstep of the bunkhouse rose another figure, big, slope-shouldered, and moved silently on bootless socked feet toward the corral. Another, shorter, square-built, detached itself from the deeper shadow beside the doorway and followed. The first figure came back through the gate leading a saddled horse.

"Nobody's pushing you, Dobe," said Hat Henderson.

"Ees my blame," said Dobe Chavez. "He geeve me the leetle clock to say eet ees right weeth heem. Eet ees not right weeth me."

"When you know something," said Chet Rollins, "send word. We'll be waiting."

More days and their nights drifted over the big land, and a slim, compact, swarthy-skinned, black-mustached man on a small, neat stocky bay rode through the great distances, avoiding the few far-scattered towns, stopping at remote dwindled remains of old Spanish villages and even more remote small ranchos, squatting by fires at lonely sheep camps where the land rose rugged and forbidding into the Mogollons; and he talked in soft fluent Spanish, and some of those with whom he talked remembered carefully what he said and were ready should the occasion come to talk in their turn.

And one evening a sheepherder bedded his flock at a fresh camp up a lonesome box canyon and left his two dogs in charge and walked seven miles in the cloaking starlit darkness before moonrise to a cabin in the lower levels to speak to a man there. And the man there, when the first had left to walk back, mounted bareback on a burro and rode nine miles by a trail twisting through sharply ridged country to a small group of adobe houses and outbuildings where a few families raised a few sparse crops with water from a small stream trickling out of the hills behind. He knocked gently on the door of one of the houses and spoke to the man clad only in shirt and ragged underdrawers who opened the door. And in the early light of morning this man harnessed a shaggy heavy-bagged mare to an ancient wagon and drove, with the mare's colt trotting beside her, eleven miles to a small crossroads settlement for a few not-much-needed supplies. And a mile out from the settlement, before going on in, he turned off the little-traveled road for a time to follow an old wagon trace and stop for a few moments by an old jacal with the remains of a tiny corral beside it in which stood a small, neat stocky bay.

And late the next afternoon, when the sun, out of sight below the ragged edging of mountains to the west, was framing them in deep glow of color and the men of the Slash Y were jogging in by ones and twos from the day's work, José Gonzales on a scrawny horse waited in the shadows of an arroyo, watching for his man, and saw him and moved up out of the arroyo, waving his old high-crowned hat. He stopped to wait again, and Hat Henderson loped to him and talked briefly with him, and José dismounted to make marks on the ground and explain them in his broken English. Then he mounted again and dropped into the arroyo, moving away, and Hat rode on to the ranch buildings, quiet, thoughtful.

And in the late dark silence of night over the big land three men led three horses out of the first corral, a deep-chested gray and a thick-necked black and a leggy dun.

"Come back tomorrow. They're going to reduce everything, including me!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Maybe we ought to send word to Mac," said Chet Rollins.

"The hell with Mac," said Hat Henderson.

"How about Cal?" said Monte Walsh.

"The hell with him too," said Hat. "He's getting old."

Late afternoon again and four men, quiet, saying little, rode up between the sharp hogback ridges where the land rose rugged and forbidding into the Mogollons. They worked up and up into the timbered belt, tiny figures seemingly lost in the immensity of rising rock and sudden stretches of high open grassland between vast patches of pine forest. By late dusk they came to the entrance to a lonesome box canyon, and three of them waited while the fourth rode in and after a while returned; and the four rode in and on, circling past the indistinct blotch of many sheep bedded and two dogs that stood stiff-legged, ruffs rising, but making no sound, watching them pass, and on to the one flicker of flame in the deepening darkness that was the embers of a small fire with the figure of a man hunched beside it. They unsaddled and picketed the horses and sat for a while by the embers, saying little, and the man hunched there stared at each in turn in the darkness and looked away, saying nothing, and they took the rolled blankets from behind the cantles of the saddles and spread these on the ground and lay on them, looking up at the clean depth of sky and the soft shimmer of the late moon sliding over the high rock of the canyon walls.

In the grayness of the light before dawn five men moved out of the canyon on foot, four of them leading horses. The fifth, nondescript in patched odd-assorted clothes, walking in worn heavy shoes tied around his ankles with cord, led the way, twisting up the jagged steep slope of the left rim of the canyon to top out on a level area near its head. He stopped, and pointed down over the craggy immensity dropping away southeastward, speaking softly in Spanish. He turned away to start down the steep jagged slope.

"Tell him, Dobe," said Hat Henderson. "Thanks. Thanks for the Slash Y. And he hasn't seen us and we haven't seen him."

Early morning sunlight penetrated only in small patches through the tall trees and tangled underbrush. The cabin, one-roomed, dirt-floored, set in its cleft of immense tumbled rock, almost back against the cliff wall climbing behind, was well screened. Only a faint trail led from the door winding down a few hundred feet through thick relatively new growth under the great trees that had survived a long-ago fire and to the trickle of a tiny stream angling past. To the left of the cabin in a small corral made of rope strung between trees were two horses, gaunt, scrub mountain ponies. A third of a mile away, to the right along the mountain face and down, hidden in a ravine, were four horses, rein-tied to sturdy brush. Back by the cabin where the faint trail led up from the tiny stream into the cleft of tumbled rock four men moved quietly through the thick growth.

A man appeared in the cabin doorway, big and heavy and freckled, with the edge of some kind of bandage around his left shoulder and under the armpit and showing above his open shirt collar, carrying a bucket in his right hand. He looked out all around and yawned and started down the faint trail.

"Benton!" came the voice of Hat Henderson. "We got you covered!"

The man jumped, startled, and turned toward the direction of the voice, dropping the bucket and clawing at the gun in the holster at his side. He fired once, twice, and whirled, running back toward the cabin, and shots sounded out of the brush and he fell and hitched himself

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around, and fired again. More shots sounded, and he dropped the gun and clutched at his body and rolled over on his back.

Monte Walsh, long-legged, lean energy driving, was at the doorway of the cabin, gun in hand, peering in, and Dobe Chavez followed, one leap behind.

They turned back. "Empty," said Monte. They moved to where Hat Henderson and Chet Rollins stood looking down at the limp body.

"One," said Hat. "It's still unfinished."

Off to the left several hundred feet, lost in the tangle of growth between, a twig snapped, a small sound distinct in the stillness. They whirled and scattered, tearing leftward through the impeding brush. It was Chet Rollins who called. The others gathered by him, looking down at the blanket lying in a small hollowed place among the bushes.

"Garcia," said Dobe Chavez, softly, bitterly. "He ees like the wolf."

"He's afoot," said Hat Henderson. "Monte, get the hosses. . . . Chet, find if there's a shovel anywheres around the place. . . . Dobe, let those ponies loose; we can't leave 'em penned here. I'll see if there's anything we can chew on."

Noon—and four men, leading horses, worked their slow way along and down the great jagged timber-clogged face of the mountain into the foothills, following the boot tracks found in the isolated soft spots. Miles back and up in the cleft of immense tumbled rocks the cabin rested in its own surrounding silence, a pile of stones marking a lonely new grave.

They came to a half-mile stretch of slide rock and stopped briefly, baffled, and worked below and around it and found where the boot tracks led off again.

"Hell!" said Hat Henderson. "Hosses ain't much use in this country. But he's moving down. Once in the open and we'll close in fast."

"I theenk," said Dobe Chavez, softly, bitterly, "Garcia he know what eet ees he do."

Early afternoon and they were mounted, moving faster now, well down, following over spring-greened grassland that rolled gently between strips of treed hollows. The boot tracks led straight, long-spaced as in running, with no attempt at concealment. The general level of the land rose with a seeming emptiness beyond, and they topped what had been the horizon, and there below, mile into mile like a great dark frozen sea, stretched the cinder-black expanse of a long-ago lava flow. Hard, brittle, caved and creviced, humped and broken with scant vegetation and that only in the great cracks like carved canyons streaking the surface, it reared in dark menace across the distances ahead.

They sat slumped in saddles staring out over it. "Damn!" said Hat Henderson. "We couldn't trail an elephant out there. Half an hour and the hosses'd be lame. Dobe, does he know this country?"

"*Si*," said Dobe Chavez, softly, bitterly. "Eet ees his country."

"Hopeless," said Hat Henderson. "He can hole there long as he wants. Come out when and where he wants. And likely this time he won't stop till he's south of the border." Hat sighed. "Well, anyways, we did half of a good job. As Cal said, I guess we got to leave it still unfinished business. Dobe, can you lead us anywheres we can get a real meal before we start back to the ranch?"

Early morning again and the first light sliding over the long levels shone in soft luminous gold on an open-end shed beside a small sagging corral and behind a small adobe house. The sun edged up, clearing the horizon, and the clean golden light soaked pink-tinged into the side wall of the house. The door of the house opened, and a small swarthy man came out, limping on a bent leg, and went to the well a short distance to one side. He lifted the bucket with its rope tied to the handle and let it drop with a small splash into the well. He took hold of the rope and began to pull the bucket up.

In the open-end shed a man lying on a blanket laid over straw opened his eyes. He pushed up to his feet, lean, hard-muscled, stretching like a lazy youngish animal. He looked at the other figures lying asleep on their own blankets on the straw. Two. He frowned and stepped out of the shed and looked over at the corral. Three horses. A deep-chested gray and a thick-necked black and a leggy dun. He reached back into the shed with one foot to nudge the leg of the big slope-shouldered man to the left.

"Hey, Hat," said Monte Walsh. "Where the hell's Dobe?"

And more days drifted over the big land and merged into weeks, and three men had returned to the Slash Y, saying little and that straight to the point and going no farther than the ranch itself. And men rode off to help at roundups and rode back, and all of them rode out, combing the range, selecting thin but fast-fattening four-year-old steers in a big herd to be delivered northeastward at Las Vegas. Late afternoon sun slanted down on busy preparations, gear being checked, horses being shod, the chuck wagon loaded.

One by one the men of the Slash Y stopped what they were doing, standing silent, looking out past the first corral and the others beyond into the far southland.

And out of the seemingly limitless distances stretching one hundred twenty and more miles to the border came a small bay, no longer neat and stocky but mud-caked and hollow-flanked; and the man in the saddle was thinned and dirt-stained, and his black mustache was ragged, fading into the stubble of days on his face, and along one cheek was a raw red scabbing furrow that could have been cut by a bullet. Moving stiffly, he swung down and let the tired horse stand.

"Ees feeneesh," said Dobe Chavez and moved on to the bunkhouse and pulled off his worn boots and lay down on the third bunk on the right. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 44)

New York City in 1741. Slaves then formed a large part of the population. Thirty years earlier they attempted an uprising. Nine persons were killed before the militia suppressed the outbreak. In 1741, however, the charges against the slaves and some white persons originated in the vivid imagination of a white indentured servant, Mary Burton. Her wild tales were corroborated by many slaves, probably to save themselves. Before the inadequacy and outlandishness of the charges became evident, fourteen persons were burned at the stake and twenty-four more were hanged. Four of those executed were white.

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Making a Heartbeat Behave

(Continued from Page 15)

engineers, Earl E. Baaken and Norman A. Roth. He went to Minneapolis to consult Doctor Lillehei about it, was advised to wait awhile and eventually returned in January, 1960, to have a pacemaker installed.

This is an operation of varying magnitude, depending on circumstances and the surgeon's choice of procedure. In Barker's case, the surgeon made a small incision between the patient's ribs, near the breastbone, to expose a portion of the heart—the outside of one ventricle. Then he pushed into the heart muscle the bare ends of two braided stainless-steel wires, placing them a fraction of an inch apart. These were the electrodes, and across them would jump the tiny, rhythmic pulses of electricity—a few thousandths of an ampere—that would stimulate the entire heart muscle to contract. The remaining length of the wire pair, insulated with a silicone plastic resistant to body fluids, was led out through a small hole in the chest wall and attached to two terminals of the pacemaker, which is a trifle larger than a deck of cards.

As a matter of fact, because Doctor Lillehei expected Barker to be wearing a pacemaker for many years, he attached a second set of electrodes to his heart wall and coiled the rest of the wire under the skin for future use if the first lead should break. A few months later one of Barker's heart wires did fail—though this has been a rare occurrence—and his family doctor easily connected the pacemaker to the spare lead.

"I change the battery about once a month," Barker says. "They are very reliable—and cost four dollars and fifty cents apiece. One time I did feel faint, realized my pulse had slowed down, and began to check my wiring. My wife and I soon found the trouble—a loose connection on the pacemaker. I tightened that up and everything was all right again."

"Aren't you afraid you'll accidentally brush against the switch and turn your battery off?" I asked.

"No," he said. "There isn't much chance of that. You see, the controls are recessed and are arranged so that it takes two hands to shut off the pacemaker."

"What do you do with it when you take a bath?"

"I have a waterproof extension cord and I lay the pacemaker on a stool beside the tub. Some people, I understand, wrap it in a plastic food bag and hang it on the shower curtain."

The artificial pacemaker, with direct attachments to the heart, was originally devised in a concentrated research effort to combat the fatal heart block that occurred in some of the children operated on for septal defects. These are congenital holes in the partition between the right and left sides of the heart. Most troublesome, from the standpoint of heart block, are the defects lying in the part of the septum separating the ventricles. For here the surgeon must work close to the branching bundle of His, which he cannot see because it is buried beneath the surface. No matter how delicately and cautiously he makes his stitches, in sewing up the opening or putting a patch over it, the message-carrying fibers are occasionally injured. The heart then suddenly slows down, and the patient, requiring in the critical postoperative period even more blood than usual, may die.

This is a hazard that has plagued all heart surgeons. Doctor Lillehei and his associates encountered it when they began to do open-heart surgery—with the heart-lung machine taking over the circulation—in 1954. Heart block occurred in about 10 per cent of the children and young adults in whom they were repairing ventricular septal defects. Of the first seven patients who developed this complication in 1954 and 1955, all died during the immediate postoperative period.

The doctors tried everything to restore the heart rate—epinephrine, ephedrine, atropine, sodium lactate, and even a large external pacemaker, wheeled to the bedside on a cart. When they started to use Isuprel, they were able to reduce the mortality in these surgical heart-block cases from 100 per cent to 40 per cent. But this was still far too high.

The powerful external pacemaker had been invented in 1952 by Dr. Paul M. Zoll of Beth Israel Hospital and Harvard Medical School, and produced by the Electrodyne Company of Norwood, Massachusetts. Used with flat electrodes held against the chest, or in some surgical conditions held directly on the heart, the Zoll instruments have been of tremendous benefit in emergency treatment of stopped heart or of ventricular fibrillation—a disorganized and ineffectual squirming movement of the heart muscle.

But this type of apparatus produced an electrical potential of fifty or sixty volts or more, which gave a distinct shock and made the muscles of the chest twitch. It was difficult to keep patients on it for an extended period. "Children were terrified by it," Doctor Lillehei explained, "and we couldn't keep it attached for more than an hour or so without burning the skin."

So Doctor Lillehei, with Dr. William L. Weirich—now of the University of California medical center in San Francisco—and Dr. Vincent L. Gott, went to work in the research laboratory to develop a gentler method of keeping a child's heart going.

"We recalled the classic experiment that every medical student performs in his physiology course," Doctor Lillehei said, "placing an electric wire in a turtle's heart, after removal from the body, and seeing it continue to beat for hours. We decided to carry out a similar experiment in dogs after surgically producing heart block in them. One electrode was inserted in the dog's heart and the other in the skin of the animal's chest."

Whereas fifty or sixty volts had been required to trigger the heartbeat through external electrodes, the direct attachment to the heart worked with only eight tenths of a volt to nine volts—an average of 2.25 volts in a series of tests. And in nearly all of the fifty dogs, stimulating the heart to beat at a rate of ninety to 160 per minute brought the blood pressure and cardiac output back up to normal levels.

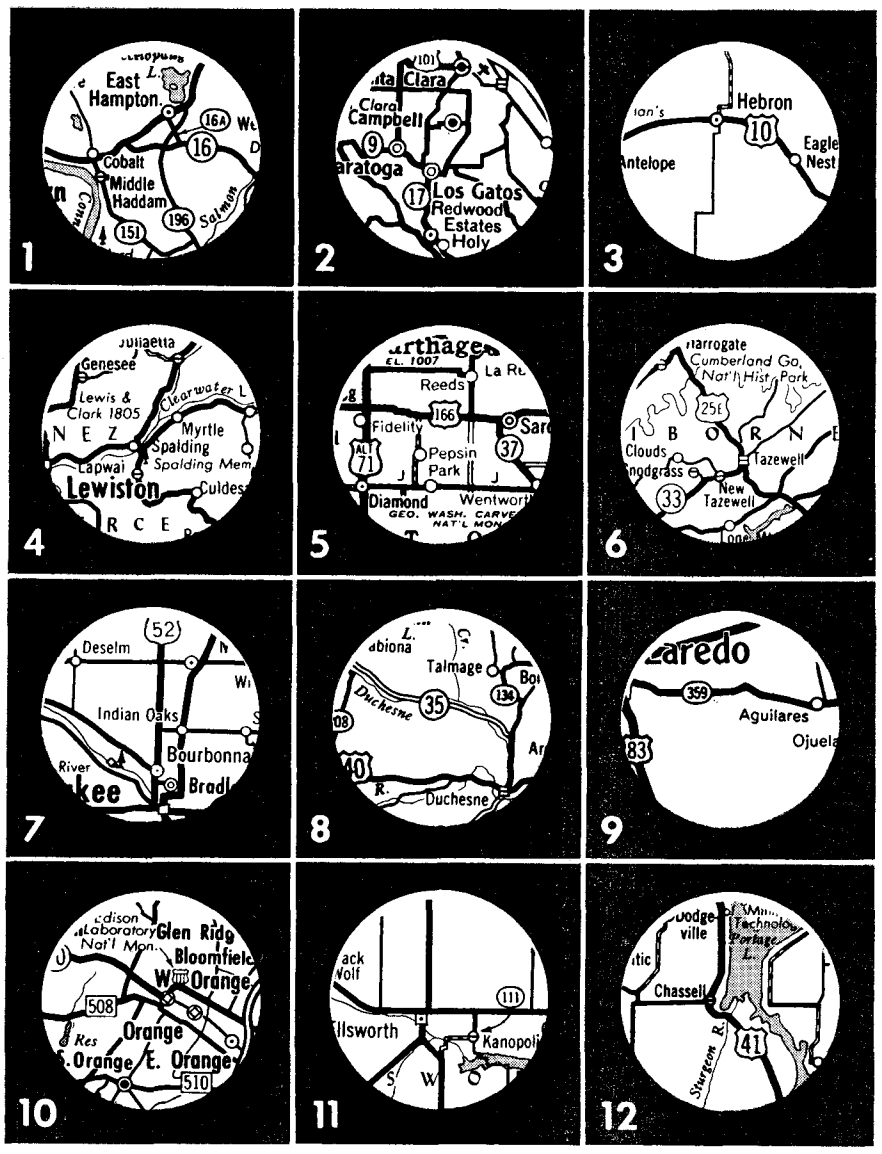
Encouraged by these results in dogs, the Minnesota surgeons began in January, 1957, to apply it to young heart-surgery patients—with marked success. With the low voltage and amperage, the children felt nothing at all as the pacemaker clicked away. There was no burning of the skin and no muscular contraction. And among the first eighteen heart-block cases so treated there was only one death. This death occurred when the second electrode, which was taped to the skin, accidentally became dislodged. To obviate such difficulties henceforth, this second electrode was placed *under* the skin or directly into the heart muscle, alongside the first electrode.

Now, the instrument used to supply an electrical heartbeat for these first Minnesota patients was still a bulky bedside apparatus, plugged into the house current, with transformers stepping down the voltage. To help develop a lightweight pacemaker the patient could carry around, the doctors sought the help of Earl Baaken, a young University of Minnesota electrical engineering graduate. Baaken and a classmate, Palmer J. Hermundslie, had organized a small company, Medtronics, Inc., to handle electrocardiographs and other electronic equipment used in medicine. They were also beginning to manufacture specialized apparatus, having survived a period, as Baaken put it, "when we had to service TV sets to keep eating."

Using a small 9.4-volt mercury battery with a life of 1000 hours and a transistorized oscillator transformer that generates a pulse of one to twenty milliamperes, the Medtronics engineers designed a pacemaker measuring only four by two-and-a-half inches and one inch thick. The inner parts are "potted" in a rubbery plastic to keep them from shaking loose and to seal them against moisture. The case is of white plastic and has two terminals on top, two adjustment dials on the face—one for rate and one for current output—handles on the sides for attachment by belts or tapes and a red neon light that flashes with each heartbeat.

"You can turn the flasher off to save the battery," one of the engineers told me. "Actually we considered omitting it entirely, but many patients seem to want it. They can see it flashing through their undershirt, and it gives them a feeling of assurance."

In the last six and a half years approximately 1500 patients have undergone open-heart surgery in the University of Minnesota Hospitals. Since January, 1957, the direct heart-wire types of pacemakers, large or small, have been employed on 140 who suffered from the heart-block complication. In most instances the instruments were attached only temporarily, and these patients are not to be confused with the 100 or more around the world with chronic heart block who are wearing them for extended periods. As a matter of fact, 60 per cent of the Minnesota surgery patients who were given the electronic assist regained their own natural rhythm within a few days to a few weeks and could be "weaned" from the electrical pacer. A quarter of them still had the characteristic slow beat and were sent home for continued treatment, with Isuprel or, in a few instances, with the portable pacemakers. "These have also got along fairly well," Doctor Lillehei reported. "In some it may be advisable to install a permanent pacemaker." The remaining 15 per cent died, from various complications incident to the extensive surgery required for their heart lesions, or from respiratory difficulties, multiple congenital defects or other causes. While these latter patients were still in heart block at the time of death, their failure to recover was in (Continued on Page 50)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 51*)

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(*Continued from Page 48*) virtually all instances related to these other factors; their pacemakers were effectively continuing their heartbeat until death intervened.

"When a patient is recovering from the block and returning to a normal pulse rate, we turn off the pacemaker, but leave it in place," Doctor Lillehei explained, "with a companion transistorized monitoring device hooked into the circuit. If the heart should slow down again, the monitor sounds an alarm and also switches the pacemaker back into action. If the heart maintains its natural rhythm unassisted for several days, we then disconnect the artificial pacemaker completely."

Fascinated as they are by mechanical gadgets, the child patients from eight or nine on have a remarkably good concept of what the pacemaker is all about. "They'll tell us at once if we have cut down the voltage," one of the surgeons said, "and they are very good about not pulling out the wires. They know how much depends on those wires."

Especially grateful for the cardiac booster are the adults with heart block from nonsurgical causes. Plagued by that slow and erratic ventricular beat, they had experienced serious fainting spells and were living under the constant threat of sudden death. Now, with their hearts firmly linked to the electronic pacemakers, "that threat has been removed," as Doctor Lillehei has stated, "and their physical and emotional rehabilitation has been dramatic."

For some individuals, like Carl Barker, the Milwaukee engineer, the threat had been present for years. Others were struck by a single, acute, near-fatal episode and were then rescued. This was the story of Warren Mauston, seventy-four, who has a lubricating-oil business in St. Paul. In March, 1959, while on a motor trip to visit a son, in Iowa, he was seized with an attack of bleeding ulcer. He was brought back at once to St. Paul and entered Bethesda Lutheran Hospital for treatment of the ulcer. "I had so many transfusions it was like a complete oil change," he quipped. But the ulcer then provoked a heart attack and that, in turn, brought on a complete heart block, all within a few weeks. The heart stopped for a full two and a half minutes, as registered on the hospital electrocardiograph, and in one twenty-four-hour period he had forty convulsions. There was also a slight stroke that caused some weakness in his left leg.

When medical treatment failed to check the patient's downhill course, a pacemaker was suggested. "After what I'd been through and after my family doctor, Larry Noble—I've known him since he was a kid—explained it to me, it took me just eight minutes to make up my mind," Mauston said. The operation was performed by Dr. Samuel W. Hunter, assistant professor of surgery at the University of Minnesota and director of cardiac research at St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Paul. He attached the wires to the heart with a new type of electrode which he and Norman A. Roth, then of Medtronics, Inc., had designed to reduce the amount of current necessary to drive the heart. It consists of two short stainless-steel prongs protruding from the under surface of a small block of Silastic silicone rubber.

Mr. Mauston has now been wearing his pacemaker continuously for nearly two years—something of a record. "They tied it on me on Good Friday, March 27, 1959," he said, "and that was a day I'll never forget." He's had no cardiac difficulties since; and although he occasionally frets at being unable to go out on the golf course as he used to, he putts on the living-room rug or in the back yard when the weather is good, gets up and downstairs and walks around the neighborhood. "Considering what might have happened without this," he remarked, tapping the ticker beneath his shirt, "I'm the luckiest man in ten states."

While the experiences of Mauston, Barker and scores of other patients have firmly established the value of artificial pacemakers, various engineers and doctors are still experimenting with different models and different ways of installing them. Considerable interest has recently focused on the type now being worn beneath the skin by eight patients in the Buffalo area and by several elsewhere.

The pacemaker used by the Buffalo group was designed by Wilson Greatbatch, the Buffalo engineer mentioned earlier in this article, and was assembled by him in the barn-loft workshop behind the 130-year-old remodeled farmhouse in suburban Clarence, where he and his wife and five children live.

A former associate professor of electrical engineering at the University of Buffalo, and now an electronics consultant with a firm heavily engaged in defense work, Greatbatch finds the pacemaker project a morally satisfying change of emphasis.

"Most engineers get fed up with making electronic gadgets for killing people," he confided. "That's one reason we like to do this work with the doctors, on the side. In fact, in the Institute of Radio Engineers we have a professional group in biomedical electronics, with 2000 engineer and scientist members around the country, organized to assist in devising instruments and apparatus for medical use." Greatbatch was one of the original members, and he helped form the Buffalo-Niagara chapter.

He began the pacemaker project in 1955, but had trouble getting doctors interested in it, he said, until he met Doctor Chardack, chief of surgical service at the VA hospital in Buffalo, in 1957. Doctor Chardack, who is also associate professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo School of Medicine, immediately saw the possible advantages of a pacemaker reliable and long-lived enough to be trusted inside the body.

"By implanting the device one avoids the danger of a wire being snagged and disconnected from the heart," he observed. "And more important, there is less chance of infection, a hazard where the wire emerges through the chest wall. And the patient with his pacemaker under his skin can bathe and swim without worrying about a short circuit."

Doctor Chardack, his associate, Dr. Andrew A. Gage, and Engineer Greatbatch carried out nearly two years of experimental work and testing on dogs before they were ready to place their miniature pacemaker inside a human patient. Their first patient to have an implanted pacemaker is a lively, ruddy-cheeked gentleman of seventy-seven named Frank Henefelt. Before his retirement he'd been a parts inspector with an optical company, and for many years before that he was chief tester for the old Pierce-Arrow Company.

Henefelt had suffered an attack of pneumonia in 1957, but had apparently made a complete recovery. "I was one hundred per cent," he remarked, "and could work around the yard, climb a ladder to put up screens and do most anything.

"Then in 1959 I began having blackouts. I had one while I was in the bank, another down in the cellar. I'd fall without warning, and I bumped my head so hard a few times—actually fractured my skull once—that I got a football helmet to wear."

Henefelt's heart was "wired" in April, 1960, in an operation at the Millard Fillmore Hospital in Buffalo. For the first few weeks it was connected to an external pacemaker, so the doctors could adjust the current strength and pulse rate to his requirements. On June sixth the surgeons transferred the wires to the miniature pacemaker, coated it with a Dow Corning silicone rubber to protect it from body fluids, sterilized it in a bag of ethylene oxide gas and slipped it through a skin incision made in the left side of the abdomen. There it rests, in a sort of anatomical watch pocket, making only a slight bulge at the waistline and causing no discomfort.

With a heart rate as regular as clockwork, a steady but reliable fifty-five per minute, Henefelt has got along fine. He enjoys a moderately active life. He raked the leaves in his yard last fall and can putter around the house or walk to the neighborhood stores. He has had no more fainting spells, and his wife says she is no longer on edge all the time for fear he'll fall.

Henefelt and several other patients on whom Doctor Chardack and Doctor Gage operated last spring and summer represent, in the words of their doctors' report in *Surgery*, "the first recorded successful instances of correction of a physiologic disorder by an implanted and self-contained electronic device carrying its own source of power."

Inability to speed up the pulse rate to meet the demands of exercise, as the normal heart does, might be considered a shortcoming of the implanted and preset pacemaker, and this at first bothered Doctor Chardack and others concerned with the development. Fortunately, however, the heart has two ways of putting out more blood. It can (1) beat faster, or (2) squeeze harder at each stroke. In some ways the second method is the better. "The mark of a trained athlete," Doctor Chardack observed, "is a slower-than-average pulse, about sixty, and a big stroke volume. This is the most efficient arrangement because it gives the heart a longer rest period between contractions. Of course, if the pulse is too slow, as it was in these heart-block patients before treatment, the heart tries too hard to increase its stroke volume and becomes enlarged and weakened. But patients on the pacemaker, set at a moderate rate, compensate, something like the athlete in training, by a slightly increased output per stroke."

This is not to say that members of the electronic heart club are encouraged to play touch football. They must remember they are still heart patients, not athletes. It should also be emphasized that the pacemaker, outside or inside model, is not the answer to all heart diseases. The Buffalo doctors would limit the implanted type to those whose chronic and persistent heart block is severely disabling and cannot be controlled by drugs. And they advise setting the pulse rate "just fast enough to prevent disabling attacks and to permit very moderate physical activity."

Moderation these men and women are glad to accept. For they have gained at the same time a tremendous amount of self-confidence. This is perhaps the most important contribution the pacemakers have made to their lives. One sees it in almost every patient he talks with.

Mrs. Louise Kreher, a sweet, brown-eyed woman in her fifties whose husband died of a heart attack three years ago, had been suffering from the typical fainting spells for many years. "I used to dread going outdoors alone," she told me, "because I was always afraid I'd faint and fall. I'd go across the street to the store and then wonder why I had come and would feel like crying. Now I go out often; I can shop for an hour or two and only feel a little tired, nothing to worry about."

Anthony Tasca, thirty-six, who enjoyed athletics and bowled two or three times a week, had begun to feel unusually tired about two years ago. He blacked out at the races one afternoon—his horse had just run second. Further fainting spells, and the eventual diagnosis of heart block forced him to give up his job in the shipping and loading department of a Buffalo tire company. But with his new electronic heart in place, life is beginning to brighten up again. Tasca has not been able to return to the heavy work at the tire plant and has been training for a new vocation, hairdressing. But he is bowling again and has played golf. "With the wires under my skin, I don't have to worry about snagging them when I swing," he remarked.

"Don't you worry about your battery going dead?" I asked.

"No. If the pacemaker should stop, my heart would simply drop back to its former slow beat, and I'd have plenty of time to call the doctor."

So now Tony Tasca bets on the pacemaker instead of the pacers. He's convinced he has a sure thing. THE END

"Look, Mac, I'm short of cash, don't care for violin music, and we're married—still want to buck the odds?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Bogus Bride (Continued from Page 17)

"Where will they sleep?" I asked. "Should I put fresh sheets in the spare bedroom, father?"

"Let them stay at the old house," my father muttered. "Your Granny's already arranged the hussy's past. She may as well take care of her future."

"That I will," Granny said stoutly. "Come on, lassie." She took hold of my arm. "We've work to do, and you're good at it for a sweet thing of fifteen summers."

"You've made some fine botches of things in your day," my father said, glaring at Granny, "and see this isn't another."

She stuck out her tongue at him, and the two of us set off for the old house on the slope above the river bend. "Y'know, lassie," Granny said, "your father's just as your grandfather was. A dull time of it I'd have had if I hadn't taken the bit in my teeth from the day we met. Both of them so careful and tight-fisted they'd squeeze the very juice from life." Then she chuckled, "It's my blood showing up in your brother Bruce that brought this on."

The meadow larks rose singing out of the fields, and the wind smelled of wild mint and clover. The last golden light was fading off into dusk. "Aye," Granny murmured, "it's the hour the heart fills up for what it's had—and for what it's missed."

The old house was high-ceilinged and built of logs. The night's coolness lingered in it, even on hot summer days. It had a feeling of space and peace, and there wasn't one new thing in it—only the furniture, pictures and dishes Granny had lived with for fifty years.

"Modern living," Granny would sometimes say, "what is it? Chairs and sofas so soft they won't support a body's bottom. And the worst is most folks parting with their stuff before they get to know it or shape it to fit their lives. Like clothes, Jeanie, things a body lives with have to be old to feel right."

Granny lighted the kerosene lamp in the old house and said, "Now you look in the bottom kitchen drawer, honey, and get what's left of the Christmas candles. There ought to be a dozen. Don't matter they're red and green instead of white. Put them in candlesticks and set them in every room, even the kitchen."

"Granny, where are you going to stay if the bride's to be here?"

She smiled. "I'm going to move into the sheep wagon close to the river. It'll be fun to sleep in a wagon again. Lived in one two years when I first came to this country with your grandpa."

While I fixed the candles, she got out all her patchwork quilts she'd worked through many winters. She selected the prettiest one and put it on the old four-poster bed in her bedroom. Then she said to me, "You run out in the willows and pick some flowers. Take the flashlight. The blue gentians are in bloom. Blue's a lonely color, but most brides feel lonely, for it's like saying good-by to yourself when you love a man. You're never the same again."

When my brother's car came over the hill, Granny had the lantern lighted and went out and stood holding it high so they'd see her. I stayed close beside her, and I felt important, for I'd changed into my best clothes, and Granny had on the dress she wore only to funerals and charivaris. It was a red dress and, once when my mother had said there were occasions it didn't fit, Granny had answered, "Red's the color of living. I like to feel alive whether I'm at a wedding celebration or a funeral."

Bruce's car came to a stop. I saw right away that he hadn't hired any hay hands. There was only this girl beside him, and all I could tell about was her hair. It looked awful bright—like pale gold—in the lantern shine. Granny nudged me. "Tint on it," she said, and she sounded as though she'd found something special, like a first wild rose or a bird's nest.

Bruce got out and then the girl. She wasn't very big, not coming to his shoulder, and the first thing I noticed was that she didn't have on stockings. She was wearing tight pants that came just below the knee, and from there on her legs were bare. Her feet were almost bare too. Only a piece of rope went between two of her toes. And her toenails were as red as Granny's dress.

Granny went right up and kissed her, but the girl looked funny and drew back. Bruce cleared his throat. "We'll be going back to town," he said. "No trouble for anybody."

"You'll be coming in and making yourselves at home," Granny said, and she took hold of the girl's shoulder, just as she did mine when I wouldn't study my arithmetic, and marched her to the house.

"And what's your name, dearie?" Granny asked when we were inside the old house and sitting in the candlelighted living room where the air had the faint warm smell of sheets brought in from the sunlight.

It was Bruce who answered. "Nancy," he said. He looked very moody with his dark hair not combed and his black eyes staring past us.

"And tell me about your kinfolk," Granny said to Nancy.

Nancy sat up stiffer and straighter, her little thin hands doubled tight in her lap. "I've got none," she said coldly.

The living room was full of quiet. Then Granny made a clucking sound with her tongue. "You got some now," she said.

Nancy's eyes were gray and big, and a look came into them I'd once seen in the eyes of a trapped coyote. She turned from Granny toward Bruce, and I saw his jaw get stubborn, but he didn't say a word.

"You want to go to the new house and meet the rest of us?" Granny said.

Nancy shook her head. Granny stood and looked around and nodded to herself. Then she said, "Jeanie, you come with me. You can walk me to my wagon. . . . Nancy, you and me will have some tea down in the wagon tomorrow afternoon—just the two of us."

There by the river, with half a hill between us and the old house, we could hear their angry voices. "There's nothing worse than honeymoons," Granny said. "When you go on one, see to it you stay where there's lots of people and things to do. It's awful hard at first; men and women know so little about each other when they get married. For that matter, sometimes it takes most of a life to find out whether you married the right person."

There was a loud banging of doors, and a few minutes later I saw a lantern had been lighted in the bunkhouse that stood off to the side of the old house. Sometimes Bruce went there and slept when

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 48

1. Conn.	2. Calif.	3. N. Dak.
4. Idaho	5. Mo.	6. Tenn.
7. Ill.	8. Utah	9. Tex.
10. N.J.	11. Kans.	12. Mich.

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he'd had a tiff with my father. My father had spent a night in it the winter of the bad blizzard when he lost so many sheep. And mother stayed down there for half a day the time she came home from losing a baby in the hospital. Granny was in the bunkhouse several days after grandpa died, and last year, when I lost the county spelling contest, I sat in the old log room for quite a while.

Granny shut the door of the sheep wagon and told me to quit fidgeting and rest a spell. She got very quiet after that, and I could hear the river and the wind coming up in the willows. It was the kind of wind that meant a storm. And after a while the door was flung open, and my mother and father came in.

"He's locked himself in the bunkhouse and won't come out," my father said. "Just as I told you, she got around him. A waitress, that's what she was, in a cheap café. And as soon as she got him to marry her, then she'd have none of him but asked for money to get out of his life. Little tramp!"

"Lots of people marry for money, but won't admit it," Granny answered. "And you leave Bruce alone."

"He's drinking," my mother said and got out her hanky, blowing her nose loudly. "And now we know the terrible truth, I don't know what we'll do about the charivari that's planned for tomorrow night. Everybody's called me and planned to come. It's so embarrassing."

Granny bit her lip. Then she said firmly, "Well, let the valley people have the charivari. We'll go through with it and make the best of it."

"But they're not even really married," my mother protested. "All they've done is fight."

"Lots of people aren't married," Granny said calmly. "All they do is share the same quarters." She got up from the narrow bench on the side of the sheep wagon and said, "I'm going in and see Nancy. . . . You come with me, Jeanie. And if I sound anything but pleasant, you pinch me."

Nancy was sitting where we'd left her. She looked so pretty and tired that I wanted to run right to her and put my arms around her. Granny patted the girl's thin shoulder and said gently, "Come on and I'll show you to bed, honey."

Nancy moved as though she were walking in a dream and followed Granny to the big bedroom. She went over and put her hand on the patchwork quilt and said, "It's real nice. I always thought I'd like ——" Then her hand drew back as if she'd touched a hot stove. She glared at us, saying fiercely, "It's all true. I married him to get the money!"

"You must have had a good reason to do such a thing," Granny said. "There's a pitcher of fresh milk in the kitchen and cookies in the jar beside it, Nancy. If you get hungry, help yourself."

"I'm not much," Nancy's head sank. "He's better off without me."

"Don't think you can decide what's best for another person," Granny said. "Good night, Nancy."

We closed the outside door of the old house and went over to the bunkhouse. Through the window we could see my brother. He had a big bottle on the table, and he lifted it up and yelled, "Champagne for the bride!" Then he flung the bottle across the room, and it shattered against the old logs.

"My!" Granny said wonderingly. "Didn't know he had that much spark in 'im. He never acted this way about any of the other women in his life. Why, when he broke off with the widow, he came to my house, and I cooked him a chicken dinner. He ate it all and went to sleep on the couch. Never budged when I took off his shoes, either."

The next morning it was cloudy and sultry. I could smell rain on the wind. The telephone kept ringing and ringing. Everybody in the valley was coming to the charivari. My father sat glumly by the stove and said it was the worst hoax since somebody stuffed the ballot box at the school-board election. My mother said it was a scandal as bad as when my father's younger brother ran off with the fortune-teller from the circus.

"I don't know why you take delight in bringing that up about my brother," my father complained.

Granny was the only one who seemed cheerful. She asked us down for a late breakfast at the old house. "To get acquainted with Nancy," she said.

Nancy was polite but quiet. She had on a dress with no top, just thin straps over her shoulders, and she was barelegged. Bruce didn't come in to eat; he was still asleep in the bunkhouse. Granny did all the talking. While mother and father sat as stiff as could be and looked worried, Granny told Nancy about the old country and growing up by the sea. "Ah, the glens on a summer night!" Granny said. "Once I near took up with a tramp who came along the shore to watch us dancing in the moonlight. Real fancy manners he had and not a tuppence to his name. 'Never blame folk for what they do on a summer night when the moon's out,' he said. 'They've no more control than a seed in the ground when the rain and sun start making love to it.'"

"You never told us that one before," my father said, looking at Granny with something like suspicion on his face.

"I never had Nancy here before. She minds me of myself. Of course, I was thinner then. But what's there to do but eat when a body gets too old to be falling in love? Dear me, it's boring at times." And she gave a great loud yawn.

A small sound came from Nancy, and I saw she was smiling. It was wonderful when she smiled, like the sun coming out on the meadows. And suddenly my father laughed and my mother laughed, and for that moment it was as though my brother had brought home a real bride who would be one of us. Then it began to rain and the room turned dark.

"It's going to last all day and all night," my father said. And he got up and put on his hat and walked out, his breakfast half finished.

"It's a weak-minded soul who lets the weather warp his appetite," Granny said, looking disgusted.

"He ate earlier," my mother explained, turning to Nancy. And she added with pride in her tone, "We got up early, four o'clock."

"I go to work at two," Nancy said, squaring her shoulders and looking prouder than my mother. "I work the early shift at the café."

My brother Bruce came stumbling in, his hair on end and his clothes rumpled. He didn't notice any of us but Nancy. "I've had enough," he said. "You win. You don't have to stay another minute."

Nancy jumped up. I could see she was shaking. "You bought me, that's why I won't stay! It was only a bet with those silly cattlemen who ate supper with you at the café. I said I'd go through with the ceremony because I could use the money, but I never promised to come here so you could show me off—like a cow you traded for!"

My brother was very angry. He dug in his pocket and brought out some bills and laid them on the table. "There! Bail your no-good brother out of the jail, then!"

"He's not no-good. He only got in with the wrong people. But you wouldn't understand"—her mouth quivered—"not you with your fine family background and your money and this—this beautiful place to live. You never grew up poor in a city—a dozen people in two rooms and no place to go to be alone. You're nothing but a spoiled, selfish ——" Her hands fastened like claws on the bills, and she began to count the money. "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, five hundred—is this what your clever friends bet you couldn't marry me?"

"That's it," he said.

"Thanks," Nancy said coldly and thrust the money in her pocket.

Granny said, "Oh, I wouldn't feel too huffed about it, Nancy. One of the best citizens of this county won his wife in a poker game. He was off to Laramie shipping cattle. She turned out to be a wonderful wife and one of my best friends. A person's always gambling on a marriage, Nancy. I'd say Bruce made a shrewd bet, but he's too damn stubborn to admit it."

Nancy moved toward the bedroom door. "I'd appreciate a ride to town," she said, "but I'll walk if I have to."

"Just a minute," Bruce caught her arm. "If you stay through tonight, I'll double the money."

"You will? Why?"

"A lot of people want to charivari us the way they do every newly married couple. I'd like everybody to meet you."

"He's our dishwasher."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nancy laughed harshly. "That's pride for you! Well, why shouldn't I stay until morning? I'm making money faster than slinging hash. Now, if you'll please take your big paws off my arm ——" She brushed past him with a swish of her skirt and closed the bedroom door behind her.

"Bruce," Granny said, "wash your face and comb your hair. You'll find aspirin in the medicine chest. The rest of you clear out. I don't want anybody around here until charivari time. Nancy needs the quiet." Granny gave a wicked little grin. "She can count her money in peace."

"It's terrible," my mother said. "A thousand dollars! What will John McKenzie say?"

"He'll suffer," Granny replied and chuckled.

All day it rained and the river rose to bankful, but nobody paid much attention, for the telephone kept on ringing and the very air seemed to crackle with the excitement of the coming party. My mother said when a McKenzie got married it was real special in the valley. Then she sighed and added, "It's a shame it isn't a right marriage. I don't know how we'll hold our heads up afterward."

"We're going through with it for Bruce's sake," my father answered. "We couldn't call the charivari off now. We've waited too long. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut about the widow and Fanny Hankins and Mary Duncan. They'd never have got us in a mess like this."

It was dark when we went down to the old house. The river's swollen angry murmuring filled the night. Bruce met us at the door. "Come in," he said. "Join the cozy family scene."

Granny was knitting, and Nancy was reading a book. Nancy's hair looked brighter than ever, and it was combed more plain. I wondered if she'd washed it and added the tint Granny spoke of. She was wearing stockings and a pretty blue dress. "No one in the valley is as beautiful as Nancy," I said. She held out her hand to me then, and I ran to stand beside her.

It wasn't long until I heard the roar of cars and the cracking of pistols. Nancy's eyes got round, and she looked scared. There was more shooting, wild yelling and the rattling of tin cans. Then people came rushing into the house. The men kissed Nancy, and the women kissed Bruce. Then the men shouted. "Off to the water trough with the groom! Dip him!" And two big ranchers lifted Bruce and carried him toward the door while he shouted and swore and struggled.

"Stop them!" Nancy cried, hurrying to Granny. "He's got a cold and they might ——"

"Won't hurt that McKenzie temper to be cooled off a little," Granny said soothingly. Then she shouted to the men in the far end of the room. "Get the fiddles going, boys. I'm in a dancing mood."

Oh, how the fiddles sang! With a whoop and a holler the caller began, "Birdie hop out and crow hop in; all join hands and circle agin! Square up! Square up! I come for fun."

And the furniture was all pushed back, and couples began to bob and sway, prance and curtsy. The skirts of the women flew wide like big flowers in a high wind, and Granny got right out in her red dress and danced with the rest of them even if she did look a little tired. A big cowboy grabbed Nancy, and another grabbed me and I hung onto his belt to keep from flying off the floor.

The men came back with Bruce, who was soaking wet and grinning. And while he went to change to dry clothes, the dancing went on until the old house shook and red dust trickled from the mud chinked between the logs.

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Bruce never got to dance with Nancy, for she was the most popular woman there. She kept whirling from one partner to another until her cheeks were red and her eyes sparkled. Her shiny hair fell over her forehead, and the blue dress swung high, wide and handsome and showed her pretty legs.

After a while the fiddlers went outside to rest, and I could smell coffee cooking in the kitchen. I pushed through the women to get a drink of water, and there was Nancy, staring at all the cakes and pies, salads and fried chickens. "And homemade pickles," she said touching a jar. "Gee!"

One of the women took a pickle from a jar and said to Nancy, "Open your mouth, honey. These are special—the best for the bride of Bruce McKenzie."

But Nancy moved back and said with a funny little choke in her voice, "I guess I don't want any."

It was raining harder at midnight. A cloudburst, somebody said, but the people didn't pay any attention, for the mock wedding was about to begin. Big Bill Barnes was the bride and wore one of Granny's old dresses. A little bowlegged puncher from the Bar C was the bridegroom, and the head of the women's club read a poem about his pants being cut with a circular saw. The doctor was the preacher and read the ceremony from a mail-order catalogue. And funniest were two hired hands from the neighboring ranch who were dressed as flower girls and skipped through the living room tossing sagebrush from two old slop jars.

Everybody was laughing so hard we didn't notice Granny was missing until Bruce looked around and said, "Where's Granny?" Then one of the women spoke. "She said she was tired and going to take a little rest in the wagon."

"Wagon?" My father's voice was strained. "What wagon?"

"The sheep wagon," I said. "By the river."

Maybe it was then I heard the terrible rush and roar of the water outside, or maybe I only heard Nancy scream and saw her running like a deer and gone from the house before anyone else could move. Then my father was running, too, and everyone crowded out into the wet, dark night, some carrying flashlights and the men shouting, "Light the lanterns!"

Down the slippery hill slope we went to the river, the lanterns bobbing. And I couldn't see much except that the sheep wagon wasn't where it was supposed to be. There was only water, black and ugly and swirling along logs and pieces of wood and torn-up willows. I couldn't tell where the bank of the river began. And across the dark, rising above the sound of the water, came Nancy's voice, thin and high, "Granny! Granny!"

We ran toward that sound, and then the people came to a stop. In the glare from the flashlights and lanterns, I saw the sheep wagon turned on its side and half under water. Then I saw something else—Nancy in water to her waist and holding Granny's head against her breast. Her back was braced to a bunch of logs that were jammed against a willow. Her face was pale and her mouth hanging open like she'd been running too far or too fast, and Granny's white hair hung over her arms and trailed in the water.

There was a sudden roaring in the night. My father shouted. "Grab them! More water's coming! Run for the house, all of you!"

I wanted to stay as Bruce and my father plunged toward Nancy and Granny, but people pushed me along, back up the hill toward the old house.

They brought Granny and Nancy in and put both of them in the bedroom, and river water ran from their clothes and soaked into the pretty patchwork quilt. Bruce was kneeling by Nancy and wiping her face with a towel, and my father was bending over Granny. It was Granny who spoke first. She half raised herself and said, "Damn it, pull down my skirt! You think I want my legs showing the shape they're in?"

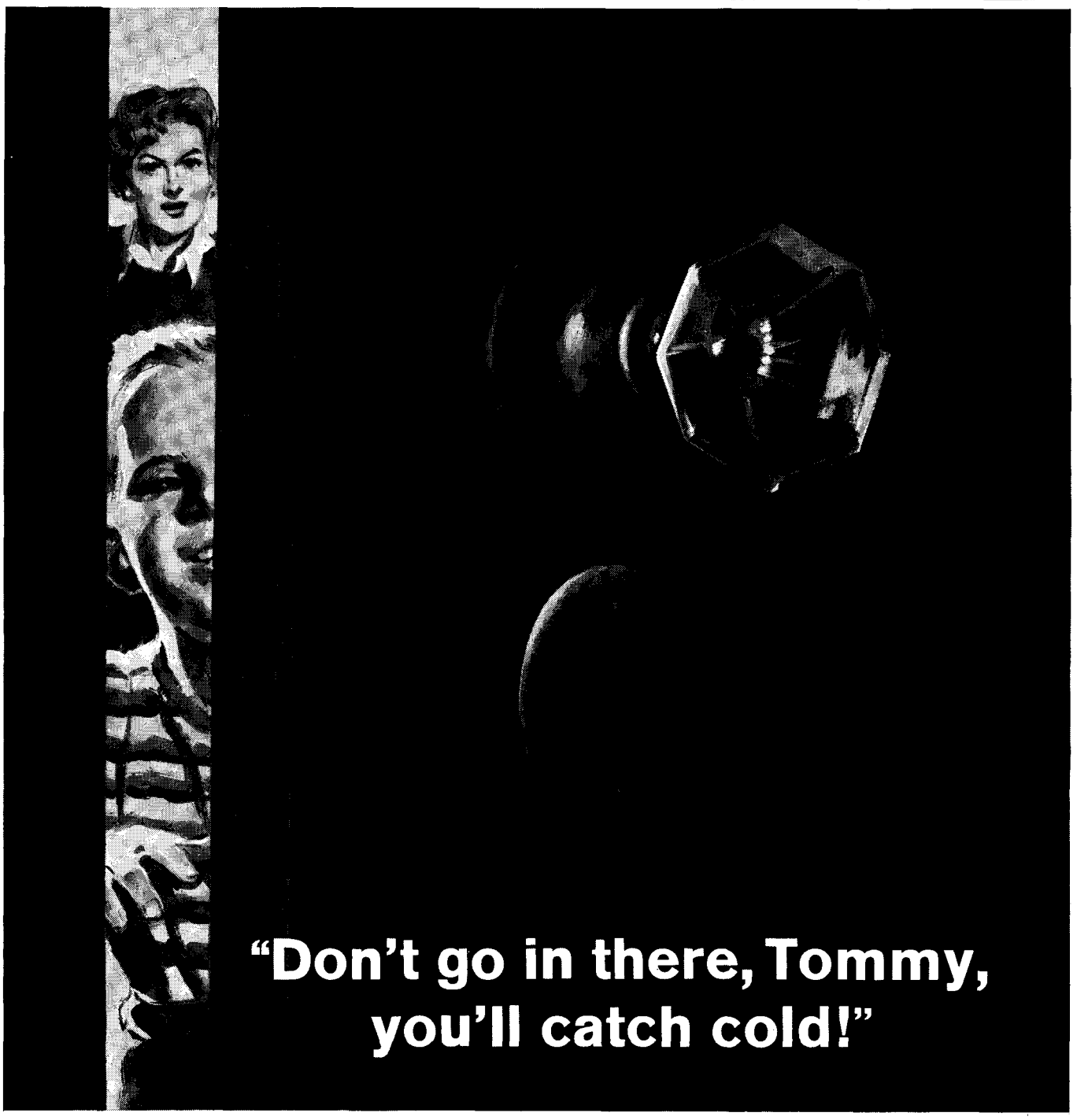
Then my father hurried to Nancy and started stroking the wet tinted hair. "Poor wee thing," he murmured, "risking her life to save one of us."

"Nancy," Bruce said, lifting her till he held her against his chest, "when I made the bet, I didn't know I'd fall in love with you."

Nancy sneezed, and Bruce fumbled for a hanky to wipe her nose. He made a terrible job of it, but she didn't seem to mind. "I don't have any brother in jail," she said, coughing. "But the rest of it about no family and growing up poor is true. I had to think of a reason for letting you marry me, and I thought—I thought——" She sneezed again and muttered, "I know it was terrible to marry a man I didn't even know—but I couldn't help myself."

Granny heaved herself off the bed. "Like the grass when the sun and rain make love to it," she said, smiling. Then she waddled toward the door, shooing the people before her like flies. "Scat! Out of here, all of you!"

She sat down, shivering, at the worn table in the living room. My mother hurried to her with a cup of tea. Granny looked at it, sniffed and pushed the cup aside. "I'll have stronger stuff than this," she said sternly, "but in the same amount." Then she put her arm around me and pulled me close to her. THE END



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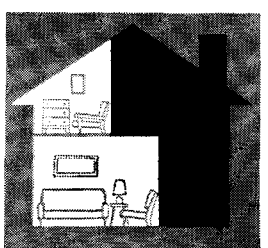

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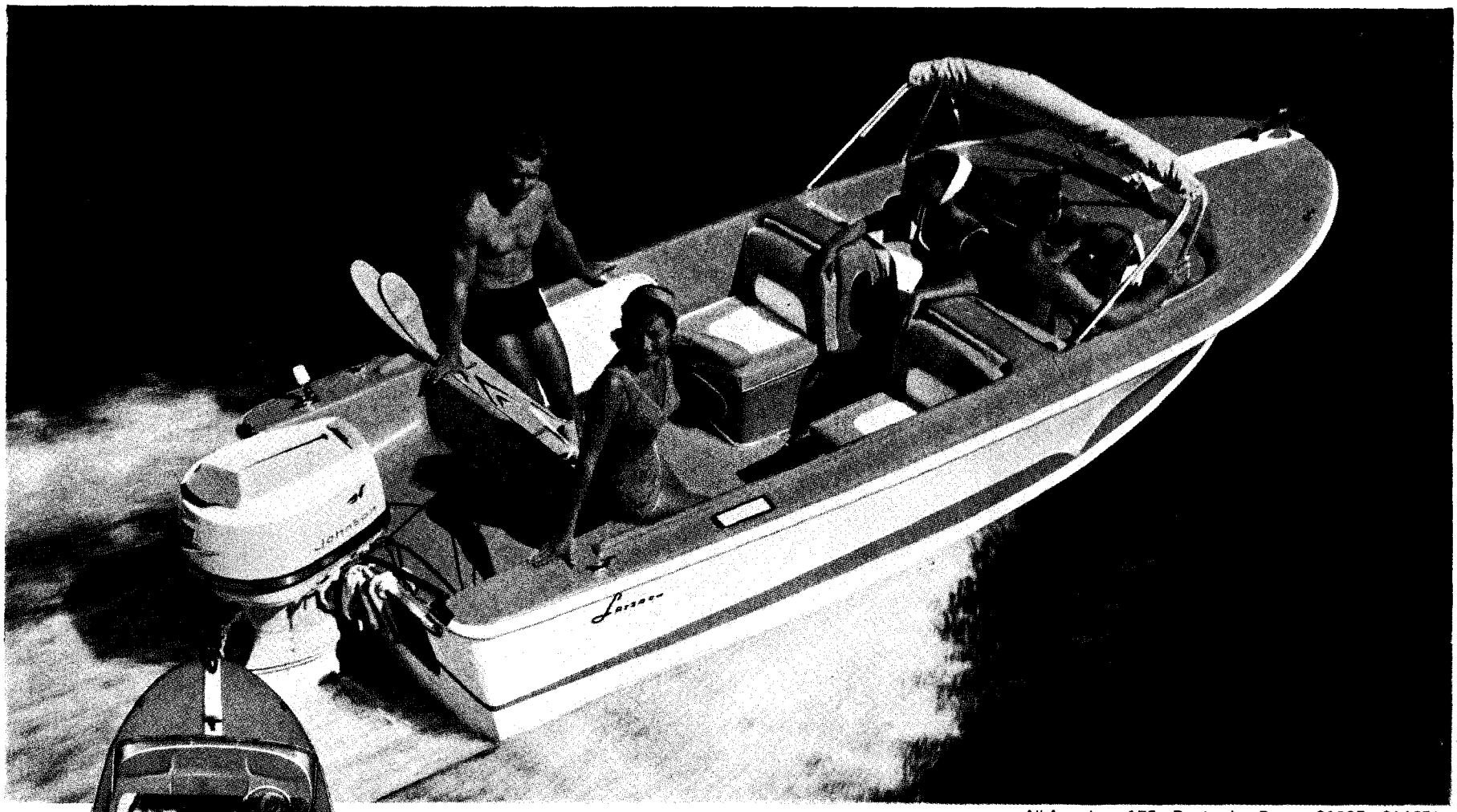

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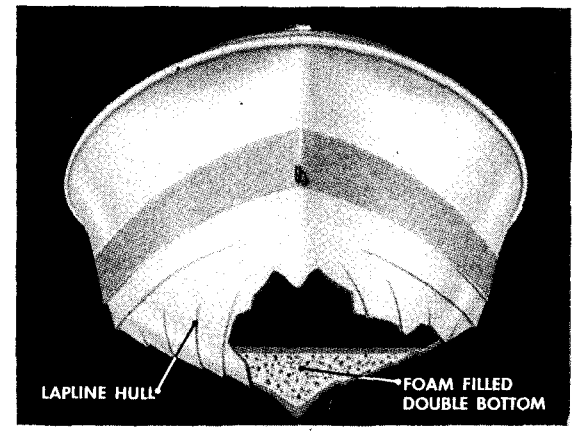

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James Stewart (Continued from Page 30)

conception of the "image"—excuse the expression—that he wants to project. In my case, I feel that it's been an advantage to have had, in almost every role I've played during the past twenty-five years, what you might call audience sympathy. My characters win concern for my well-being, even my safety. As a result, audiences have pulled for me to succeed. That's not to say an audience should feel confident that the hero is bound to win, no matter what. I wouldn't want to seem infallible on the screen. Instead, I've always felt that the movie-goer should be able to identify himself with me; if he's liable to make mistakes, so am I. Then, if I blunder, he hopes that I'll eventually come out all right. If I have created such an "image"—oops!—of myself, it was not done with conscious intent. Recognition came slowly. Now I don't fight it.

Another impression I try to give: While the character I portray may express his convictions strongly, he's never arrogant or domineering. No matter how many tricks an actor may have, no matter what miracles of make-up are wrought in his behalf, it's my belief that he can't play the hero's part without suggesting humility. Arrogance is for villains.

If all this sounds as serious as a flooded basement, believe me, life in Hollywood has its lighter moments. Since my eyesight has always been good, I know that the fan magazines used to print stories calling me Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor. It went on for years. My friend Eddie Lawrence of Metro's publicity department has a thick file of Jimmy Stewart clippings, most of them "revealing" when was I going to get married and to whom, or whom I was going out with, and was it serious. Every time I took a girl to dinner the reporters immediately announced our engagement. Such stories lasted from the time I reached California in 1935 until my marriage to Gloria McLean on August 9, 1949.

There were stories headlined: Is THIS JIMMY STEWART'S BIG ROMANCE? or, WHAT DOES JIMMY STEWART, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, THINK OF GIRLS? Kind friends have quoted such headlines to me, but I've seldom bothered to read the stories. It's no fun to read quoted interviews that never happened. But it seems that at least once I was trapped into uttering silly remarks on the subject of girls. When I went to England with my wife in 1950, to film Nevil Shute's *No Highway in the Sky*, a newspaper girl nailed me. "Mr. Stewart," she said, "you once signed a story listing your ten reasons for staying a bachelor. Obviously you've changed your mind. Tell me why."

"That's absolutely untrue," I said.

She handed me a clipping. The story was under my by-line, and sure enough it gave ten good reasons for staying a bachelor. Now I did remember giving the interview, in a moment of stupidity. So I told the reporter, "You're right. I have changed my mind."

Back in 1951 I ran across a magazine story in which the writer said that during my bachelor days I had a special attraction for aggressive Hollywood girls, supposedly because I wasn't aggressive myself. The writer's theory was that I just sat around and grinned and did nothing, thus inflaming the ladies in question.

I remember one girl who wasn't set afire by my lack of aggressiveness. While we were parked in front of her house one night, she said, "It's such a lovely night that the trolls must be out."

I asked, "Where'd they go, to the movies?"

The next day I repeated our conversation to Billy Grady. "I don't understand her," I said. Grady patiently explained that trolls weren't the people living next door; they were supernatural beings, like pixies. "She must have found you lacking in culture," Grady said. Anyhow, that was the end of our dating.

The fact is that the gossips didn't know whether I was aggressive with girls or nonaggressive or just using the phone. I didn't think it was anybody's business. Now that I'm solidly and happily married, I still don't. But I'll say this: I might have seemed elusive to some of those girls, but there were others who knew me as no sluggard in the romance department. I was unattached and part of an exciting profession in a place that swarmed with beautiful girls. Trolls, anyone?

A lot of drivel was printed in those days about how I wouldn't settle for a "Hollywood-type marriage." I remember one story which began, "Jimmy Stewart is a solid, American type. He wants a marriage that will last." My supposed objection to a "Hollywood marriage" was exaggerated, although I did think it would be tough to be married to a woman in the same business. The mortality rate for such marriages was high, possibly because the parties to two movie careers must live apart so much—she's on location in Hawaii, he's doing a film in Rome.

Actors are not the only ones who wrestle with this problem. No matter what business a man is in, having a gadabout wife, a big clubwoman, let's say, is no fun. If a wife is out clubbing three or four nights a week, if her husband keeps stumbling over meetings in his home and getting trapped in his wife's crusades—well, it can be irritating. Of course there's always the chance that the husband is to blame in some way. If that's the case, he ought to locate a head shrinker and find out why he has forced his wife to become Madam Chairlady.

My wife, Gloria, is not that type. She keeps busy doing a lot of things, but she doesn't join clubs or head up drives to save the trumpeter swan. She loves to play bridge and plays it well, but she doesn't belong to a bridge club. She enjoys active outdoor sports—not only golf but hunting and fishing too. More important, she's a fine mother. Our children love her, respect her, look up to her. Gloria believes that managing a home and taking care of children is a worthwhile job. Others may think that homemaking has gone out of style, but Gloria doesn't think so.

An actress who makes a picture in Spain and promptly makes another in Borneo, has little time to be with her children or her husband. Yet a man and a woman who have a satisfactory marriage want to be together all they can. If I were separated from Gloria for any length of time, I'd be very unhappy.

During my bachelor days, the only homemaking I knew was the brand provided by household help. When I first arrived in Hollywood, I shared a ranch-type house with John Swope and Hank Fonda. Some of the maids and cooks who worked for us might have qualified for comedy skits. We started with a couple called George and Emma. Trouble began when a stray cat had kittens in a toolshed behind the house. At first we felt a cozy domestic touch had been added.

But our economy-size menagerie soon got out of hand. Cats descended on us in platoons, until we had thirty of them, all wild. Their favorite meeting place was our rooftop, where they stalked back and forth, snarling at us. Since they never snarled at George or Emma, we concluded that cats hate actors. It took us a long time to learn the truth, but one day we ran a check on our milk bill. Wow! And the bills for meat and fish. Clang! George and Emma were not only feeding our cats prime beef, red salmon and cream, they were also feeding any other Brentwood cats that dropped in.

Hank called the SPCA to say we were hip-deep in cats, and how about it? The man said, "Just catch the cats and put them in a box, and call back—we'll take them away." But cats don't like to be caught by actors who are tired of the dinner bills. We made a couple of passes at them, but all we got were scratches and ingratitude.

Along came one of my cousins, a sophomore at Princeton, bringing a friend, to stay with us. To get their help, we poured on the flattery. "You boys can get rid of the cats; you're young, brilliant, imaginative. Think of something!"

Perhaps we laid it on too thick, because they began by catching one of the cats and dyeing it a Kelly green. It was their belief that throwing a green cat back among the others would frighten away the whole mob. Our cats didn't scare that easily. In the end, we simply had one green cat plus twenty-nine others wearing civvies. Finally all our cats became infested with lice, and we solved the problem by moving to another place.

Pretty soon Fonda married. Swope and I moved to a place called Normandy Village—no cats, no housekeeper. After we batched it for a while, we moved to a house in Coldwater Canyon and acquired Ellen. When she wasn't waxing the kitchen linoleum, Ellen took tap-dancing lessons. She wore her tap shoes in the house, so there was a constant clatter in the place. It was like living in a barrel factory.

Ellen used to intercept and read the scripts sent to me by writers and hopeful producers. If she didn't like them, she'd tell me, "They're not for you." All I needed was to be asked for a reading fee. But more than anything else, I remember Ellen's invention of airplane salad. Knowing of my interest in airplanes, she came up with a cucumber fuselage, carrot wheels and celery wings. Her pride in this display was so evident that Swope and I choked it down like good boys.

My next domestic seemed to think it was her mission in life to protect me from drunken friends and predatory females. With no prompting at all, she told me bluntly what she thought of the young ladies whom I was currently dating. If I had an early call at the studio, and had rashly invited guests in the night before, she picked up their hats and coats at midnight and announced, "Twelve o'clock everybody. Beddy-bye." She came to work for me a couple of years before I joined the Air Corps for World War II, and her name was Daisy Dooley.

NEXT WEEK

SATCHEL PAIGE
TELLS HIS OWN STORY:
MAYBE I'LL PITCH FOREVER
A DOUBLE-LENGTH ARTICLE

The Perils of Dwelling in Manhattan:
YOU CAN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK
By Horace Sutton

JAMES STEWART:
MY NEXT SIXTY MOVIES

IN COLOR:
THE FLOWERS KNOWN AS BIRDS
By Frank J. Taylor

RIVER OF DESPAIR
Beginning a short novel by Francis Fytton

ICELAND:
Surprising Island of the Northern Seas
By Evan Hill

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With Daisy's appearance I again had animal trouble. Norma Shearer gave me an English-setter pup named Boy. When I brought him home, Daisy issued an ultimatum. "I won't have that dog in the house," she said. "I don't like dogs. I'm allergic to dogs. If you want me to stay, get rid of it." There was a shouting argument, which I won. The dog stayed, and so did Daisy.

For the next two months I had the dog and Daisy and her black looks. One night, arriving from work, I smelled something delicious. I said, "Oh, boy, steak!"

"The meat's for the dog," said Daisy. "For you there's scrambled eggs."

On her next day off I entered her bedroom to leave a note and discovered Boy's picture hanging on the wall. Daisy and Boy had become inseparable.

Boy had a beautiful coat, and Daisy spent hours combing it. I was given to understand that I mustn't bother my dog. He sat in the kitchen with Daisy. As a favor to me, Daisy would let Boy into the dining room for a few minutes. I was allowed to pat his head. Then she'd say, "Come, Boy," and he'd run back to her.

After I got Boy, my dad came to California to see me a couple of times. "It's ridiculous," he said, "to have this dog around the kitchen all the time. It would be much better for him to be out in the field hunting as he's supposed to do." So just before I went into the Army I shipped Boy to dad's home in Indiana, Pennsylvania. As a result, Daisy was quite cool to me when we parted.

I was inducted into the armed services on March 22, 1941. Like so many others, I came out of World War II with no desire to describe at length what I had done, seen or felt. In the years when I wasn't talking, a number of writers filled in the blanks to suit themselves. A year or two ago a Senate committee did so much talking about my experience as a flier, or a nonflier, that it's time I said a few words.

The only lottery I've ever come close to winning was the drawing for the first draft before Pearl Harbor. My number was the 310th pulled out of General Hershey's fish bowl. The doctor who gave me my first physical examination brushed me aside. "You're too thin, Buddy," he said, and there I was in 4-F. I had been drinking gallons of water to make weight—and holding on, all for nothing.

After that there were write-ups which made me sound like a draft dodger. Lucky for me, the columnists said, that I worked for a studio with enough drag to keep me out of the service. When this hullabaloo started, I went to my draft board. "What can be done about my weight?" I asked. "I've got to do something."

"It's simple," I was told. "We just won't weigh you and we'll put down any weight we want." I never got on scales again in my Army career. The man went on to say that the standard weight charts were ridiculous. "Admiral Nelson would never have made the British Navy with a chart like ours."

When word got out that I had succeeded in getting drafted, M-G-M threw a cocktail party for me on the top floor of Metro's administration building. Everyone toasted me, and I made a stirring speech. "I want you to know," I said, "that by being here today, you've done something I'll never forget. I'm afraid I can't say any more, because it's a military secret." Roz Russell kissed me, Lana Turner kissed me, Judy Garland kissed me, Joan Crawford kissed me, and wiping off their lipstick left my handkerchief covered with red splotches. I wrote each girl's name under her splotch. Call me sentimental, but I still have that handkerchief.

The night before I was inducted, my friend Billy Grady gave me a going-away party at Franchot Tone's home, which Billy had borrowed. Grady's parties were invariably offbeat. This time he hung lighted red lanterns on trees and telephone poles to guide people to our blow-out. I got there so early that there were only seven or eight men on deck, and three or four girls. They were chatting in subdued tones. There was a general effect of stiffness and formality. Knowing Grady, I should have suspected a trick. A few more people came in. Then Grady beckoned to a girl in a very long evening dress. "Miss Jones," he said, "you're wanted on the telephone." She got up and with great dignity walked across the room. As she passed, I could see that she didn't have any back to her dress at all. That kind of set the key for the rest of the evening.

My induction papers said I was to board a street car at Santa Monica and Westwood Boulevard at seven A.M. When I got there some University of Southern California boys were boarding the car. A crowd was cheering and singing, and a couple of reporters were on hand to get my "reaction." I didn't say anything clever.

At the induction center a sergeant formed us into a column of twos and marched us across the street. As we turned the corner, I saw a truck carrying three newsreel cameramen and four still cameramen. That truck rolled beside me as I marched down the street. Flash bulbs popped. Movie cameras whirred. I was to see far too much of those guys before that day was over.

Our gaggle of inductees was shooed into a building and taken to an upper floor. There I obeyed an order to strip. Then came tests for a variety of diseases and disabilities. After that it was O.K. to dress again. A skinny guy is always glad to get back into his clothes when other guys with muscles are looking on.

Our next move took us to the reception center at Fort MacArthur, twenty-five miles away. The newsreel boys were at the gate before we arrived and they followed me over to where a column was forming to march to the warehouse for our uniforms. After disappearing for a moment, the cameras showed up at the counter where uniforms were handed out. A soldier handed me my underwear. A cameraman snatched the underwear from me, handed it back to the soldier and told him to give it to me again. An old sergeant intervened. Handing me my socks, he said in pitying tones, "You poor bastard."

After putting our stuff in duffel bags, we were lined up again. But a lieutenant called me out of line, saying the newsreels wanted a shot of me in uniform. And would I say a few words for the sound track? One of the cameramen said, "Let's have a statement, Jimmy. Tell us how it is to be one of the boys and how it feels to give up your big salary for twenty-one dollars a month."

I choked back what I really wanted to say. I fixed my hat and tie and stood straight and said, as I remember it, "I'm going to do my best to be useful as a soldier in the United States Army." Somebody yelled to me to salute, and I tried to do it the way I'd once been shown in a movie rehearsal.

I was on my way to the barracks when a lieutenant ordered me to come with him to his office. He said, "As one who's been in this old Army a while, I'd like to give you some advice. Just be one of the boys, Stewart. Just be one of the boys." I wasn't grateful for his suggestion. What did he think I'd planned to do—take Metro's make-up man with me to keep me looking pretty while I signed autographs for the Germans?

When I got back to my barracks, somebody showed me a newspaper story saying that while I was in the Army I'd be getting $1000 a week from the studio—which was absolutely untrue. That kind of gossip made me feel discouraged, but the next day the sun broke through—I was given orders to report to Moffet Field, California. I was going into the Army Air Forces.

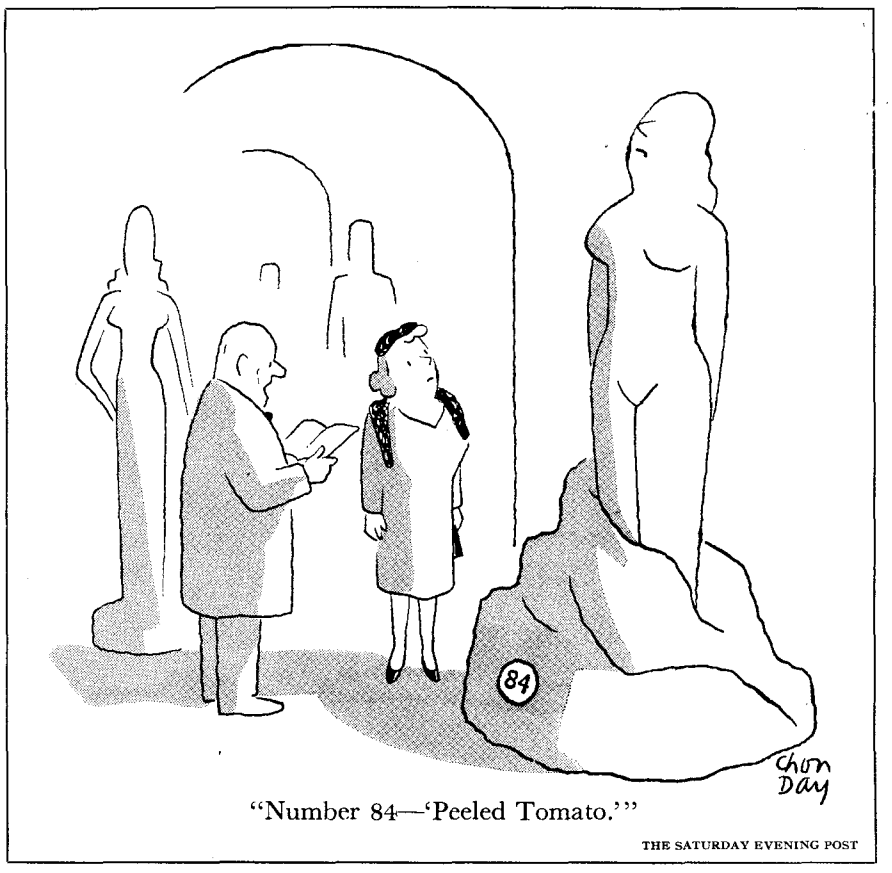
The next morning, arriving at Moffet, I was assigned to a squadron right away. My quarters were in a tent with four other guys. It rained that day, and we stayed in our tent most of the time, just talking. Those boys were really thoughtful; they didn't mention movies once. After a while a sergeant came in and told me that I was wanted on the phone. I went to the dayroom, picked up the phone and said, "Private Stewart." A female voice at the other end of the line said, "I've made a bet with someone; that's why I'm calling. Why don't you come out to dinner? We can have a date, and I won't tell, so there'll be no publicity. If you don't accept, I'll think you've gone high-hat. You don't want me to think that, do you? After all, I'm one of your public. You'd better not get your public mad at you."

I didn't argue; I just hung up. That day I was called to the telephone twenty more times. The sergeant was getting sore. I asked him to do me a favor; unless it was my mother calling, please say I couldn't be reached. He was back in ten minutes, saying, "Your mother's on the phone now." It was some faker.

In ten months I got my commission as a second lieutenant and my pilot's wings, but in the meantime I had dropped into a mental and spiritual slump. I took a lot of three-day passes and went to L.A. and lived it up. During the week I did work on extension courses for my commission, but not too hard. Instead of concentrating on my books, I was concentrating on a blonde from Earl Carroll's show in Hollywood.

Then my family came West to see me. Dad came up to Moffet Field, and I showed him around. I had my car, so we left the post for dinner in a swank spot. After that we drove to Hollywood, and I took dad to the Inglewood Race Track. At one point we were poking around the dining rooms and cocktail lounges upstairs. You didn't have to wear a uniform when you were off the base, so I was wearing a sport jacket, flannel slacks and white shoes. An acquaintance came up and said, "Why, Jimmy Stewart, I thought you were in the Army!"

That remark went through me like a blunt knife. I made some stupid reply, the man went away, and dad said, "I thought you were in the Army too, Jim." He was ashamed of me. Suddenly I was ashamed too—and sore, because I knew dad was right to rebuke me. When I got back to camp, I began to really sweat for my commission. I finished the extension courses, and got some rides in a BT-13 trainer, so I could pass a flight check. I did pass, and my papers were sent in. On January 1, 1942, I was commissioned a second lieutenant. Expecting an immediate assignment to flight duty, I got instead orders to appear on a radio program at Stockton Field. So my first duty as an officer of the United States Army Air Forces was to make jokes with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on the radio. My second duty was to obey an immediate-action order from the War Department to attend the President's Birthday Ball. In fear of being overwhelmed by depression, I stayed drunk the whole time I was in Washington. But nothing could wipe out my thoughts. *What a pilot I am! What an officer! What an Army man!*



"Number 84—'Peeled Tomato.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Returning to Moffet Field, I flew thirty hours in BT-13's; then, in April, 1942, I was transferred to Mather Field, California, where I went through flight-instructors' school. In two months I was instructing in advanced trainers, AT-9's. I taught flying for four months, putting in three hundred hours of air time. Now, at last, I began to feel like an officer and a pilot.

On July 1, 1942, at Mather, I made first lieutenant. Then it occurred to me that I might be stuck with instruction for the duration. I had started to hate American air bases. At one party I'd heard an officer's wife say she hoped the war would never end, because she and her husband had never had it so good.

I went from Mather to Kirtland Field New Mexico, then to four-engine school at Hobbs, New Mexico. From there I went to Boise, Idaho, (*Continued on Page 58*)

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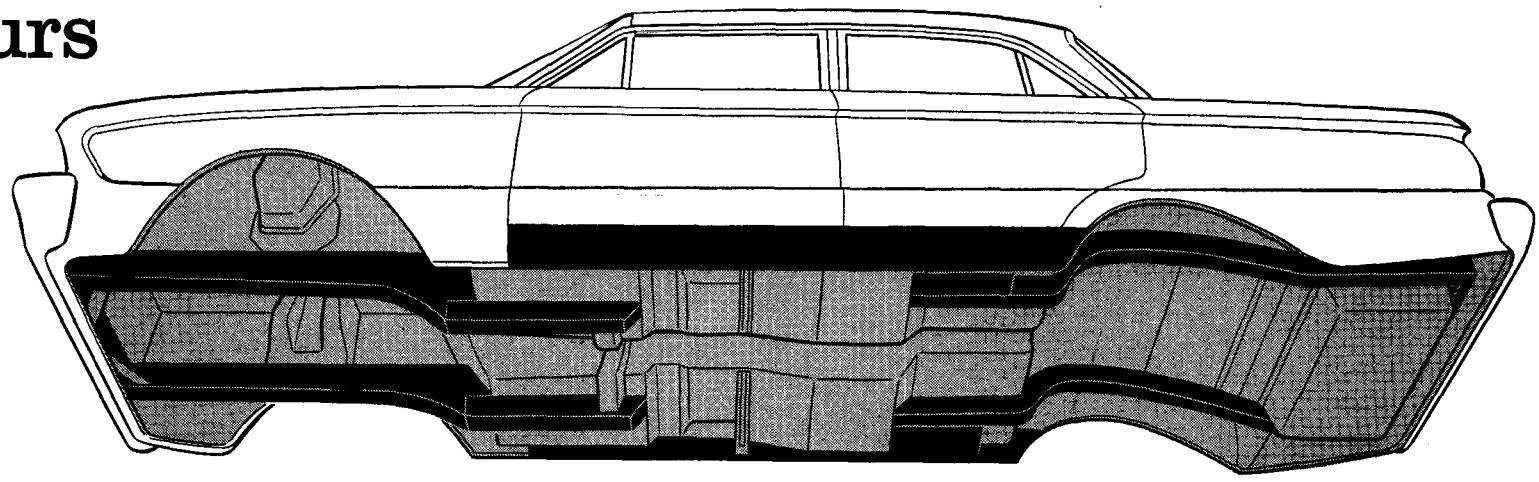
Which car is more rust resistant?

ours



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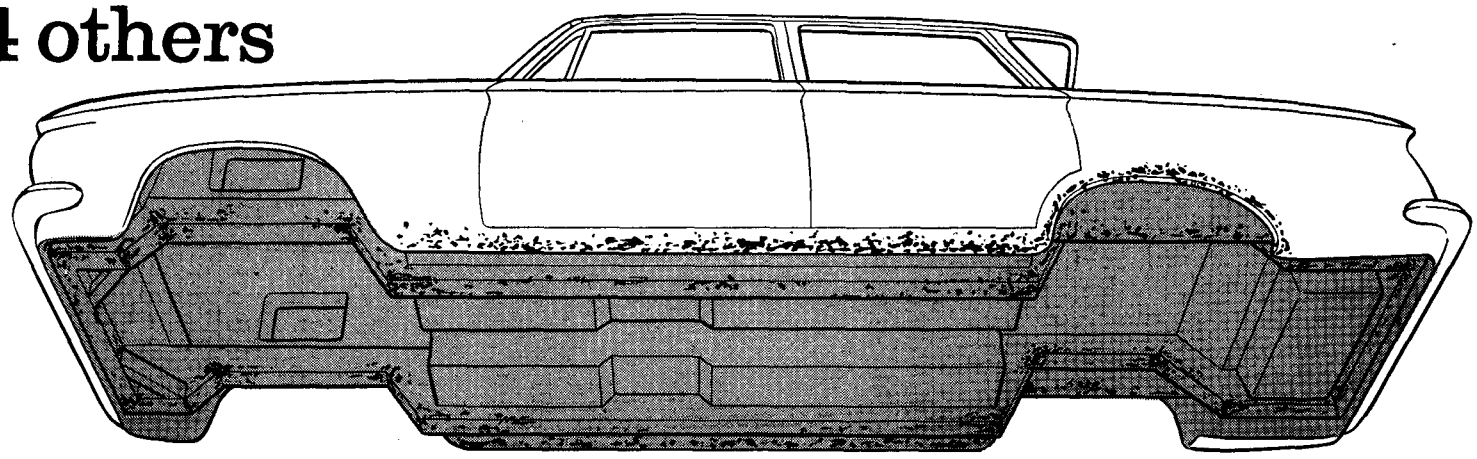

Special zinc coating protects body parts against corrosion in the 1961 Ford Family of Fine Cars

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The underside of a car body has exposed parts that are especially vulnerable now that chemical compounds are used to keep roads clean and dry. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, the most vulnerable body parts are galvanized zinc-coated to protect them against rust and corrosion.

* * *

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the passenger compartment. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, there are 50% more rubber body mounts. That's one of the reasons you enjoy such a remarkably quiet ride.

* * *

Another reason for the quieter ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the sound-proofed floors. Where other cars have only two layers of sound insulation, our cars have three layers of sound insulation. Each layer eliminates a different range of sound from rumbles to squeaks. As a result, very little noise gets through to the passenger compartment.

* * *

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

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* * *

These are five of the many reasons you will find (upon comparing our cars with other cars) Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.

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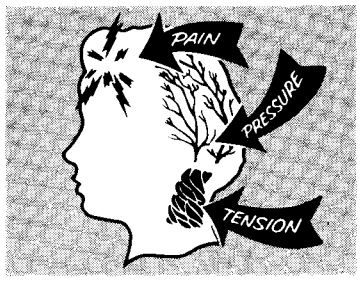
A SURVEY SHOWS 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THE INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®

To obtain fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis or neuralgia—why not take what 3 out of 4 doctors recommend—the ingredients in Anacin!

Anacin gives a better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here is *why*. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and no special medication to relax nervous tension. But Anacin is a *combination* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication, which relieves pain incredibly fast, also relaxes nervous tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today.

Better than aspirin or aspirin with buffering

for TENSION HEADACHES



Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special medication* that relieves pain fast, relaxes tension and releases pressure. This special medication is *not* obtainable in aspirin or any buffered aspirin. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain relief.

★ *Largest Selling* PAIN RELIEVER

(*Continued from Page 56*) for four months as an instructor, and finally to Sioux City, Iowa, where I was put in command of a squadron of B-24's. My group commander was Col. Robert Terrell. We went overseas in November of 1943, through British Guiana and Natal, across to Dakar and up to Marrakech, and finally to my base in East Anglia.

We were told to expect a ten-day briefing and orientation period before we began combat flying. Two days later somebody located me at squadron headquarters and said, "Fifteen reporters and newsreel cameramen are at the front gate of the base. They want you to come out so they can interview you and photograph you doing your duty as a squadron commander."

I felt like saying, "Tell them to drop dead." Instead I went to my group commander. "Would it be all right," I asked, "if I just got into an airplane and flew a training mission?" He thought it was a good idea, so I took off. After that I was left alone, except for an incident a few weeks later. By that time we were flying missions. I'd flown six or seven myself. We'd lost some crews.

One day, at my office in squadron headquarters, I was handed a sheaf of papers—one original document and a stack of "endorsements" by level after level of command.

The original paper was a letter in an envelope addressed to "Captain (?) James Stewart, Actor, U.S. Army Air Forces, care of The Dowager Queen Mary, Buckingham Palace, London, England."

The first endorsement was to the RAF, from the secretary at Buckingham Palace. "Her majesty has read the enclosed letter with interest and wonders why it was addressed to her." The next endorsement was from the RAF: "We notice that this letter was sent in handwriting to a member of the American armed forces, addressed to Her Majesty, the Queen. Please answer by endorsement the reason for such a communication arriving at Buckingham Palace."

Each of the subsequent endorsements was more heated. When the sheaf of papers finally left the RAF and got to the United States 8th Air Force, the endorsers were writing, "For (blank's) sake, what is this? Why do we have to take care of a stupid letter sent to this (blank) Stewart, c/o the Dowager Queen Mary? Is this (blank) the actor?"

When the whole bundle reached the 8th Air Force's 2nd Division Headquarters, I was sent a directive. "You will reply immediately by endorsement and with full explanation of why this incredible thing has happened at this particular time, embarrassing the 8th Air Force and the United States."

The original letter was a fan letter from a woman in Kansas. "Dear Jimmy," it said, "I hope you're getting along fine. I have two sons in the Pacific and since I didn't know how to contact you or where you were, I thought this would get to you. I see all of your pictures and I hope you come home safely and make some more. Yours truly, Bessie . . . ." I forget her last name.

In my endorsement I apologized to Her Majesty for any inconvenience I had caused her. I said that I had no explanation for the unfortunate occurrence, except that the letter received by Her Majesty was written by a movie fan. I added: "I don't say you *have* to be crazy to be a movie fan, but it helps." I added, however, that Bessie obviously wasn't crazy. If she had been, she couldn't have written such a touching letter.

After that, the problems which confronted me were military. The hardest decision I've ever made was whether to lead 1500 bombers on to Germany or abort the mission. Our objective was Brunswick, an industrial city. Airplanes sometimes leave condensation trails behind them, man-made clouds triggered by the engine exhaust. That morning our 1500 bombers took off from many different fields. As they converged on the rendezvous point over England, their engines created an enormous intertwining fog. When the moment came for us to form up and head for our targets, the clouds our 6000 engines had spewed out were so thick that flying formation was impossible. I had to abort the mission.

Let me do a lap dissolve now, indicating the passage of years to 1959, and the efforts by Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine to balk my promotion to brigadier general in the United States Air Force Reserve. It can be no secret to newspaper readers that Senator Smith objected vigorously when my name came before the Armed Services Committee of the United States Senate. The promotion was approved, leaving me to wonder whether Senator Smith was mad at me personally. I don't think she was. She was protesting against giving a movie actor an important rank because she didn't think I had done enough recent flying to qualify for a star.

I'm not sure that the senator fully understood that nobody was expecting me to climb into a modern jet bomber and fly it. Anyone who knows that my next birthday will be my fifty-third will agree that jets have made the pace too hot for my slowing reflexes. I can't do the flying which will be required in the event of a third world war. Even before Senator Smith squared her jaw at me, I was in line for a more suitable M-Day assignment—deputy director of the Office of Information, Department of the Air Force.

It will be up to the Office of Information to foster understanding between military men and civilians. Never again will we have time to ask for volunteers and time to train recruits. A few hundred

... ...

The Young Years

By Marguerite B. Palmer

...And time ran on like a silver ribbon,
Like a silver ribbon all unwound,
Like yards and yards of silver ribbon
Looped on the stars and trailing the ground.

Mostly, the river was star-imprinted
But rarely, stippled with silver rain;
Life was a shiny birthday present
Wrapped in a shimmering cellophane.

And time ran on like a silver ribbon
While I thought only of being glad.
I never once thought of holding it.
It wouldn't have waited if I had.

... ...

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hours sufficed to train a B-17 bomber pilot for World War II. Modern bombers, like the B-52 and B-58, call for pilots with at least 4000 hours' jet time. Our SAC pilots today are scientific career men. We need a lot of career-minded military men, although we like to think we can get by with some version of the embattled minuteman.

Between wars we tend to forget our professional airmen, hoping subconsciously that we'll never need them. Some well-intentioned civilian groups even believe we can best avoid war by disarming. To these dreamers, our trained defenders symbolize something vaguely evil. Countering this attitude will be my M-Day job.

But let's play the flip side of this Stewart record and get back to Daisy Dooley, who'd been so mad at me when I went away to war, because I'd sent my dog—her dog—home to dad for the duration. Daisy was the first person who phoned me when I returned to California after the war. I hired her again and eventually introduced her to another dog, called Harvey.

This pooch had been given to me in July, 1947, when I was in New York pinch-hitting for Frank Fay in the hit play, *Harvey*. One night Liz Whitney, who used to be married to Jock Whitney, brought this full-grown hound backstage.

"He's yours," she said. "His name is Harvey. We've had him down on our farm in Virginia trying to train him to hunt with a pack. He starts out with the other hounds and waits until they're busy; then he sneaks back and flops down in our kitchen. When he hears the pack returning, he sneaks out, waits behind a tree and comes panting in with them. A real faker." Liz said that since the hound was no good at hunting, she figured he must have rabbit blood himself, so she'd renamed him Harvey after the invisible rabbit in the play.

What was I to do with Harvey? I lived in a New York hotel. Since I didn't want to hire a dog sitter, I put Harvey into a crate and had him flown to California. When I got home at last, I found that Harvey was moping, in spite of Daisy's loving care. Hounds like to roam and bay at the moon. City life is no good for them. Harvey was miserable and he made me miserable. He was possibly the dumbest dog that ever lived. He didn't like me. He was only interested in eating.

I taught him to sit up and beg for morsels of food, but his stupidity was easily demonstrated. If I moved his food backward over his head, he fell over on his back. He never learned. It was even worse with food I placed on a glass table. When he tried to get it, he banged his nose on the bottom of the glass.

When I married, my wife Gloria owned a big police dog named Bellow. We left Bellow at home with Harvey while we went on our honeymoon. On our return, Bellow greeted us with healthy enthusiasm. Harvey stayed in the back yard, sulking. I opened the door and called, "Harvey, come here!" He made a dash inside, ran through my legs into the kitchen and whimpered for something to eat.

A few days later I saw Bellow in the back yard, holding Harvey's head in his mouth. He wasn't biting hard, just hard enough so Harvey was afraid to move, but I could see that Harvey was becoming a mental case. So I sent him to Pennsylvania, too, where my dad found a place for him on a farm near Indiana, Pennsylvania.

I learned something from my troubles with assorted cats and mismatched dogs. But I didn't learn much, because I was foolish enough later on to buy a thousand goats. I didn't need a thousand goats—who does? But I can explain; see me next week, same time, same place.

Next week Jimmy discusses the problems he shares with veteran film idols such as Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, John Wayne and Spencer Tracy. —THE EDITORS

The Church That Nick Built (Continued from Page 25)

Nickos had a vague idea what a queen was, because there was a queen's picture in the town hall, hanging beside that of King George I. He had never heard of millionaires or ambassadors; and certainly in 1909 no millionaires or ambassadors had ever heard of Pakia, a village where the farmers wore pompons on their shoes and their wives rode burros two miles to get water. Nickos gravely withdrew his small hand from the gypsy's. He wished he had spent his ten-lepton coin for caramels at the shop of Yannis, which smelled delectably of coffee and *retsina* and *ouzo* and goat's-milk cheese.

The fortuneteller went away, but was still remembered when Nickos's father received a letter. "It is from a village called *Nea Yorki*," said his father. "Your Uncle Gregorios says they do not grow olive trees there, but that many people are rich in America. He sends money for your ticket. How would you like to go to *Nea Yorki*, Nicko?"

"Is it far?" asked the boy. "Is it as far away as Athens?"

"Much farther. America is across the ocean."

"Does America have a king and queen, father?"

"No, my child. America has a president, chosen from time to time by the people."

"And after I have been to America and seen the president, can I come back—back to Pakia?" asked Nickos.

His father smiled. "That's as may be," he said. "Perhaps if you work hard and save money. I may not be here, but your brother and sisters will be glad to see you."

Nickos's eyes were shining, and a dream fluttered in his heart. "Someday I shall come back," he promised. "Back to Pakia."

That year the olive harvest was not good. Nevertheless Nickos's father managed to outfit his son for the United States, including shoes made by the village cobbler, with a wonderful built-in squeak, the first shoes Nickos had ever owned. Nickos kissed his three sisters good-by and embraced his father and brother, and cried a little.

On the voyage to America he was seasick, but his dream sustained him. Someday he would return to his village. Someday he would do something for Pakia.

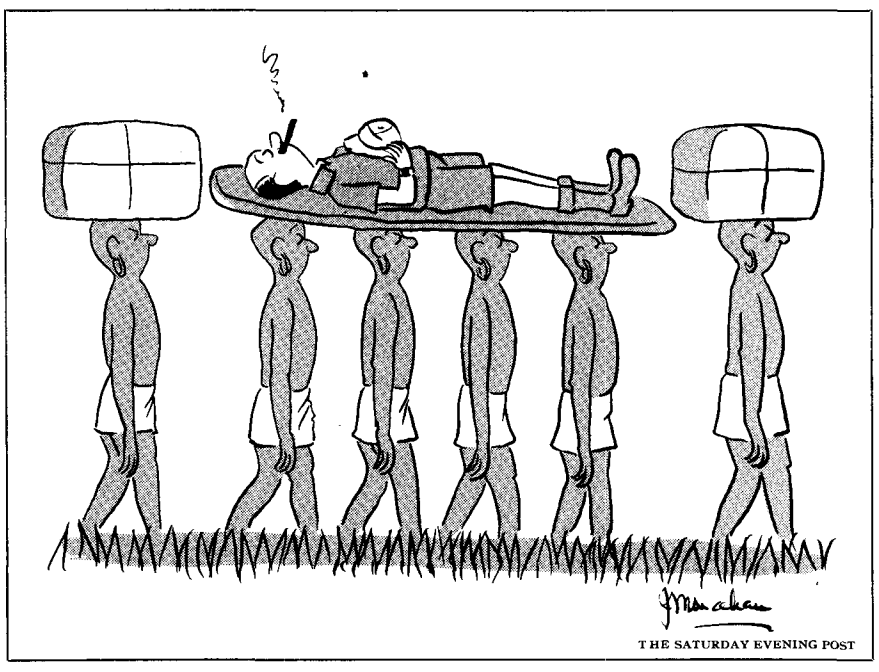
After Ellis Island, Nickos discovered that *Nea Yorki* wasn't a village and that Uncle Gregorios was right—no olive trees grow on Manhattan. Soon *Nea Yorki* became New York, and Nickos became Nick. He had a job in The Gotham hotel, on Fifth Avenue, working in the pantry and seeing all manner of amazing dishes, the like of which a boy from a remote hillside in the Peloponnesus could never have imagined.

Nick was still a long way from meeting kings and queens and millionaires, but with his dream in his pocket he was on his way. He was a quick boy with serious eyes, light hair and a small body full of cricketlike energy. After what seemed to him a long time in the pantry, his deftness and warm smile and his efforts to learn English won promotion. Now he was a bus boy, with the privilege of serving bread and butter, and filling glasses with ice water. Suddenly he was introduced to the splendid world of the dining room, the glitter of patrons in evening dress, the weddings in private suites and the strange phenomenon called prohibition.

Later, when he had conquered English, Nick began to achieve status as a waiter. He took orders with precision, he was always cheerfully polite; he recognized guests, and guests recognized him. Mrs. Chapin, who wanted her toast browned on only one side, with a dab of catchup on her breakfast poached egg, got her poached egg with a dab of catchup and her toast browned on only one side. Colonel Fisher (cavalary, retired) knew that when he ordered an Old-Fashioned "without all that blasted fruit salad" he would receive from Nick a bourbon on the rocks: a double slug of whisky replacing the sliced pineapple, the wedge of orange and the maraschino cherry.

Guests took to giving Nick telephone messages, which he delivered accurately—and with discretion. In those days the University Club, behind The Gotham on 54th Street, had no ladies' dining room; Nick became a consultant for stranded wives. Entering the club one evening through the basement, bent on retrieving a husband, Nick saw President Hoover in the lobby. A Secret Service man barred the way, but Nick saw the member he was looking for, and the member saw him. "He's O.K.," said the member. And then he took Nick by the arm and presented him to the President of the United States of America. "Mr. President," he said, "this is my young friend, Nick-of-The-Gotham."

By 1939, when he became headwaiter of The Gotham—he is now the hotel's official "host" and assistant to the manager—Nick had served Queen Marie and Princess Ileana of Romania, and the Queen of the Belgians. He had seen a young man called the Prince of Wales, and the same man five years later as the Duke of Windsor. He had waited on three Secretaries of State, including Charles Evans Hughes, who made a memorable buzz through his whiskers with *minestrone*. He had served ambassadors, and more millionaires than he could remember, including a famous old gentleman from Tarrytown, New York. From John D. Rockefeller, Nick-the-bus-boy received a shiny new dime.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The boy from the Peloponnesus with the welcoming smile was now a contented American, doing well in a job he respected. He did not marry; the hotel and its guests remained the center of his life.

Nick was pleased when so many of the guests congratulated him on being promoted to headwaiter. Now they all called him Nick-of-The-Gotham. So did taxi drivers on 55th Street. And the Irish policemen, spotting a nattily dressed little man on his way home after midnight, used to say, "Hi, Nick! How's tricks at The Gotham?"

It was pleasant to be an American. Nick was reminded of his dream of doing something for the village of Pakia every time he sent money to his three sisters, whose letters were harder and harder to read as the Greek language of his boyhood became overlaid with the idiom of Manhattan.

The war that began in Greece in 1940 didn't trouble Nick much at first. Europe was a long way from Fifth Avenue, and Greece was separated from the rest of Europe by the mountainous Balkans. True, Greeks were fighting Fascist Italians, but that was in Epirus, where Nick had never been, and the Greeks seemed to be doing well without him.

And then, without warning, Hitler's Germany attacked Greece in the spring of 1941, with overwhelming force and equipment. Three weeks later the Nazis were in Athens; they were invading the Peloponnesus. The king flew to Crete, to make a stand there with the British. In the New York papers Nick read that Crete would be assaulted by paratroopers, who were massing on the plain south of Sparta. That was the plain of Moláoi, the nearest flat land to the island of Crete.

The village of Pakia overlooks that plain, and the first casualties were the olive trees, chopped down by Nazi soldiers to make a take-off strip for paratroopers. The next casualty was Pakia; her sons hid behind rocks to snipe at the invaders. Soon there were few sons left in Pakia, and Nick had no brother.

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The war flowed away, but an occupying army remained, while Greece starved. Nick's father died without ever knowing that his son was the headwaiter of a Fifth Avenue hotel. It was three years before Nick had word from his sisters. Nor did the Nazi capitulation in 1945 end the struggle—the Communist war continued for four more years, ravaging the country. One by one the satellites were thrust behind the Iron Curtain, but Greece went on fighting for freedom.

Young Queen Frederika came to the United States to plead for assistance against the Communists. The mayor of New York gave the queen an official reception, and Nick wangled a ticket.

"I'm Nicholas Demakos," he told the queen. "I'm an American citizen, but I come from Pakia, in Lakonia. Forty years ago a fortuneteller said I'd meet you."

The queen smiled. "A fortuneteller? But I wasn't born then. . . . I know Pakia. Do you want to return there?"

Nick felt all at once that he and his queen were alone, talking by themselves, cool in the shade of an olive tree with the plain of Malaoi around them. His native language came back to him. "*Ime Amerikanos*," he declared. "But I want to do something for Pakia. My father and my brother died there during the war. Our village church was destroyed. Perhaps if I could help to rebuild the Church of Saint Demetrios, in Pakia. . . ."

Queen Frederika, too, may have felt for a moment the illusion that they were alone, in the shade of an ancient olive tree. "Do that," she said gently. "That would be a fine thing to do. Good luck, Nickos of Pakia."

Nick kissed the queen's hand, in the way, as a little boy, that he had kissed the hand of the village priest.

To the mayor of New York the young queen said, "Nickos of Pakia. I liked that little man. Who is he?"

"That was Nick-of-The-Gotham, Your Majesty. Been a waiter there longer than anyone can remember. Everybody knows Nick."

Nick thought a long time about his meeting with Queen Frederika. He had never tried to raise money, and he wasn't sure how to go about it. Sending money to his sisters, yes, for their dowries and for the christening times of his nephews and nieces. But that was his personal affair, not involving other people. Finally he had an idea: He would start his church fund with a contribution from himself, and then he would talk to the guests of the hotel about it.

The first word the American Embassy in Athens had of Nick's project was a letter that reached me from a retired American diplomat, now a New York commuter.

"In my wanderings about town," he wrote, "I now and then lunch at The Gotham. The maître d'hôtel, who is the size of a chipmunk and twice as active, finds out everything about everybody. The other day he asked me if by chance I knew the American ambassador to Greece. When I incautiously admitted that his daughter was my godchild, I almost missed a late-afternoon appointment. Seems that Nick-of-The-Gotham had been working for years to raise money for the construction of the church in the little town where his family originated. Now the church is almost finished, and Nick wants you to attend the dedication ceremony. He says he is writing the State Department to ask that you be invited. . . ."

I didn't know where Pakia was. While I was studying a map, there arrived an official communication from Washington, enclosing a copy of Nick's letter to the Secretary of State. Nick had written:

Honorable Sir: My name is Nicholas Demakos, known here as Nick-of-The-Gotham. I am the maître d'hôtel and have worked here the past forty years. I have had the pleasure of taking care of some of the best families of America, one of them your predecessor, whose parents lived at The Gotham.

A few years ago I started a campaign for my home town, Pakia, Lakonia, Greece, to help rebuild the church that was destroyed during the war. Up to last fall I collected $25,000. Persons who contributed are having their names engraved on a plaque. I have almost 250 names on the list, including presidents of big corporations, judges, etc., some of the best names in America helping to rebuild this small church in Greece. People of all faiths and religions—Protestants, Catholics, Jews and Orthodox.

This summer I contemplate to go to Greece to be present at the church dedication and it is my wish I have with me the American Ambassador to Greece, to represent all the Americans on this honor roll, which will have written at the top, "This Church was built with the help of American friends of Greece." I want to impress the Greek people that American people are always willing to help poor countries of the world. Please ask our Ambassador to represent all the American contributors who helped rebuild Saint Demetrios Church in Pakia.

Respectfully yours,
NICHOLAS DEMAKOS
(Nick-of-The-Gotham)

A transmitting slip from the State Department read: "Forwarded to Embassy Athens for consideration and appropriate action." Which meant that Nick and his church were up to me.

By the time Nick himself reached Athens last summer, I knew that Pakia was a long way from Athens. It would take eight or nine hours by automobile from the capital to get there. South of Sparta the map showed a thin line, which, if my experience in Greece meant anything, indicated "secondary road, probably passable in dry weather"—perhaps a goat trail. In no circumstances would the official embassy limousine thrive on an expedition to Pakia, nor would the aging American ambassador.

Nick-of-The-Gotham was announced. He wore a bright bow tie and a sport jacket, and on his lapel he proudly displayed the Gold Cross of the Order of Phoenix, just awarded to him in the name of the king by the minister of foreign affairs. He had, said Nick, come straight from the ceremony to see his ambassador. And then he proceeded to tell me about the church of Saint Demetrios which was to be dedicated by the Archbishop of Sparta on the following Sunday.

Nick did not want a mere embassy representative to attend the ceremony. He wanted the American ambassador, no less. And so, he indicated, did the Nomarch of Lakonia, the mayors of Moláoi and Pakia, the archbishop and his parishioners, not to forget the American citizens whose names were on the plaque. Nick was as persuasive as he was earnest. If he had chosen life insurance instead of the hotel business, he might, I reflected, have reached Greece in his own yacht.

I summoned my air attaché, who produced additional maps. The landing strip near Pakia no longer existed, for at the end of the war the survivors replanted the *Luftwaffe* strip with new olive trees—a fact which Nick confirmed. The nearest landing field was on the far prong of the Peloponnesus, miles away from Pakia and connected with it by "secondary roads." Clearly we couldn't fly in the embassy C-47.

I recalled that my naval attaché had an amphibian. The captain was sent for, and he brought another set of maps. The nearest port to Pakia appeared to be Monemvasía, on the far side of the plain of olives. The captain had never been to Monemvasía, but he volunteered to fly down to see if a landing could be made. He guessed it might be a half-hour flight from Athens, *if* he could find sheltered water. "Sure," said Nick cheerfully. "Monemvasía. There's a fine bay there. My father used to ship olives from Monemvasía."

I told Nick I'd be in touch, and that I hoped to be in Pakia with him for the ceremony. He gave me the smile that generations of his dining-room patrons remember. "Sure, sure, Mister Ambassador. I knew you would help me." He skipped out, nimble as a chipmunk.

When the captain reported to me, he was a frustrated pilot. He had landed in Monemvasía without incident. "Hell of a big rock there. Like the Morro at Arica, with the ruins of a Venetian castle on top. Good bay behind the rock. No problem. But on the way back I had engine trouble. Conked the starboard governor. Nearest replacement is in naval stores at Port Lyautey, in Morocco. . . ."

By that time I was sold on Nick and Nick's project. "Hasn't the Greek Navy a seaplane?"

"First thing I thought of too," said the captain. "None available. And the nearest carrier with a plane I could use is with the Sixth Fleet at Naples."

"It looks," I observed bleakly, "as though the Brazilian jeep I brought from Rio de Janeiro is going to have a fine workout in the Peloponnesus. How would you like to come along as copilot?"

But the resourceful Navy had a better idea. "If you don't mind an early start," said the captain, "and a bumpy ride if there's a sea running, the Navy can still get you to Monemvasía. We've got a crash boat, sir, at Piraeus."

I asked how early, and what was a crash boat?

"Around four o'clock in the morning, Mister Ambassador. It's a four-to-five-hour run from Piraeus. Boat's for air-sea rescue practice. Twenty-five knots, but it bumps, it really bumps, on rough water."

And that was how I made the trip, to help Nick dedicate his church in Pakia. Nick met me at the pier of Monemvasía, which was decorated with Greek and American flags. The governor was there, and the nomarch and the mayors and the representative from Sparta in the Greek Parliament. There were newspaper correspondents and photographers.

There was oratory at the pier and more thereafter. The hot summer sun of Greece poured from a cloudless sky. We reached the church, across the plain of olives from Monemvasía, at 10:30 Sunday morning. The archbishop was waiting. And all the people of Pakia—1034 men, women and children—were in the church and the square outside. There was an honor guard of Greek soldiers, and on our arrival the village band, brave in new uniforms, played the Greek national anthem and *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

After the Mass, Nick unveiled the plaque recording that Saint Demetrios Church was rebuilt "with the help of American friends of Greece"—just as he had dreamed it.

There was a village feast in the schoolhouse following the dedication. Nick made a speech, first in English and then in Greek, telling about the fortuneteller, and how he went to America, and how years later he met Queen Frederika, who encouraged him to undertake his campaign to restore the village church of Pakia. He presented to me his sisters, Stamata and Katerina, plus at least a dozen of his nephews and nieces, the boys in evzone suits and the girls wearing the village dresses of Lakonia.

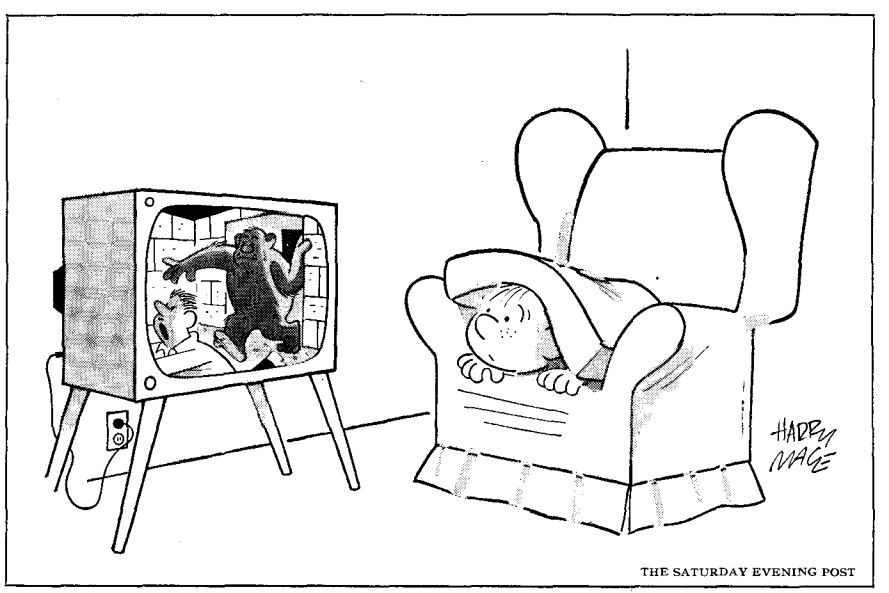
As I worked away at a mountain of roast lamb and rice, washing the food down with Pakia *retsina*, the mayor told me of Nick's third sister, whose passage Nick had paid to Canada so she could marry a Pakia boy in Alberta. Nor had his benefactions ended with his family: the band, said the mayor, with their new instruments and uniforms; also running water for the school, from a spring on the side of the mountain. . . .

For this was Nickos Demakos Day, to honor Nick of Pakia. And the American ambassador was proud to be there.

Nick called at the embassy the next week, exhausted by feasting and family reunions, but as exuberant as ever. I asked about his plans for the future. "Forty years in one job is a long time," I told him. "Won't you soon be retiring? Pakia seems to be in pretty good shape. The school with its water supply—good water it is, I mixed it with Pakia *retsina*. That monument you built to the Pakia soldier. And now the Church of Saint Demetrios. You've had a good life, Nick. Greece and the United States are grateful to you."

It was Nick-of-The-Gotham who answered for Nickos of Pakia. "It's a long way," he said, "from Pakia to Sparta—that's the nearest hospital. A lot of sick people can't wait that long to be treated. We need a thirty-bed hospital for the villages around the plain of olives. The Greek Government says that if I can raise half the cost they will find money for the rest. I'm an American. This is my vacation. I'll be back at the hotel, on the job, in the autumn."

Which I report by way of advance notice of Nick's next campaign. THE END



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The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 36)

bowed, raised his hat in a gesture which might have been one of farewell to Della Street or might have been a gesture to Perry Mason. "Under the circumstances," he said, "there is no reason to interfere with your activities of the day, counselor. Good morning."

"Good morning," Mason said and, taking Della Street's arm, walked over to a place where he could check the mileage on the odometer.

"Seventeen thousand, nine hundred and forty-eight and two tenths. Is that right, lieutenant?"

"That's right," Tragg said.

"Make a note, Della," Mason told her.

"Au revoir," Lieutenant Tragg said. "I will doubtless see you later on."

"Oh, doubtless," Mason told him and escorted Della back to the building.

As Mason and Della Street entered the elevator and waited for it to get a load, Paul Drake came hurrying in, signaled the elevator starter to hold the cage and sprinted to get in just as the door closed.

"Hi, Paul," Mason said.

The detective saw Mason and Della and said, "Am I glad to see you."

"Something?" Mason asked.

"Lots of somethings," Drake said. "I'll walk down to your office with you and tell you the news." The three of them

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Some people need a cup of coffee to wake them up for the coffee break.

BOB STANNARD

---

left the elevator together and started down the corridor. "They've arrested your client," Drake said.

"I know that," Mason told him.

"O.K.," Drake said, "I'm going to tell you something, Perry. They've got some sort of an absolute ironclad bit of evidence that I can't find out about, but I'll tell you one thing. This is once you're defending a guilty client."

"You're sure?"

"I'm not," Drake said, "but my informant is." Drake went on, "I have Endicott Campbell located. He came home about five o'clock this morning and has been there ever since."

"What else?"

"Police now have a bulletin on Amelia Corning. She wheeled her chair out of the freight elevator last night, and that's the last anyone has seen of her."

"This man who operated the freight elevator, do the police know about him and his waiting in the alley?"

"Yes," Drake said.

"And they have no trace of her?"

"Not a trace."

"That's strange," Mason said. "A partially blind woman in a wheel chair could hardly vanish into thin air."

"Well, she did," Drake said. "And remember, this is the second time within twenty-four hours. The first person who was impersonating Amelia Corning vanished; now Amelia Corning has vanished."

"The first person," Mason said, "was impersonating Amelia Corning. Therefore it was a very simple matter for her to vanish. All she needed to do was to get up out of the wheel chair, take off the dark blue spectacles and be on her way. But with the real Amelia Corning it's a gray horse of another color."

The lawyer unlocked the door of his private office, stood aside for Drake and Della Street to enter, then said, "All right, Paul. Now we've got to go to work. We've got fingerprints to check."

"We're going to have the deuce of a time," Drake said.

"How so?"

"Police have a lot of power," Drake pointed out. "They can go to the man who runs the We Rent M Car Company and tell him they want his fingerprints. They can go to Endicott Campbell and ask if he has any objections to giving them his fingerprints. Then they compare those prints with the ones in the car.

"We're in a different position. We've got a flock of lifts of fingerprints, and all we can do is to eliminate certain ones gradually and guess at the others. We don't have the power the police have."

"What about the man who took the prints? Will he turn in the photographs to the police?" Mason asked.

"Perhaps not for a day or two," Drake said. "It depends on when he learns the police are looking for them. There's really something weird about this case, Perry; and don't underestimate Endicott Campbell. There's one man who is a smooth operator."

Mason said, "I made a mistake there, Paul. I should have had you keep a couple of shadows on him."

"Naturally," Drake said.

"All right," Mason told him, "you get busy and find out everything you can. In the meantime, take these lifts of fingerprints and try to match them up."

"Suppose either Amelia Corning or Ken Lowry had been in that rented car," Drake said. "Suppose fingerprints are identified."

Mason thought for a moment, then slowly shook his head. "If either of them was in that car," he said, "we're licked."

Drake said, "Somehow I have a peculiar feeling in the pit of my stomach over this one, Perry."

"Well," Mason said, "you won't have any difficulty getting the fingerprints of Ken Lowry. He's at the morgue. Get somebody working on that right away."

"I already have," Drake said. "I instructed my office to get fingerprints as soon as the coroner had made them."

"How was the murder committed?"

"A jab into the heart—a single stab wound, evidently a stiletto letter opener."

"Where was the point of entrance, front or back?"

"Side," Drake said. "It evidently caught Ken Lowry completely by surprise. He was with someone he trusted."

"All right," Mason said. "You start working on those fingerprints."

"I can check on Lowry's fingerprints in a few minutes," Drake said. "Let me call my office. I'll have the prints sent here."

Drake called his office, and within thirty seconds his switchboard operator was at the door with the set of fingerprints, and Drake sat down at the desk. Mason got the lifts from his briefcase and handed them to Drake.

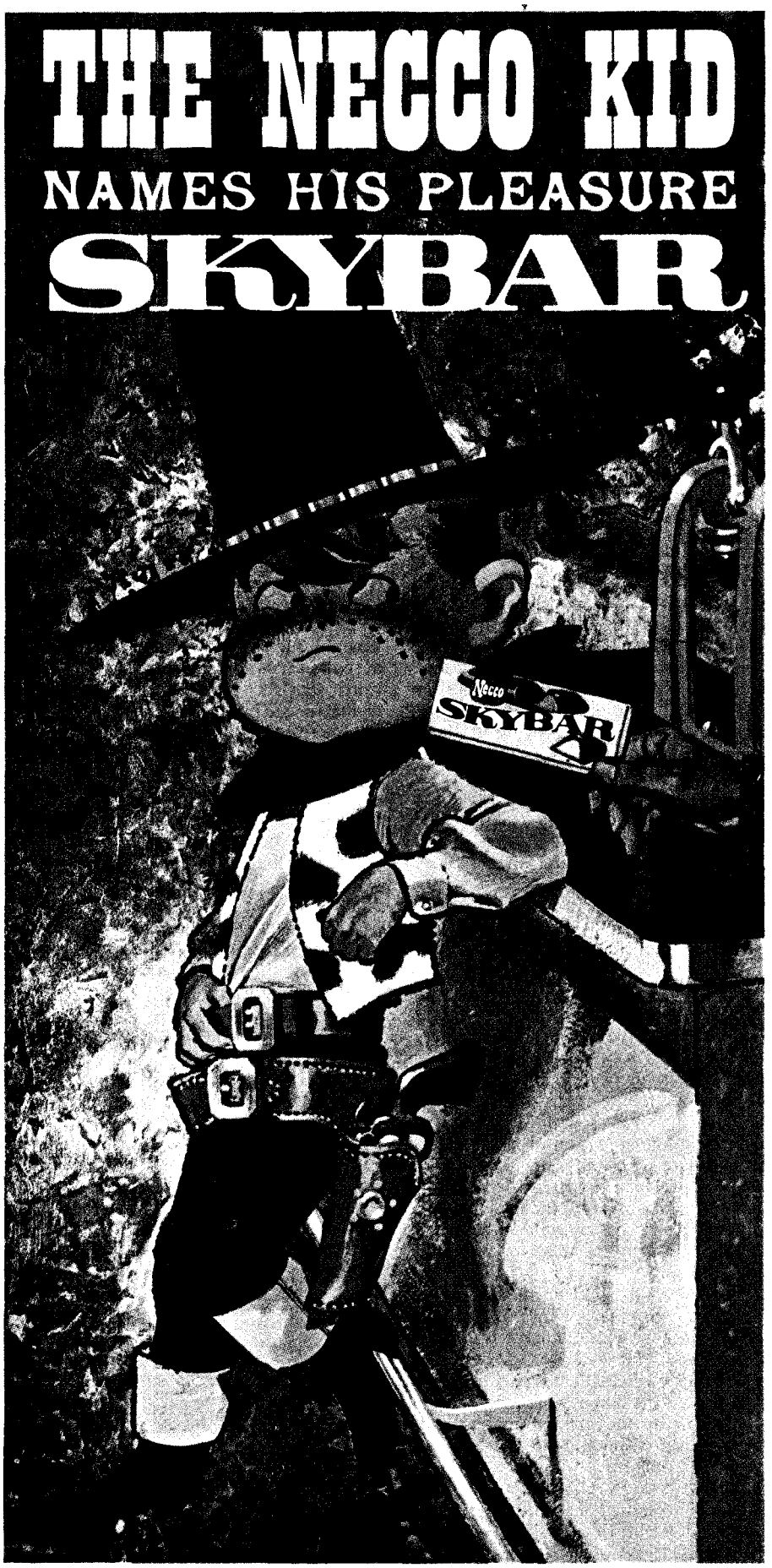
Drake sat there with a magnifying glass, examining first one lift and then the other against the ten fingerprints from the coroner's office.

Suddenly Drake looked up, an expression of dismay on his face. "Hold everything, Perry," he said.

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"This time you've done it. Lowry's print was one of those lifted from the car.

"If you notify Lieutenant Tragg that you have that print, you've given your client a one-way ticket to the gas chamber; and if you don't notify him, you've put yourself in the position of concealing vital evidence in a murder case."



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Mason thought the matter over for a minute, then said, "We'll do neither, Paul. Ring up your man who lifted the fingerprints. Tell him the car is figuring in a murder case and he should develop his photographs of the prints and take them to the police immediately."

"Without letting anyone know that you suggested he do so?"

"That's right."

"That makes you vulnerable on both flanks," Drake said. "The police have the information, and you don't have the credit of turning over the evidence to the police as a potential defense."

Mason nodded. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, Paul."

As Judge Burton Elmer entered the courtroom from chambers and stood for a moment while the bailiff proclaimed that court was in session, interested spectators noticed that Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, had seated himself at the right of his deputy, Harrison Flanders.

Word had spread around through the county offices like wildfire that this was one case where Perry Mason's client would be proved guilty. Her ultimate conviction was considered a certainty, and there was not the slightest question that she would be bound over to the Superior Court after the hearing in Judge Elmer's court.

Hamilton Burger's demeanor indicated the solemnity of one who is officiating at a trial which can only result in the death sentence.

"People versus Susan Fisher," Judge Elmer said.

"Ready for the People," Harrison Flanders said.

"Ready for the defendant," Mason announced.

Flanders proceeded with the deft skill of a veteran trial attorney to lay the foundation for the crime—the discovery of the body of Ken Lowry within a very short time after he had met his death, the introduction of maps and diagrams showing the exact location of the discovery, the identification of the body by a member of the family, the background of his employment by the Mojave Monarch Mining Company, the fact that this company was a subsidiary of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company.

When Flanders had finished with the last of the preliminary witnesses, he made a bold stroke. "Call Endicott Campbell to the stand," he said.

Endicott Campbell came forward, was sworn, gave his name, residence and his occupation as the general manager of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company.

"Did you know Kenneth Lowry, the decedent?" Flanders asked.

"I had met him briefly shortly before his death."

"Were you familiar with the Mojave Monarch Mining Company?"

"In a general way."

"What do you mean by that answer?"

"The company of which I am manager sent remittances to the Mojave Monarch Mining Company for the purpose of underwriting operations."

"Do you know how much money had been sent this subsidiary during the last year?"

"Yes, sir. Two hundred and seven thousand, five hundred and thirty-six dollars and eighty-five cents."

"That is reflected on the books of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company?"

"It is."

"Was there some unusual development in connection with this Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, which to save time I will refer to as the Corning Company?"

"There was."

"What?"

"Amelia Corning, the owner of some ninety per cent of the stock in the company, who has lived in South America for some years, was coming to this city for a personal inspection of the affairs of the company and the subsidiary companies."

"You're acquainted with the defendant?"

"Yes."

"She was in your employ?"

"That's right. For a period of something over eighteen months."

"What was her capacity?"

"She was employed as my assistant. She was more than a secretary. She cooperated with me in running the affairs of the company."

"On Saturday, the third of this month, did you have a telephone conversation with the defendant?"

"I most certainly did."

"What was the nature of the conversation? What did she say?"

"She told me that Miss Corning, who was not due until Monday, the fifth, had actually arrived unexpectedly on the third; that she, the defendant, had been trying to get hold of me, but had been unable to reach me."

"What else did she state?"

"She stated that my son, Carleton, aged seven, had been at the office with his governess, Miss Elizabeth Dow, and had shown her a shoe box which he had claimed belonged to me; that she had inspected the contents of this shoe box and found that it was apparently filled with one-hundred-dollar bills, representing a large sum of money; that she had placed this shoe box in the safe without counting the money."

"What else?"

"She further went on to tell me that Miss Corning had had her come to the airport and then she had taken Miss Corning to the hotel, following which Miss Corning had gone to the office and had spent some considerable time there going over the records and had removed some of the records from the office."

"All this was on Saturday, the third?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, did you subsequently ascertain whether or not this was true?"

"I ascertained that at least in part it was not true."

"What did you ascertain was not true?"

"My son did not give her any box or any other receptacle containing any money, and Miss Corning was not at the office. A woman who claimed to be Miss Corning did register at the hotel. I, of course, made arrangements to get in touch with the defendant immediately and to get in touch with this Miss Corning. The person who was posing as Miss Corning promptly disappeared, and the defendant showed up with Mr. Mason as her attorney."

"Now, then, shortly prior to this time, had you been in touch with Ken Lowry, the decedent?"

"I had and I got in touch with him again immediately after this incident."

"What did you do?"

"I drove to Mojave."

"And interviewed Mr. Lowry?"

"Yes."

"This, then, was the second time you had met him personally?"

"Yes. The first time was around noon on Saturday, the third. The second time was nearly one o'clock in the morning on the fourth. That second conference lasted about an hour."

"Was there some reason for not having met him prior to the third?"

"I had been particularly instructed to leave this company entirely in the hands of Mr. Lowry."

"Who gave you those instructions?"

"Miss Corning."

"How?"

"In a conference over long-distance telephone."

"Now, you sent some two hundred and seven thousand dollars from the Corning Company to the Mojave Monarch during the past year. Were there any returns from that company that you recall?"

"Not directly to the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, but I was advised by Miss Corning that a subsidiary company would make an accounting at the proper time."

"Now, when you saw Mr. Lowry, what did he tell you with reference to money which had been forwarded by him or what he had done with the money which had been sent him by the Corning Company?"

"Objected to," Mason said. "Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, not the best evidence, calling for hearsay and for a conversation not within the hearing of the defendant."

"If the court please," Flanders said, "this is part of the *res gestae*. This discloses the reason that Lowry was murdered. This was an official conversation between an employee of the company and the manager."

"I don't care how official it was," Mason said. "It wasn't binding on this defendant. Moreover, it is now quite apparent that Lowry wasn't in the employ of the Corning Company in any way. He was receiving money from the Corning Company, and quite apparently from the testimony he was doing something with it other than sending it to the Corning Company."

"That's exactly the point I want to prove," Flanders said.

"Prove it by competent evidence then," Mason snapped.

"I think the point is well taken," Judge Elmer said. "I suppose it's a matter of bookkeeping record, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact, it is not," Flanders said. "It is a peculiar situation, and it is because of this situation that Lowry was murdered. We can show by several persons what Lowry did with the money that was received."

"You can show what he *claimed* he did with it," Mason said, "but what he claimed isn't binding on this defendant."

"I think I will sustain the objection," Judge Elmer said.

"Very well," Flanders said and returned to the witness. "Did you have a subsequent conversation that day, the fourth, with Mr. Lowry, a conversation which took place after you left Mojave?"

"I did."

"What time was that conversation?"

"Around five o'clock in the afternoon. It was over the telephone."

"What did Mr. Lowry say?"

"He told me that Mr. Mason and his secretary ——"

"Now, just a minute," Mason said. "I wish to interpose an objection to that conversation as hearsay, as being incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial and no proper foundation laid. There is no indication that the defendant was present or that this conversation, in whole or in part, was ever relayed to the defendant."

"I am referring to a conversation which took place between the decedent and this witness," Flanders said, "relating to statements which were made by Mr. Mason as attorney for the defendant on trial here."

Judge Elmer shook his head. "Unless you can show that this conversation was communicated to the defendant, or that she was present or heard the conversation, the objection will be sustained."

"Very well," Flanders said. "Now, did you, Mr. Campbell, have any conversation with the defendant personally about this shoe box filled with money?"

"I most certainly did."

"Who was present at that conversation?"

"The defendant, Perry Mason, acting as her attorney, and Miss Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary."

"And what was said?"

"I told her that there was no shoe box filled with money in the safe at the office as she had advised me was the case."

"And what did she have to say with reference to that?"

"Nothing, except to insist that my seven-year-old son, Carleton, had given her a shoe box."

"And when did the defendant tell you the shoe box had been given to her?"

"She said that morning at the office Carleton,

(*Continued on Page 65*)

"Well, we can kiss this evening good-by."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When you find you're going around in circles, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

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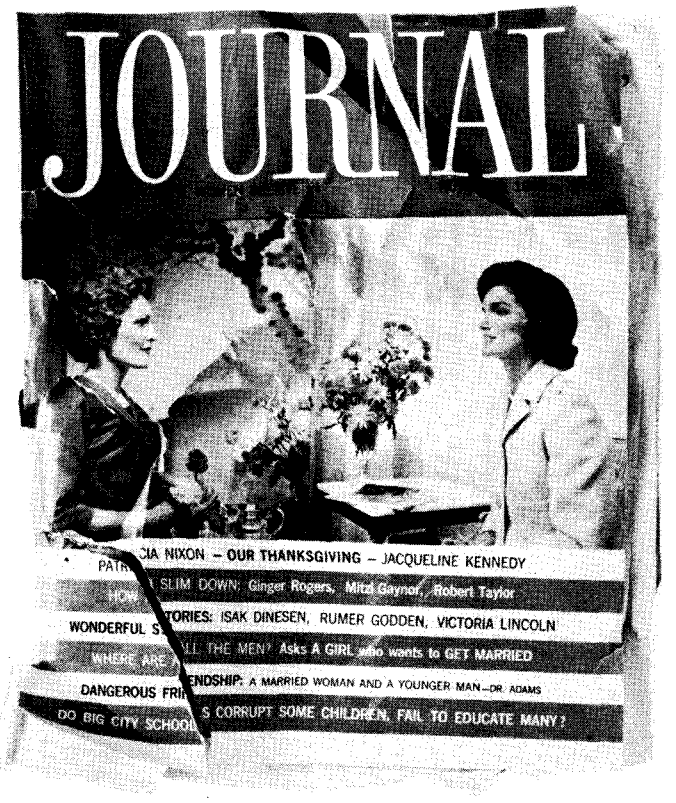
MRS. HERFORD CROSWELL'S COPY OF THE NOVEMBER 1960 LADIES' HOME JOURNAL IS IN SHOCKING CONDITION


JOURNAL
CIA NIXON – OUR THANKSGIVING – JACQUELINE KENNEDY
SLIM DOWN: Ginger Rogers, Mitzi Gaynor, Robert Taylor
TORIES: ISAK DINESEN, RUMER GODDEN, VICTORIA LINCOLN
WONDERFUL
ALL THE MEN? Asks A GIRL who wants to GET MARRIED
ENDSHIP: A MARRIED WOMAN AND A YOUNGER MAN—DR. ADAMS
DANGEROUS FRI
S CORRUPT SOME CHILDREN, FAIL TO EDUCATE MANY?
DO BIG CITY SCHOOL

Mrs. Croswell's months-old magazine will have to be banned from the coffee table . . . That's what comes from lending it to neighbors to read the Rumer Godden story . . . Someone filched 3 pages of recipes in the process . . . and Dr. Spock was kidnapped, too . . . Then there are the raspberry jam prints on page 77 and a bobby pin clipped to "Celebrity Slimdown" . . . Coupons clipped on pages 103 and 24 . . . Pages 20, 97, 105 vanished without a trace! Can it be that Mrs. Croswell and a lot of women like her just don't regard the Journal as a thing of beauty and symbol of prestige? Why else do they clip, cut, lend, love, tear and try until there's nothing left of the magazine but the ideas in their heads. Oh, one thing, Mrs. Croswell: Those advertisements you clipped and used were the kindest cuts of all!

When the Journal speaks–women listen

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(*Continued from Page 62*) accompanied by his governess, Elizabeth Dow, had delivered the shoe box to her; that she had inspected it and found that it was filled with hundred-dollar bills."

"Cross-examine," Flanders said.

"You went to the office before this conversation you had with us to search for that shoe box?" Mason asked.

"I did."

"Why?"

"Miss Fisher had told me that my son had given it to her and stated that it was mine. I certainly wanted to investigate."

"And you were unable to find any such shoe box in the safe?"

"That is right."

"You opened the safe to look?"

"Yes."

"Was anyone with you?"

"No."

Mason said, "Thank you, that's all for the moment."

"Call your next witness," Judge Elmer said.

"Call Elizabeth Dow," Flanders said.

Elizabeth Dow came striding flat-footed to the witness stand. She sat with immobile features as she awaited questions after giving her name, address and occupation.

"You are familiar with Carleton Campbell, the seven-year-old son of Endicott Campbell, the witness who has just testified?"

"Yes. I am his governess."

"Did you take him to the office of the Corning Mining Company on the morning of the third?"

"I did."

"Who was there?"

"Susan Fisher, the defendant."

"Was Carleton carrying anything when he came to the office?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"A shoe box."

"Do you know of your own knowledge what was in that shoe box?"

"I do."

"What was it?"

"A pair of black patent-leather dress shoes belonging to Mr. Endicott Campbell."

"How do you know what was in there?"

"There was some conversation before we left the house between Carleton and his father about a treasure box, and Carleton asked his father if he could trade treasures. Carleton thought he had his father's permission to take this shoe box."

"There was only the one box?"

"That's right, only the one box that Carleton took from the house."

"Now, how do you know what was in it?"

"After we were in the automobile, I took occasion to untie the box when Carleton was not looking. I wanted to find out just what was in it because naturally I felt in a way responsible."

"What was in it?"

"As I have stated, just a pair of shoes."

"That's all. You may inquire," Harrison Flanders said with a little bow to Perry Mason.

"You were driving the car at the time?" Mason asked.

"I was not driving the car," she said. "I was in the car behind the steering wheel. I started the car, then I asked Carleton where his coat was. He had forgotten and left it in the house. I told him to go and get it. While he was in the house getting the coat, I took occasion to untie the box."

"The box was tied up?"

"Yes."

"What was it tied with?"

"Some sort of a cord. I think it was a piece of fish line."

"And you looked inside the box?"

"I did."

"And then tied it up again?"

"Yes."

"And from there, where did you drive?"

"Directly to the office."

"Why did you go to the office?"

"I knew that the defendant intended to be there and I wanted to ask her to keep an eye on Carleton while I did some personal errands. I asked her to do that as a favor to me."

"And she consented?"

"Yes."

"Now, is there any chance that the shoe box could have been substituted at any time?"

"Not before we got to the office—no, sir. Carleton had that same shoe box with him and took it into the office."

"That's all," Mason said.

"Call Frank Golden," Flanders said.

Golden was sworn and gave his occupation as manager of a branch of the We Rent M Car Company.

"Directing your attention to Sunday, the fourth of this month, did you see the defendant?"

"I did."

"And did you complete any transaction with her?"

"Yes. I rented her one of our units, a car designated on our books as Car Number Nineteen, at six-thirty o'clock."

"And did she return it to you?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"Our records show that it was eight-fifteen."

"And that car was designated on your books as Car Number Nineteen?"

"Yes."

"Is there a number painted on that car?"

"There is. It is rather inconspicuous, but is has a painted figure of number nineteen."

"Later on that evening did you have occasion to rent that car to anyone else?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"To Mr. Perry Mason, the attorney for the defendant."

"What time was that?"

"Just before I was closing. Sometime around—oh, a few minutes before eleven. I put it on the books as ten-thirty because that's the official time of closing."

"When you saw the defendant, how was she dressed?"

"She was wearing a raincoat, a sweater, slacks and a man's hat—a broad-brimmed hat that was pulled down over her eyes."

"She showed you her driving license?"

"Yes. That's necessary in order to rent a car."

"And your records show the name on that driving license?"

"Yes, sir. The name of Susan Fisher, the defendant in this case."

"When did you finally get the car back again?"

"It was on the afternoon of the fifth. It was returned by the police. I was notified that the police had taken possession of the car."

"That's all. You may inquire," Flanders said.

"No questions."

"Call Myrton Abert," Flanders said.

Myrton Abert gave his address and occupation and testified that after midnight, Sunday, at an hour around twelve-thirty to one o'clock Monday morning, he had been called by Perry Mason and Paul Drake to take fingerprints from a car; that he had noted the license number of the car and also the number 19 painted in an inconspicuous place. He further testified that he had lifted a series of fingerprints and delivered them to Perry Mason; that he had stipulated, however, that in the event the car was concerned in any crime, he would make the information available to the police.

He said that he had taken photographs of the fingerprints; that those photographs had been turned over to the police; but that prior to the time they had been turned over to the police, the police had appeared with a set of fingerprints purporting to come from Ken Lowry, the decedent, and that one of those fingerprints—that of the right middle finger—coincided with a latent print which had been lifted from the automobile on the back of the rearview mirror; that the witness was a fingerprint-identification expert and had made the identification; that there could be no question but what this print had been made by the middle finger of the right hand of the decedent.

"Cross-examine," Flanders snapped.

"No questions," Mason said.

"Call Lieutenant Tragg," Flanders said.

Lieutenant Tragg took the stand and testified to receiving a phone call from Perry Mason, reporting the finding of a body at the place shown in the map indicating an area on Mulholland Drive. He said that he had first ordered a radio car to proceed to the place at once and see that the evidence was preserved. Then he himself, with a deputy coroner, a photographer and a technical expert, had gone to the place, and there they had found the body of Kenneth Lowry.

Tragg introduced various photographs and identified them.

"How long had the body been there? How long since death had taken place?"

"A very short time," Lieutenant Tragg said. "I will leave it to the autopsy surgeon to fix the exact time, but death had been quite recent."

"Now, then, did you, in the course of your examination, look for automobile tracks in the vicinity of the body?"

"I did."

"What did you find?"

"I found where a car had been driven over a rather faint roadway leading into the place where the body was found. I carefully traced the tracks of that car and made a *moulage* showing the tracks. I was able to get good tracks of all four of the tires on the car. They had rather distinctive treads."

"Did you subsequently find an automobile equipped with tires which matched the *moulage?*"

"Yes, sir."

"What automobile was it?"

"Automobile Number Nineteen, owned by the We Rent M Car Company. I found this automobile parked in the parking lot of Mr. Mason's office building, and Mr. Mason admitted to me that the car had been placed there by him, that he had rented it the night before from the car-rental company."

"You may inquire," Flanders said.

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Lieutenant, when did you find these tracks?"

"The night we discovered the body."

"How long after you discovered the body?"

"Only a few minutes—while you, I believe, were waiting at the service station."

"That's all," Mason said.

Flanders called Sophia Elliott to the stand. Sophia Elliott testified that she was the sister of Miss Corning, that she had traveled from South America, that she had gone to the suite of her sister at the Arthenium Hotel and that, when she reached the suite, she found the door open and found it occupied by Perry Mason and his secretary; that after some talk, she had suggested that Mr. Mason and his secretary leave and they would be notified in the event Miss Corning wanted to see them.

The man who operated the freight elevator testified to receiving twenty dollars for the purpose of smuggling Miss Corning out of the building.

Then came Harrison Flanders' surprise witness. "I will call Carlotta Ames Jackson."

Mrs. Jackson proved to be a rather snippy, needle-nosed, nervous individual who quite evidently enjoyed the attention she had attracted.

"Where were you on the night of Sunday, the fourth of this month?" Flanders inquired.

"I was in the alley, back of the freight entrance of the Arthenium Hotel."

"How did you happen to be there?"

"I work in the hotel. I am a chambermaid. I come out of the back entrance and walk down the alley every night when I get off work."

"Did you notice anything unusual this night?"

"Yes."

"Describe it, please."

"I saw a woman in a wheel chair there in the alley. There is no sidewalk in the

"I'd like to hear more about the retirement plan."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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alley, and this woman had her wheel chair right against the wall."

"Did you speak to her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because a car turned into the alley, drove on past me and stopped right beside this woman. The driver of the car got out, helped the woman into the car, the wheel chair was folded up and put in the car, and the driver got back into the car and drove away."

"Did you see the driver of the car?"

"Yes. It was a woman."

"Can you describe her?"

"She was wearing a raincoat, a sweater, slacks and a man's hat which was pulled down over the eyes."

"Did you at any time see this woman's face?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever seen that woman before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"Yes. At the police station."

"Who showed her to you?"

"There was a line-up of five women. I picked this woman out of the line-up."

"And who was this woman, if you know?"

"The defendant, the woman sitting there, Susan Fisher."

Susan Fisher gasped with horrified dismay.

"Did you have an opportunity to observe the make of the automobile?"

"Indeed I did."

"Have you seen that automobile since?"

"Yes. I subsequently identified it at the We Rent M Car Company. It had the number nineteen painted on it to designate it."

"You may inquire," Flanders said with exaggerated courtesy to Perry Mason.

Mason arose to face the witness. "Did you get the license number of this automobile at the time you first saw it?"

"I thought I did."

"Did you write it down on anything?"

"No."

"You trusted to memory?"

"Yes, and I forgot it. By the time I was told that what I had seen might be of great importance in a murder case, I found I couldn't recall the license number."

"Did you see the number nineteen on this car at the time it drove in the alley?"

"No."

"It was dark at the time?"

"It was dark."

"Were you standing near the car?"

"Within about twenty feet."

"You kept on walking?"

"No, I stood still."

"Couldn't you have seen better if you had been nearer?"

"Perhaps."

"Then why didn't you keep on walking?"

"I—well, I just wanted to see what was going on, that's all."

"You say that you identified the defendant in a line-up."

"Yes."

"Had you ever seen her before the line-up?"

"That time in the alley."

"Never before that?"

"Well, I had a glimpse of her when she was being escorted into the show-up room."

"Had you seen her picture prior to that time?"

"Yes. Police had shown me her picture and asked if that was the young woman I saw."

"And you told them it was?"

"I told them I—well, I told them I thought it was."

"Did you first tell them that you couldn't be sure?"

"Well, of course. A body can't take a look at a picture and ——"

"I'm asking you," Mason said, "if you first told them you couldn't be sure."

"Yes."

"Did you first tell them you didn't think that was the girl?"

"Well, I may have."

"But after you saw her in the line-up, after the police had first let you get what you call a glimpse of her, you were positive?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the number nineteen painted on the car at the time you saw it in the alley?"

"No, that was later."

"And how did you identify the car?"

"By its general appearance."

"That car was one of a popular make of automobile?"

"Yes."

"There are thousands and thousands of those cars of that same make and model, identical in appearance in every way, on the streets of Los Angeles."

"Well, I don't know about thousands and thousands, but—well, anyway, I'm satisfied now it was the same car."

"*You're* satisfied," Mason said. "How many conversations have you had with the police?"

"Oh, several."

"And with the district attorney's office?"

"Several."

"As many as ten with the police?"

"I guess so."

"As many as ten with the district attorney's?"

"No, only about five with the district attorney's."

"Now, let's see," Mason said. "As I understand it, you weren't quite so positive at the time the police first interrogated you, but with the passing of time you became more positive. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"You weren't positive the first time you were interrogated?"

"Well—no, I don't suppose I was. I told them I wasn't entirely sure. I had to keep thinking of it, and a little more would come back to me each time I'd think of it."

"So with each conversation you had with the officers you became more positive?"

"Yes."

"So you weren't quite as positive at the time of the ninth conversation as you were at the time of the tenth, or as you are now."

Hamilton Burger arose. "Your honor," he said, "that is browbeating the witness. That's pettifogging. That's not legitimate cross-examination. That's not what she said at all."

"That is exactly what she said," Mason retorted. "She said she was more positive with each conversation and she had at least ten conversations. Therefore it follows that she wasn't as positive at the time of the ninth conversation as she was at the time of the tenth."

"I think I will overrule the objection," Judge Elmer said, smiling.

Hamilton Burger slowly sat down.

"Now that the district attorney's objection has warned you of the trap, can you answer the question?" Mason asked. "*Were* you less positive at the time of the ninth conversation than you are now?"

"Well, that isn't the way I meant it."

"Never mind what you meant," Mason asked. "I'm asking you a question. Answer it yes or no."

"No. I was positive at the time of the ninth conversation."

"Then why did you have the tenth?"

"I don't know."

"And why did you say you were more positive at the time of each succeeding conversation?"

"Well, I wasn't referring particularly to the time between the ninth and the tenth."

"All right, we'll go back to the eighth time," Mason said. "Were you more positive at the time of the tenth conversation than you were at the time of the eighth conversation?"

"Yes," the witness snapped angrily.

"And more positive at the time of the seventh than you were at the sixth?"

"Yes."

"And more positive at the fifth than you were at the time of the fourth?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

Judge Elmer looked at the clock. "It is a few minutes after the hour of the noon adjournment," he said. "Does the prosecution anticipate there will be much more evidence?"

"No, your honor," Hamilton Burger said.

"Court will adjourn until two o'clock this afternoon," Judge Elmer said. "I have a brief matter which I am taking up at one-thirty, but I expect it will be concluded by two o'clock, so that we can continue with this case. Court is adjourned, and the defendant is remanded to custody."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Unfinished Business

By Elizabeth Landeweer

In view of those good-bys that
I have spoken,
I must admit that things come
to an end,
That time decays, that all ties
can be broken,
And dreams can disappear
around a bend.
But, like a lamp that centers
our existence
And sheds its light through
some eternal door,
Your love and mine, with all
its old persistence,
Burns at the wick as brightly as
before.
Ridiculous, to think its spark
and splendor
Could vanish at the flutter of a
breath,
Or that we two, forever fond
and tender,
Will not join hands and have
the laugh on death,
And go on loving somewhere
undiminished,
With everything between us still
unfinished.

Citizen of New Salem (Continued from Page 21)

and summer behind the dam, boys and men caught bass, catfish and suckers.

As they saw him in his first summer, while he waited for Offutt to come with the stock for the new store, the flatboatman stood up high in any gathering, for he was already six feet four inches tall, and had been so since his seventeenth year. His clothes made him look even taller, for his breeches—jeans or buckskins—never reached his shoes by six inches, and his shirt sleeves—tow linen or brown-and-white checked cotton—hardly touched his wrists, which were as hard-fibered as a thick walnut branch. His hair was thick and dark, coarsely combed, perhaps by one of his huge hands, perhaps in search of some elusive thought. In his wide-boned face his eyes were set deep in shadow under his strong brows. Bone and long muscle showed frankly everywhere in his frame. He considered himself overly plain, and he seemed conscious of all that he lacked in knowledge, presence and talent.

A child of the backwoods, he had always held himself less worthy than most. A youth his age saw him in boyhood as "the shyest, most reticent, most uncouth and awkward-appearing, homeliest, and worst-dressed of any in the entire crowd." One day he was bullied by a boy larger than he was and turned to and thrashed him. Thereafter, proved by his physical strength, he was "secured by his prowess." It was not enough. There were other ways to advance. Perhaps he might learn something of these in New Salem village, where he waited for Offutt and the merchandise and the opening of the store in a ten-dollar cabin near the bluff and the start of his career as a merchant clerk.

The flatboatman had his first chance to meet people in a crowd on August 1, 1831, when an election was held in New Salem. Citizens gathered. He voted for the first time, speaking out his vote, like the others, to the poll clerks who sat at a table. Such a day was given over to politics and pleasure. Men and boys showed what they could do in wrestling matches, fist fights—with the crowd as referee—and gander pulls. A potent whisky called Monongahela went around, and rumlike spirits known as tafia, and the stunts grew wilder.

The flatboatman hungered to please. He could wrestle. When anybody would listen, he could tell a joke or speak a comic poem or imitate an Irishman, a Dutchman or a Negro, which he could do "perfectly," as T. G. Onstot, the cooper's son, said, adding that "in the role of storytelling I never knew his equal." If to be liked he had to live down his disadvantages, the flatboatman set out to entertain. Caleb Carman at first decided he was "a Green horn," and then he added, "tho after half hour's Conversation with him I found Him no Green Horn."

It was a trial to be idle. Most men brought their own trades with them to New Salem and set themselves up to do work for which to be paid in barter or hard money. The flatboatman, waiting for his employer, could only hang around the village and try to make friends, watching for (*Continued on Page 69*)

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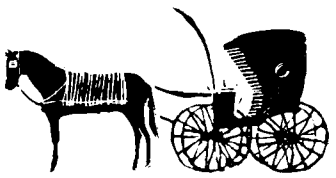


"On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largess that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the population; for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky."

E. B. WHITE

"What matters is that a great many American men somehow met a final test here,and passed it, and left word that life is the real problem, not death; death happens to everybody, and the men who ran away to safety here at Shiloh and lived out long lives are under the ground now, no better off than the men who refused to run and took a lead slug in the brain, or a jagged hunk of shell fragment in the belly, and died of it under the broken trees. Death is nothing, perhaps, and Shiloh Park is the monument to it."

BRUCE CATTON

"Everyone knows how upsetting it is for two women to meet at a party wearing exactly the same dress. At a recent gathering I saw three elegant ladies glaring at each other: they were wearing the same nose. All three had gone to a famous plastic surgeon, and the model they had chosen was the same puglike, catlike, flat little thing with plenty of nostrils—it is particularly fashionable this year."

ROMAIN GARY

"To be at your ease in polite Roman society, you must have, like diplomats, an iron seat and, like royalty, an infinite capacity for not wanting to go to the bathroom."

AUBREY MENEN

"This earth of Africa is old, old in all senses and dimensions of the word; old in the conscious measure of man; older in the light of myth and symbol. So old indeed is this Africa that comparisons are not merely odious but pointless, and yet they must be made to bring the matter nearer to comprehension, if only because no other single factor has contributed as much to the unique character of Africa as this incredible oldness of African earth."

LAURENS VAN DER POST

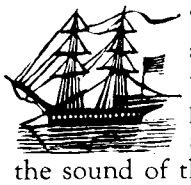
QUOTES *from* HOLIDAY

"As for the aspiring actors, I will not pretend to hunt for an answer, because I know it. It is simply that there are always certain persons who are born without all their marbles. Even so, the full-blown actors are merely the completed types of the secret actors who are called producers, backers, directors, yes, and playwrights. The rest of us would have been actors had we had the talent, or a left and right foot instead of two left ones, or straight teeth, or self-assurance. The actor himself is the lunacy in full profusion –the lunacy which in the others is partially concealed."

ARTHUR MILLER

"Years ago, in Lindy's, on Broadway, a customer asked a waiter standing nearby: "What time is it?" "I don't know," the waiter said. "This isn't my table."

ROBERT SYLVESTER



"You lie in your bunk, smoking a cigarette and listening to the radio—a symphony concert, maybe — and in the background is the sound of the wind in the rigging, the plunging roar of water being thrown back from the bows, the hiss of it along the outer skin of the boat, close beside your ear . . . sounds of travel, a concert of movement that fills you with that ineffable joy of going somewhere."

HAMMOND INNES

"You start at a café table because everything in Paris starts at a café table. You are waiting for the girl you love. She is young and American and perfect. She has straight legs and an enormous appetite and solid low-heeled shoes and she likes to walk and she has just arrived in the city for the first time in her life and she likes to listen to you talk and she is imaginary. She is late, of course, because you have been so conditioned by the women you have known that even the ones you invent can't meet you on time. You have invented her because you have been day-dreaming; you have been playing with the idea of pleasure and it has occurred to you that there could be few things more pleasurable in this sad world than to roam Paris for a day hand-in-hand with such a girl."

IRWIN SHAW

"McGraw, on the other hand, was already infamous when he came to the Giants as manager. He had been the loudest, rowdiest, most hated member of the rowdy, hated Baltimore Orioles—a little third baseman with a face like a fist, a foul tongue and a reputation for swinging at umpires. He would do anything to win, even if it meant hooking his fingers through the belt of a base runner who was breaking for home after a fly to the outfield. McGraw didn't change as a manager. He cursed, stormed, split umpires' lips and fought everyone—fans, managers, his front office, league presidents, rival players and his own players—with only one object in mind: winning."

ROGER ANGELL

Holiday is becoming increasingly well-known for the depth and breadth and sheer quality of the writing that appears in its pages. Here is a sampling, a mosaic of quotes that we hope will suggest why Holiday is a rewarding experience each month for some 900,000 exceptional families and for the advertisers who serve them so exceptionally well.

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

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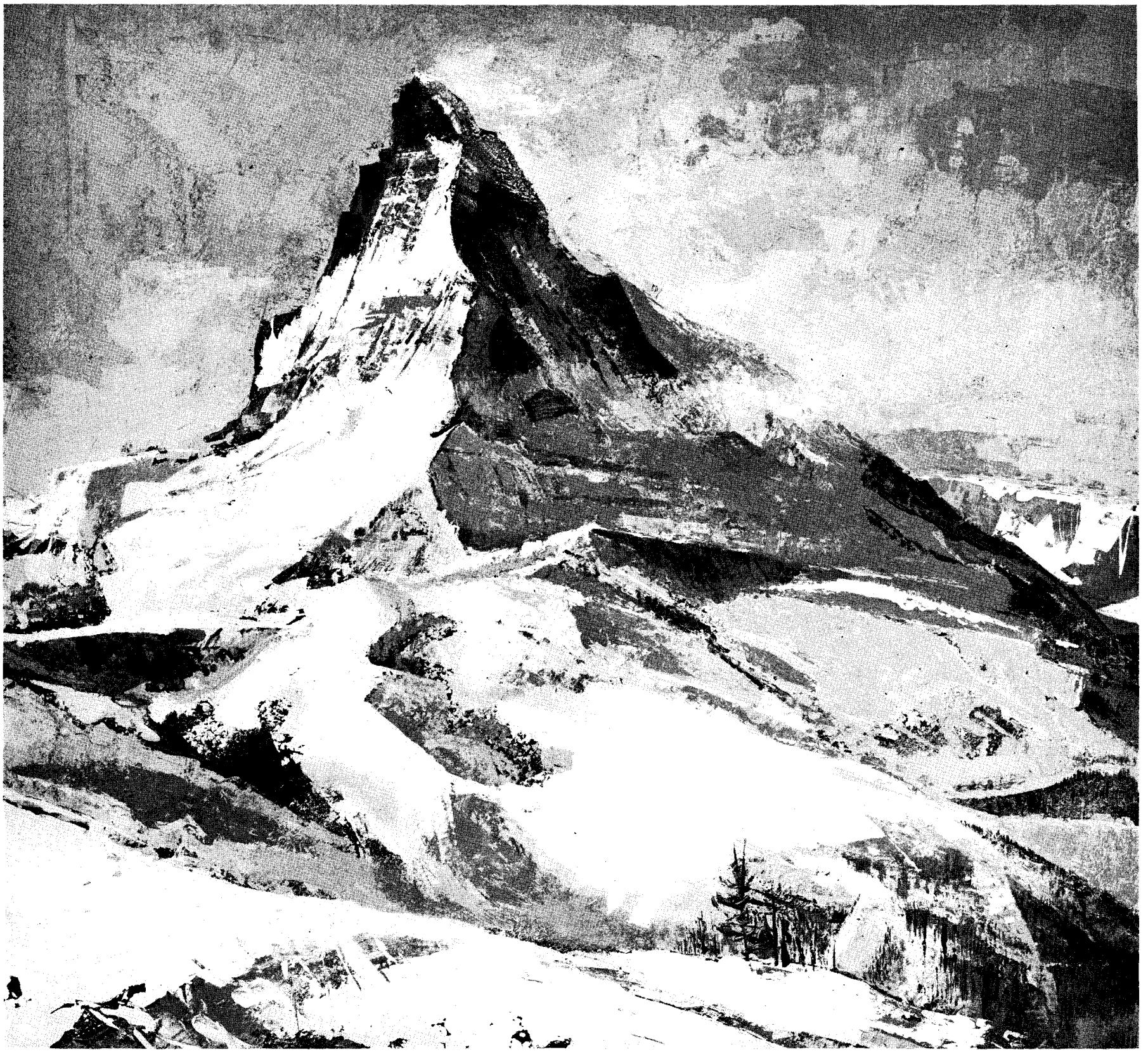

WITHOUT THE MATTERHORN . . . the Alps would be just another mountain range. ¶ No less important, really. And only slightly less stirring. Yet somehow uncrowned. ¶ What's so special about the Matterhorn —Olympian proportions? Perhaps, but since when did influence ever depend on size! There's more to influence than size . . . some special quality that quickens the blood or seizes the imagination or turns indifference into enthusiasm and involvement. ¶ The sort of thing The Saturday Evening Post excites in its readers. For here's a magazine that stands out among the rest . . . offers people a view out over the world from a recognizable vantage point . . . spins a yarn that doesn't leave you dangling . . . informs by looking *up* to its readers and takes time for a laugh or a joke along the way. And manages this without endlessly scaling down for lookers and lip-movers. ¶ The Post is designed for people who like to read. For spirited men and women who have graduated from the safe, easy slopes to new levels in search of broader vistas and fresher air. ¶ In steadily increasing numbers they turn to and *re*-turn to America's Influential Family Magazine. Why? Simply because there's no other magazine quite like—**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

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(*Continued from Page 66*) odd jobs. He earned a little pay for piloting a raft from New Salem to Beardstown on the Illinois River. From Beardstown the pilot walked back some seventy miles to New Salem.

The village houses were made of logs—white oak, black walnut or linn—chinked with native clay. The floors were laid with unplaned planks. On such a house the roof was pitched and covered with clapboards, or shingles called "shakes." One end wall was almost wholly taken by a fireplace either of stone or locally made brick or wood chinked with clay—which on a windy day might catch fire. Windows were set in south or east walls. If a cabin had no window, the doorway supplied light and air, and these were regulated by a flap of untanned deerhide or rag carpet in a hinged frame set in the door.

The interior of the house was dark even in daytime, for the windows were small, trees arched close overhead and the raw logs of the walls weathered with time to a shadowy ash gray. In winter and summer alike fire was kept up in the great hearth. Such a cabin was crowded, as the flatboatman saw any time he was asked in. The furniture was strong, plain and sometimes beautiful. In a corner was a double bed, dressed with a home-woven coverlet. Trundle beds beneath it fitted the children. Rush-seat chairs and a chest of drawers and a corner cupboard and a spinning wheel stood primly out of the way. For a piece of elegance, if it could be had, the family showed a Boston rocker or a Connecticut clock. Beside the hearth was a box for firewood; near the mantel hung tongs, spurs, a bootjack, a candle mold; and over the door and along the walls hung rifles and shotguns on wooden pegs or antlers. Outside, near the door, was a great woodpile, which dwindled as winter passed.

In back of the cabin was a wooden hopper for leaching wood ashes to yield lye, which went into soap. All about the house grew a garden of wheat, cotton, oats and corn, with a tobacco patch beyond. Sheep belonging to the family grazed in the grass between house and wood. Open to the summer day, the house was a haven of shade and cool; shut to the winter night, a firelit stronghold against the dangers of wilderness and ice. In it the flatboatman saw his present view of home.

Referring to Denton Offutt, he wrote later that he *contracted with him to act as clerk for him . . . in charge of a store and Mill at New Salem. . . .*

By September second Offutt was back, paying ten dollars for lot No. 14 in the village, there to build a store. It was quickly built, and the new clerk went to work. He had someone to help him in the store, "Slicky Bill" Greene, who was nineteen. They had a varied stock of goods to handle. Some of it was imported—dry goods, certain seeds, tools, firearms, ammunition, saddles and fancy liquors. The rest was homemade or gathered about the prairie—cheese, butter, bacon, lard, tallow, hides, furs, mittens, beeswax, hops, vegetables, ox yokes and raw liquor from a "little still house up at the head of a hollow."

The store clerk, in his mild, considering way, seemed eager to learn any lesson in the busy life all about him. Primitive in aspect, the village in its variety of persons held several of education, grace and culture. Here was modest opportunity to reach for values of mind and grace. The store clerk, in his own way and time, began to do so.

But first, as a newcomer who hoped to remain, he had to prove himself against the roughest strain of life. On the prairie near New Salem was a small settlement at Clary's Grove. The "Clary's Grove Boys" paid their respects to newcomers, and the clerk would have his turn. He knew their sort. They ruled in the backwoods with petty terror, hazing drunkards, putting stones or burrs under the saddles of unsuspecting riders, cropping manes and tails of horses. The Clary's Grove Boys felt free to attack by night the property of anyone who might displease them. The leader was Jack Armstrong. He believed he must take the measure of the new clerk. What he got was his own instead.

Jack issued a challenge to wrestle, since no one had ever thrown him. The clerk took him on. They were both good men, in the physical value of the Clary's Grove Boys. It was hard to believe and accept, but the store clerk wrestled Jack to a draw. They shook hands when they gave up. Jack made it clear to his boys that the clerk from now on was in good standing, even though he could read and didn't drink or cuss or indulge in hazing weaker creatures. The clerk, in fact, found himself in a position of leadership, and though he never interfered with the dissipations of the boys, he would, on occasion, bring them to be more merciful than they intended to be. Boxing and wrestling he approved, but if a fist fight flared up out of anger, "Let's stop it," he would say; and they would.

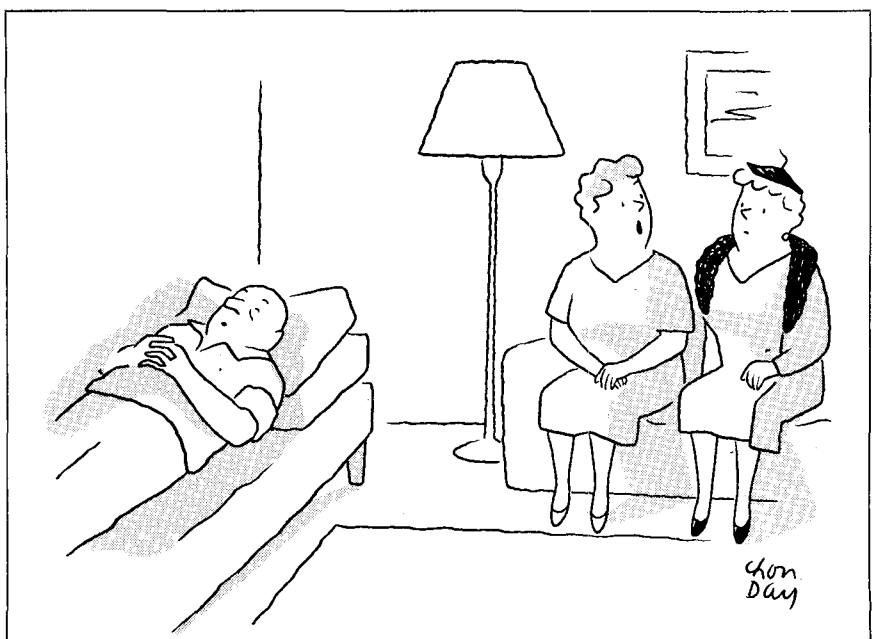
The store clerk saw entertainments for play and work and worship. A dance followed every gathering. The furniture was hauled outdoors or, if the house had enough room, was pushed to the walls, and to the sound of accordion, guitar or fiddle and clapped hands, the gaunt and formal gaieties of figured dances rocked the puncheon floors into the dawn. A feast would follow, made by the craft of men as hunters and women as cooks. Jugs of Monongahela and tafia went around—the company drank hard. Some guests came from a distance and needn't think of going back in the dark.

For hospitality was cousin to hardship, and the one-room log house met all occasions. The cooper's son wrote of it: "At mealtimes it was all kitchen. On rainy days when the neighbors came there to relate their exploits, how many deer and turkey they had killed, it was all sitting room. On Sunday when the young men all dressed up in their jeans, and the young ladies in their best bow dresses, it was all parlor. At night it was all bedroom." And if guests stayed overnight, after the party was over, the bedding was spread on the floor for all to share. They lay down with their feet toward the fire, which was kept up all night. Family and visitors slept together, and nobody felt "consciousness of impropriety or indelicacy," a citizen declared. If, in the morning, a raw-potato poultice for a whisky headache should be needed, any housewife could provide it.

Medical care was largely homemade, though Doctor Allen, the Vermonter, might be at hand with his Dartmouth learning. Wives treated cold and sore throat with a piece of peppered fat meat fastened about the neck. If an eruptive disease was slow to break out, they fed a dose of "nanny tea," which was compounded of sheep dung. They gave other remedies made from brimstone, sulphur, tobacco juice; bitters derived from roots and barks; and scrapings from pewter spoons. The ague was so common that people would say of a victim that he wasn't sick, he only had "the ager." If Doctor Allen was called, he sometimes had to accept lard, bacon or dressed hogs in payment of his bill. These he sold at Beardstown or St. Louis.

The store clerk boarded out with various families, walking to their homes for his meals—the Herndons, the Millers, the Kelsos. At night he slept in the store, and so did Slicky Bill. Their employer presently rented the mill on the river from Camron and Rutledge, and there, too, he set the store clerk to work, unloading, measuring and trading for sacks of grain brought in by farmers off the prairie. In mill or store he did his work with good humor, adding many a tall story or memorized joke to his exchanges with customers. His rectitude was proverbial. Once, waiting on a woman, he gave her the wrong change, keeping six and a quarter cents too much. At the day's end, checking over his accounts, he discovered his mistake. He had left a four-ounce weight on the scales while weighing out tea. It was an error to be undone by walking six miles with a refund before taking his ease for the night.

In his first winter in town he joined the New Salem Debating Society. The members stirred with anticipated fun when he got up to speak, for his jokes were famous. After the meeting the president of the Society declared that "there was more than wit and fun" in the store clerk's head. "He was already a fine speaker . . . all he lacked was culture." It was a view in which the clerk shared, sometimes hopelessly. But in the following spring, in Offutt's store, using what spare moments he had, he thought he would study grammar. A little while later he had all the time he wanted for study, when Offutt's enterprises failed. Offutt left town. The clerk was at loose ends. He could find no steady work.



"He's had a bad back ever since he carried me over the threshold."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But despite his sober view of his own shortcomings and disadvantages, something stirred deep within him and moved him to give form to a fantastic hope.

In the weeks of February and March he devoted himself to writing a long and earnest statement which he published in the issue of the *Sangamo Journal* for March 15, 1832, announcing his candidacy for the office of assemblyman in the forthcoming session of the Illinois state legislature.

Like other frontier settlements, New Salem and its vicinity felt the stir of the future. Optimists spoke of raising money to build a railroad for Sangamo County, declaring that improved transportation was the key to future growth. The store clerk agreed about transportation, but as for the railroad, "there is always a heart-appalling shock," he wrote, "accompanying the account of its cost, which forces us to shrink from our pleasing anticipation." He proposed another measure: "The improvement of Sangamo River is an object much better suited to our infant resources."

He knew the river well—the flatboat, the dam, his work in the mill.

"These circumstances," stated the candidate, "are sufficient evidence, that I have not been very inattentive to the stages of the water," and that therefore his "calculations with regard to the Sangamo, cannot be unfounded in reason."

It was clear from his style that he had been reading the English rhetoricians of the late eighteenth century and in their symmetries of construction he set forth his plan for the river. Though the river had its natural advantages, its course could never be "practically useful to any great extent, without being greatly improved by art." The whole river, he recalled, was clogged by drifted timber, and the last thirty-five miles were the worst, where the channel meandered tortuously. Drifting timber could not pass the bends. Navigation was impossible.

But why not straighten the course "by removing the turf a sufficient width" in a straight line through flat and treeless prairie land, and "damming up the old channel?" The river would "in a short time wash its way through" the new channel, "thereby curtailing the distance, and increasing the velocity of the current very considerably, while there would be no timber upon the banks to obstruct its navigation in the future." There are also, continued the candidate, "many places above this where the river, in its zigzag course, forms such complete peninsulas, as to be easier cut through at the necks than to remove the obstructions from the bends—which if done would also lessen the distance." He could not say what his measure might cost, but surely it could cost no more than was "common to streams of the same length."

In any case, he believed that "the improvement of the Sangamo River, to be vastly important and highly desirable to the people of the county; and if elected," he declared, "any measure in the legislature having this for its object, which may appear judicious, will merit my approbation, and shall receive my support." By the light of day under a tree, of a wick at night, the jobless candidate, with no place to sleep but the loft of somebody's house, set down words meant to sound again in the high chambers of government.

The steamboat surely meant the fortune of Sangamo County. It was immense news, and the candidate heard it with all others that Capt. Vincent Bogue, of Springfield, intended to bring the steamboat *Talisman* through the rivers from Cincinnati to Beardstown, New Salem and Springfield in March and

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April, 1832. Captain Bogue knew the Sangamon was cluttered with floating timber and overhanging branches. He sent word asking for men and boys to sweep the channel ahead of him. They were to bring long-handled axes and report to him at Beardstown. The candidate joined those who responded in high spirits.

The *Talisman* was described as a "splendid, upper-deck cabin steamer," of 150 tons, 136 feet long, with a forty-eight-foot beam. Everyone turned out to see if the river could take her. Along the banks men and boys, some mounted, others afoot, most of them seeing their first steamboat, cheered and whistled her on her course. The ax crew worked at snags and overhangs, and high water got her safely past the dam at New Salem. She went on upstream to tie up at Portland Landing, five miles from Springfield.

A public reception and dance followed at the Springfield courthouse. The future had arrived. Captain Bogue had brought it. But meanwhile the river was changing—the spring freshet had passed, and the Sangamon within a week began to fall to its ordinary low water. The *Talisman* must sail if she would complete her round trip. The candidate was hired as assistant pilot to help Rowan Herndon get her back to Beardstown.

Making about four miles a day, the ship came to New Salem, and was halted by the milldam, which in low water was an impassable obstacle. The *Talisman* hung on the dam crest. The dam must be removed. The *Talisman* backed off, threw out her anchor, and her crew tore away enough of the dam to let her pass. Raising steam, she sailed across on the first try and proceeded to Beardstown, leaving behind her instead of proof of a prosperous future a bitter disillusionment.

The candidate and his pilot were each paid forty dollars, and both walked back to New Salem. The *Talisman* sailed on to St. Louis and a few months later went up in flames at her mooring.

When the Black Hawk War of 1832 broke out, wrote the candidate, he . . . *joined a volunteer Company, and to his own surprise, was elected Captain of it—He says he has not still had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction.* . . .

"Go to the devil, sir!" said the first soldier of New Salem to whom the captain gave an order.

It was one of the Clary's Grove Boys, whose members made up a great part of the company. Despite their free speaking, they followed the captain loyally. The war was a three-month campaign in pursuit of Chief Black Hawk who with 500 warriors came eastward across the Mississippi in search of food. In doing so he violated a treaty of a year before. So many Indians on the rove seemed like a threat to settlers. A thousand mounted volunteers joined with regular troops to chase Black Hawk away again.

It was, for the captain's company, a war of march and bivouac, without sight of the enemy at any time. The poet and editor, William Cullen Bryant, seeking out the front for a glimpse of action, reported how settlers complained that the soldiers "made war upon pigs and chickens." He met the captain and found much of interest in this "raw youth," with his "quaint and pleasant talk." One of his soldiers remembered his "freedom without familiarity" and his "courtesy without condescension."

Easy with his men, he could prevail when he was firm. One day he heard a commotion in camp and went to investigate. He found a throng of angry soldiers clustered around an old Indian who had wandered into the bivouac. He was a spy, they declared, and they would kill him. The old man pulled from his shirt a letter signed by Gen. Lewis Cass commending him to white citizens for his good and faithful service to settlers in the past. "Make an example of him," cried the soldiers. "The letter is a forgery, and he is a spy."

They heard another voice. "It must not be done," said the captain, coming between his men and their victim. The captain's face, as someone said, was "swarthy with resolution and rage." He freed the old Indian to go safely on his way.

By woods and river the campaign proceeded, and the captain's enlistment of thirty days ran out.

"I was out of work," he said to a friend long later, "and there being no danger of more fighting, I could do nothing better than enlist again"—this time for twenty days. Another period of thirty-day service took him to mid-July. In his re-enlistments the captain lost his rank and served as a private, like other officers who signed up again after their first hitch.

The war would end in August with the surrender of Black Hawk. It was an election summer, and soldiers soon returning home talked politics. The ex-captain was still an announced candidate, and the army was a good place to find votes. The Clary's Grove Boys were all for him, and so were many others. Once his willingness was known, "The mess," said one of his companions, "pitched on him as our standard-bearer, and he accepted."

He was mustered out with the rest of Captain Early's company on July tenth, and the march homeward began. The ex-captain had to walk much of the way, for his horse had been stolen the night before. The company was disbanded at Peoria. With a messmate, he bought a canoe and started down the Illinois River. The water was low and they hardly made "half the speed of legs on land," said the messmate. At Havana, Illinois, they sold the canoe and set out walking home to New Salem.

Returning from the campaign, noted the candidate, *and encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbors, he, the same year, ran for the Legislature.* . . .

He had less than three weeks' time to campaign for office. Backwoods citizens gathered to hear the candidates in clearings, where forest trees had been cut down to make an open-air hall. A candidate to be heard jumped up on a tree stump and made his speech—a "stump speech." The ex-captain, now campaigning as a politician, had practiced for it all his life. Even as a youngster, said a playmate, he "would frequently make political speeches to the boys." Though he could have talked only a boy's idea of high-toned argument, he was "always calm, logical and clear."

Now he bore inwardly an image of himself which was different from the one that had come with him to New Salem. A friend said that he had "great individuality which he never sank in the mob. His individuality stood out from the mass of men like a stone cliff over the plains below." If he loomed up naturally because of his physical tallness, he seemed to match it with some tallness of spirit that stood forth on its own account.

Going off to make his first campaign speech, he found an audience already gathered for a public sale at Pappsville, eleven miles from Springfield. He wore the dress of his place and time—a mixed jean coat with claw-hammer tails which, on him, were too short to sit on, flax and tow-linen pantaloons, pot-metal boots, a calico shirt like the one he wore in his Black Hawk command and "a straw hat, old style, without a band." In national politics he was for Henry Clay, who opposed Andrew Jackson. In local politics, he had already made his proposals known in the *Journal*. At Pappsville, "thar was a large gathering thar," recorded a witness, and "hee was the only candadate thar and was call on to make a Speach."

This was just the ticket. The candidate got up on a platform or the rear of a wagon and made ready to begin. Just then there was a disturbance—one of his friends, Rowan Herndon, was suddenly closed in on by a group of Jesse Dodson's friends. Rowan had licked Jesse not long before, and now he was catching it from the gang all at once. He was being badly whipped. The candidate saw unfair advantage. He leaped from his stand and took up a back of the neck and a seat of the pantaloons which belonged to Rowan Herndon's chief attacker and threw him away a distance of twelve feet. Peace suddenly descended. Rowan Herndon put it that he had been attacked by "a set of Ruggings and they atempted to shoe foul play." Well, sir, the candidate "piched in and Piched them out Like they were Boys and told them his friend Could whip the whole of them one at a time that ended the fus."

"Don't you think it's about time you came home, Dorothy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The crowd got more than it expected. The candidate now returned to his rostrum and held up his hand for attention and said, "Fellow Citizens, I presume you all know who I am." They did. "I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system"—into which his Sangamon River proposal might fit—"and a high protective tariff. If elected I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same." On August fourth the closing rally of the campaign took place in Springfield. The candidate spoke at the Old Court House.

Stephen T. Logan heard him and felt the change of heart which the candidate so often inspired. "He was a very tall and gawky and rough-looking fellow," said Logan, "his pantaloons didn't meet his shoes by six inches." This bumpkin? An aspirant to public office? "But after he began speaking I became very much interested in him. He made a very sensible speech." Logan came to the rally thinking of him as "a sort of loafer down there" at New Salem. True enough, the candidate was out of work. "But," added Logan, "one thing we very soon learned was that he was immensely popular. . . ."

The election in August showed as much. In his home precinct of New Salem he received 277 out of 300 votes cast viva voce. In Sangamo County he totaled 657 votes. For a self-doubting young man who had been there little more than a year it was a good showing—though not quite good enough to elect him. Once again in his short history he had to wonder what to do and where to go.

He was now without means and out of business, he wrote, *but was anxious to remain with his friends who had treated him with so much generosity, expecially as he had nothing elsewhere to go to.* . . .

New Salem wondered too. His friends saw him jobless, penniless and depressed—the jokester turned miserable and anxious. He boarded with the family of Rowan Herndon, the storekeeper, doing odd jobs to pay for his meals. He thought about what to do. Should he learn to be a blacksmith? It was hard work, but when had he ever feared hard work? Yet, with his hankering for books and learning, could there be another way to make a living—with his brain instead of with his hands? There was a way, and he considered it dearly, and gave it up—the vocation of attorney at law, for, as he put it, he "rather thought he could not succeed at that without a better education." The backwoods had made him, had given him his limitations and seemed sure to hold him forever.

But "before long," he declared, "strangely enough, a man offered to sell . . . an old stock of goods; upon credit." It was Rowan Herndon, who sold out his share of a partnership in a store with William F. Berry to his boarder, whom he regarded as a good risk. The boarder gave his note and entered on his position as a storekeeper with Berry in August, 1832, in a narrow cabin of square-hewn logs in the middle of New Salem. "They opened as merchants," he remembered, adding, "and he says that was *the* store."

On January fourth in the following year the partners were paid off for service in the Black Hawk War. Pooling their cash, they paid $265 for the stock and premises of a larger store and took possession a few days later. Their new building was the only one in town finished with planed lumber. It had a pitched roof of shakes and a lean-to in back. At one side stood a log (*Continued on Page 72*)

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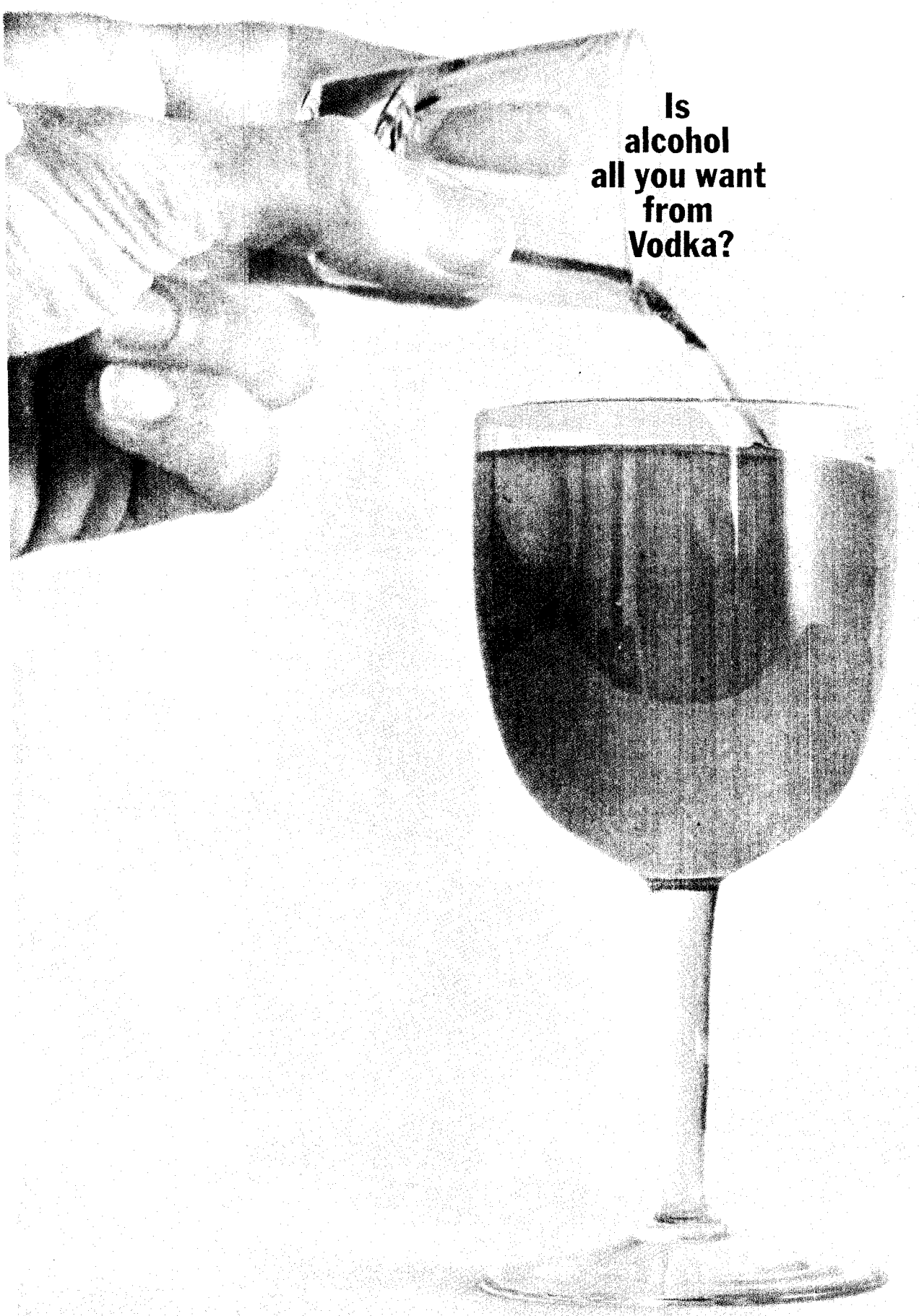
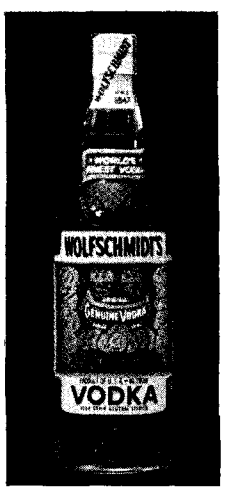


Is alcohol all you want from Vodka?

Wolfschmidt says No!

If vodka has no taste, no nothing, what's left? Alcohol! But Wolfschmidt Vodka is art, not alcohol. It has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka, that softly accents, heightens, brings out the best in a Bloody Mary. (Tomatoes never tasted as red and rosy before. Nor as refreshing.) Wolfschmidt makes oranges, tonics, olives and onions taste better too. And all that remains on your lips is a word. Wolfschmidt.



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(*Continued from Page 70*) rail for hitching horses. The new store was much nearer to the river than the old one. The woods came almost up to it in the rear. In the square board store with its two small windows, the storekeeper often reached for his book.

He was trying to learn by himself what others took from school and academy. He said that "the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year." He had never even been inside a college or academy building, as he said. At twenty-three, alone in the world, the storekeeper felt the need to be taught. English grammar must be his first subject. One day in February, 1833, he went along the village and down the wooded slope to the northwest and came to the schoolmaster's place and found Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, at home.

"I have a notion of studying grammar," said the storekeeper.

The schoolmaster looked at him and said, "If you expect to be before the public in any capacity, I think it is the best thing you can do."

"If I had a grammar, I would commence now."

The schoolmaster knew of only one grammar book in the village, and that was his own, which he kept in constant use with his pupils in school. But he thought of another which the storekeeper might be able to borrow.

"I know of a grammar at Vance's, about six miles," he said. It was an old copy of *Kirkham's Grammar*. The storekeeper finished his breakfast, as Mentor Graham remembered, "got up and went on foot to Vance's to get the book. He soon came back with it and said he had it. He then turned his inordinate and almost undivided attention to the subject of grammar." The teacher knew a student when he saw one.

To the little forest settlement where the tasks of life were mostly physical, Mentor Graham and his family brought reminders of other values. He was a teacher by vocation. During his teaching hours he was formally dressed, with a white tall collar, a stock of shining black satin and a black-velvet vest. He was clean-shaven. When his classroom day was done, he would see the smallest children to their own doors along the crest, for during the long snows timber wolves were bolder than usual, and pupils must go their way through woods.

The hungry-minded storekeeper came to his teacher with a taste for reading already well developed. He was never without a book, walking by the river or through the woods or along the single street. A boy who watched him said that when night came, "he read by the aid of any friendly light he could find." Sometimes he would go to Onstot the cooper's shop and scrape up shavings and other scraps of wood lying about and make a fire, "and by the light afforded read until far into the night." In the store he took every chance, even for a few minutes at a time, to take up his book and recite from it to himself. If someone came, he put down the book and entertained the customer with business or comedy. Even in company, if the talk lost his interest, he brought out his book from under his arm and spent a few minutes with it, alone in the midst of others; and then, if a spoken word caught him again, he shut the book away and entered again into the concerns of those about him. He was how he was, and unlettered friends let him be so, for his books never seemed to estrange him from the people he knew and loved. What he learned made him more of a companion, not less of one lost to them in superior knowledge.

He talked about what he was reading, and Caleb Carman wrote it down that the storekeeper would "Refer to that Great man Shakespeare allso Lord Byron as being a great men and Burns and of Burns Poems and Lord Nellson as being a Great Admarall and Naval Commander and Adams and Henry Clay Jackson George Washington was the Greatest of them all of them and was his Great favorite."

During the spring, summer and fall he studied with Mentor Graham, in whose house he learned not only academic subjects but something of the amenity of life by which the Grahams lived. He saw handsome furniture, like the six-legged cherry-wood gate-leg table at which his teacher put him to work. Mrs. Graham did things with what style could be managed, and he saw how in the humble roughness of the backwoods surroundings grace of manner and feeling could be acquired. He came many an evening to recite his lessons to Graham. From grammar they moved on to mathematics, and Graham did not find him "anything of a mathematician—especially so of geometry and trigonometry." But they worked late, and Graham's daughter said the two of them "frequently sat up till midnight engrossed in calculations, and only ceased" when Mrs. Graham sent them out after more firewood to keep up the fire they had forgotten in their shared absorption.

The grown-up scholar was a thorough student. Someone knew him "to write a proposition in three different forms in order to state the meaning as clearly and simply as possible—and to spend half a day doing it." It was an echo of Graham's method of learning. His teacher watched him at study and at play, and said that "his playful hours were pitching quoits, swimming, shooting, telling stories—anecdotes—and not infrequently truth to say 'sitting up to the fair girls of Illinois.'"

But in the main his life was work, and even the teacher noted that "he was so studious he somewhat impaired his health and constitution." Other friends feared he "might bring on a mental derangement." Fearing for him, they thought of his best qualities. Everyone spoke of his honesty and rectitude, and Graham said he was one of "the most companionable persons you will ever see in this world." The teacher's pride was pardonable when he spoke of his grown-up student. "I have taught in my life from four to six thousand pupils as a schoolmaster, and no one has ever surpassed him in rapidly, quickly and well acquiring the rudiments and rules of English grammar." Pursuing his true interests, the storekeeper devoted most of his time, said Graham, "to the Scriptures, and books on science and to the acquisition of knowledge of men and things." With modest certainty, the schoolmaster said, "I think I may say that he was my scholar and I was his teacher." In the green light of the woods by day and at night by coppery firelight the young storekeeper took out of borrowed books what daily experience denied him.

Referring to himself and his partner Berry in the store, he declared, *Of course they did nothing but get deeper and deeper in debt.*

In March, 1833, William F. Berry took out a license to sell liquor by the drink in the store and to operate a tavern. The store was becoming more of a saloon. Berry's habitual intemperance was a trial. The other partner was lost in his books. "The store winked out," he said, and when it failed, and when Berry died soon after, he was left owing $1200, which was a sum so great in his eyes that he referred to it as "the national debt." Eventually he would pay it all off, interest included.

Once again he had to look to his neighbors for tasks by which to earn bread and a bed. He had more time for books, but these did not make his living for him. At Rutledge's tavern he listened to circuit-riding lawyers and other travelers from the world of which he knew nothing. He knew his own terms were coming alive in him—the terms of mind and spirit; but if they should never have their chance to shine, then anyhow he could show what he could do in the more ordinary needs of life in the backwoods. On the rude prairie frontier all was arduous and physical, if life was to go on. Attainment and distinction came mainly from excellence at the hard brute jobs all about. The ex-storekeeper had innate excellence which could show itself in the humble acts common to all.

Why, think what he could do, they said.

Slicky Greene bet a man a fur hat that his storekeeping friend could lift a whisky barrel and drink from the bung. He won his bet when his friend rolled the barrel up on his knees and drank from it so and spat the whisky out. One of the Rutledges saw him take a barrel of whisky "by the chimes and lift it up to his face as if to drink from the bunghole." James Short was there the day he lifted "1000 pounds of shot by main strength." They liked how else he used his prodigious strength too. Mrs. Jack Armstrong said he "would do anything to accommodate anybody." Widows and poor people who needed firewood brought in could count on him. For a boy in bare feet who needed money to buy shoes he split a pile of rails that could be sold. And "My, how he could chop!" said a witness. "His ax would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin', you would say there were three men at work the way the trees fell."

If his worries were not concealed from his friends, still, as one of them saw, "fun and gravity grew on him alike," and if asked, he would sing one of his favorite songs. He always liked "De Blue-Tailed Fly," which he referred to as "that buzzing song," and Caleb Carman wrote that he sang "Oald oald Suckey bleuskin" and "Woodpecker tapping on the hollow Beach tree."

Children were drawn to the entertainer, saw in him something of an elder brother, and felt his simplicity of spirit which could reach out to them in childlike fondness and equality. Those lucky enough to have work to do could give children little time. Children loved a man who had plenty of time to give them.

But his friends were at work on his behalf. For some time they had felt dissatisfaction with the conduct of the post office at New Salem. They made certain recommendations, and as a result the unemployed storekeeper received the appointment as postmaster on May 7, 1833, from the Democratic President Andrew Jackson. The new postmaster was well known as a supporter of the Whig, Henry Clay, but he explained his appointment, which he promptly accepted, on these grounds—"the office being too insignificant, to make his politics an objection." Two friends signed his bond of $500, and he had work again.

The mail arrived by stage once a week. If people did not call for their mail, the postmaster took it to them. They said, "he carried the office around in his hat," and he used an old blue sock in which to keep his postal receipts. His safe was a wooden chest under the counter. Of the amount of business going through his blue sock each month, his share amounted to between four and six dollars. He had earned twice as much in his first job as a flatboatman two years earlier. To earn a little extra, he did small tasks as legal clerk for Squire Bowling Green, the local justice of the peace, writing a summons now and then or witnessing a deed. It was a relief when another opportunity came his way.

John Calhoun, the surveyor of Sangamo County, offered the postmaster the position of deputy surveyor, to cover the vicinity of New Salem. The work would

"I thanked him for the hamburgers, the Ferris-wheel and roller-coaster rides, the three-mile walk home in the moonlight, and dropped him like a hot potato."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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not interfere with the duties of the post office, and would bring a little pay with it. The postmaster accepted, knowing that he must learn the science of surveying in a hurry. All that summer he was still studying with Mentor Graham, and together they took up his problem. Having mastered grammar in three weeks, he now attacked textbooks of surveying—Flint's, Gibson's—and mastered the subject in six. "He procured a compass and chain," as he said, ". . . and went at it. This procured bread, and kept body and soul together."

Out in the country with his compass and chain, surveying new townships, roads and tracts, he became known to more people, until his name was a household word. With his openhearted feeling for his fellow beings and his comedy and his book learning, he was always a welcome guest. If his appearance made people nudge each other, it also endeared him to them, with his "blue cotton round about coat, stoga shoes, and pale blue casinet pantaloons," with great gaps at waist and ankles, as they saw him. He was capturing more friends, and perhaps future votes, for another election was coming in the summertime, and on April 19, 1834, he published his name in the *Sangamo Journal* as a candidate once again for the legislature.

Rowan Herndon now lived at Island Grove, and one day during harvesttime his old boarder came there campaigning, for there were some thirty men harvesting in the field and each had a vote in his giving. The candidate "got his dinner," said Herndon, and then went out to see the harvesters. Herndon "gave him an introduction," but without arousing enthusiasm. "The boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand."

"Well, boys," said the candidate, "if that is all, I am sure of your votes."

With that he took hold of the cradle, and, said Herndon, "led the way all around with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd."

On the electioneering trail during that campaign summer he saw his old comrade in arms of the Black Hawk War, the attorney John T. Stuart of Springfield. Stuart had encouraged him before, and he did so again, to take up the study of law. The county surveyor had also supported his aspirations to overcome his lack of education and prepare seriously for a legal career. The candidate began to think that he might after all realize the ambition which so long ago as his boyhood had led him to try reading a copy of the statutes of Indiana. He was now hoping once more to be elected to a lawmaking body. It would be another step forward to find a living in the practice of law.

On August fourth he was elected an assemblyman of the Ninth General Assembly of the Legislature of Illinois and was able to record that he received "the highest vote cast for any candidate."

The assemblyman took his seat as one of the fifty-five members of the House of Representatives on December first. Three days later he received an appointment to the Committee on Public Accounts and Expenditures. He began to learn something of the machinery of government, which seemed almost all a member could do in his first term.

"At this session," observed a friend, the new assemblyman "was anything but conspicuous." When the Assembly adjourned on February 13,1835, he returned to New Salem and his duties as postmaster and deputy surveyor. But he brought with him now a resolve to pursue his dearest ambition.

If you are resolutely determined to make a lawyer of yourself, the thing is more than half-done already. . . .

The stage fare from New Salem to Springfield was a dollar and a half. The assemblyman rode in a farmer's wagon or walked to Springfield to borrow lawbooks from Attorney Stuart. He went more than once, and one day at an auction he bought a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England.* Back home it was now the law books—Chitty or Blackstone—which he took everywhere with him. The neighbors saw him and remembered how he studied wherever he could—"in some nook in a store," or at "the foot of a haystack," or "sometimes lying on his back, putting his feet up the tree. . . ."

They were used to him and let him be, though to an occasional observer he was a sight.

Russell Godbey, the farmer for whom he did odd jobs, found him one day sitting barefoot at the top of a woodpile with a book. It might seem a curious thing for a farm hand to be doing, and the farmer asked, "What are you reading?"

"I am not reading," replied the farm hand. "I am studying."

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir," said the farm hand with emphasis. Russell Godbey said it was

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The man who thinks marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition is ignorant of either women or fractions.

CHESTER L. MARKS

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really too much for him, as he looked at the law student, "sitting there proud as Cicero." Going on his way, "Great God Almighty!" exploded Mr. Godbey.

During the summer of 1835, at her father's farm northeast of New Salem, after an illness of six weeks, young Anne Rutledge died.

The law student knew her well, as he knew all her family. She was the third of nine children, and as a boarder at her father's New Salem tavern in 1832 he had often seen her. She was vivacious and pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes. At quilting bees she was faster than anyone with her needle, and in the other household arts she was accomplished. She would make someone a good wife.

In 1832 she became engaged to a prosperous young farmer and storekeeper who went east to arrange his affairs, with a promise to return and marry Miss Rutledge. Time passed while his letters dwindled and finally ceased. She grieved. The law student saw her so, and certain neighbors wondered if he might be ready to fall in love. A few became sure for all their lives that he courted her and that she was prepared to accept him. She hesitated, but at last wrote to break her engagement.

No answer came. Torn between desires, she fell ill and within a few weeks was dying of fever. One of her brothers said she kept asking for the law student, and at the last she was allowed to be alone with him. A few days later she lost consciousness and on August twenty-fifth she died. They buried her in Concord graveyard.

New Salem sorrowed for Anne. Some said long afterward that the law student sorrowed more than anyone else—that once again they feared for his reason. His inclination to occasional low spirits seemed to be increased by her death. "Woefully abstracted," said a friend, the law student would range along the river and into the woods. Neighbors kept an eye on him, especially on "damp, stormy days, under the belief that dark and gloomy weather might produce such a depression of spirits as to induce him to take his own life."

It was one thing to be given "the hypo," as he called it, by fugitive annoyances; quite another to be lost to the whole daily world. Finally he was persuaded to stay for a few weeks with the jolly justice of the peace, Judge Bowling Green, beyond the little hills north of New Salem. Judge Green loved to laugh with all his 300 pounds. The shape of his belly earned him the nickname of "Pot."

He was good for the law student. The ordinary matters of life proceeded. The law student tended the post office, though someone complained that he neglected his duties at this time. He studied. He surveyed a ten-acre lot of timber. On December 7, 1835, he was counted present at the opening of a special session of the Assembly in Vandalia. On March 24, 1836, his name was entered on the record of the Sangamon Circuit Court as a man of good moral character. This was the first of three steps leading to the license to practice law. The law student was coming back to himself.

Throughout the spring he was active as deputy surveyor, but in May he lost his other position when the post office of New Salem was discontinued by the Government. The village had ceased to grow—it had even begun to decline. Families moved away. A number of them founded the town of Petersburg, which the deputy surveyor had laid out in February. Perhaps the future lay elsewhere.

In early summer an old excitement came back in the air, for it was again a campaign year, and the assemblyman announced his stand for re-election on June thirteenth. From July fourth, when the campaign opened at Petersburg, to the thirtieth, when it ended at Springfield two days before the election, the candidate toured the district, supporting the Whig position.

On July twenty-ninth he spoke at the farm of Isaac Spear, six miles southeast of Springfield, where the campaign would wind up.

Moving on, he rode past the new house of old George Forquer, who was running against him. On top of the house—it was regarded as the finest house in Springfield—he saw, for the first time, a lightning rod.

What a contraption. He never saw the like. It led him to speculate about electrical conduction. It gave him thoughts about the owner.

George Forquer had until recently been a Whig himself, but now he was running as a Democrat, and what was more, as a new Democrat who had been given the post of register of the land office at a fine salary—$3000 a year. No wonder he could build a new frame house with a lightning rod on top. It was enough to give a man the hypo. The New Salem candidate rode on to Springfield.

There the next day he took his turn and made his speech. He was the last. When he was done, the crowd began to go. Democratic Land Office Register George Forquer rose to detain the crowd, and they turned back to listen.

He was sorry, he said, but of his opponent, who had just spoken, he must say that "the young man would have to be taken down."

The Democrat, as an elderly and prominent man, had much to say, and he said it at length, and with every air of superiority. The New Salem candidate stood aside listening intently and with growing excitement. His chance for rebuttal came, and he took the platform again, made another speech and ended with this:

"Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that the young man would have to be taken down. It is for you, citizens, not for me to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction; but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day

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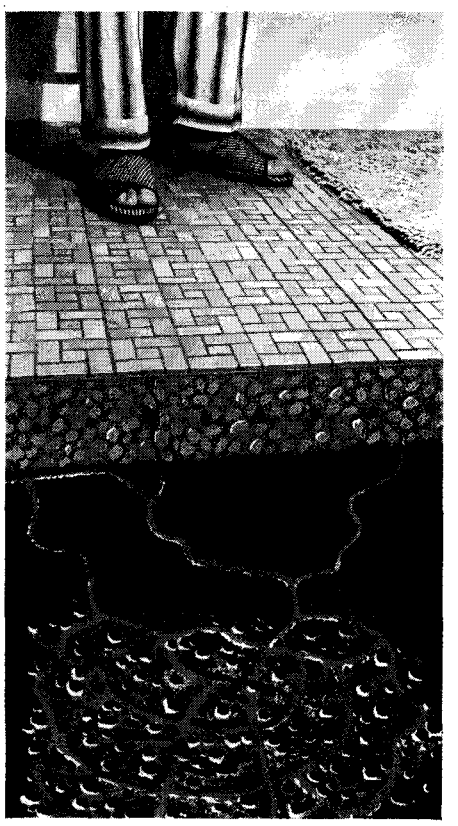

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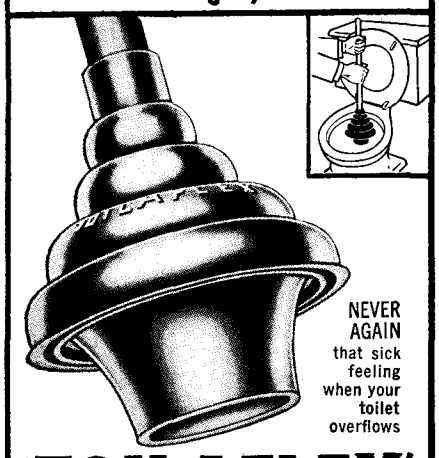

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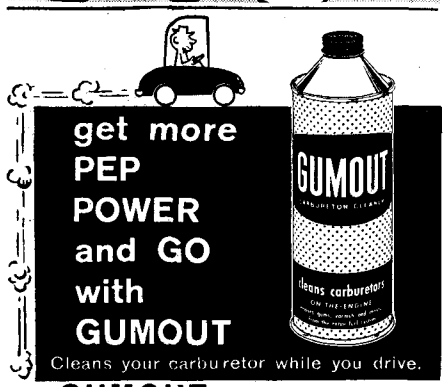

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that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

"Wonderful," said a witness, the effect of this reply was wonderful, something he would never forget. The public was captivated by it. Two days later, on August first, the young man from New Salem—he was twenty-seven—was re-elected by the highest vote out of the field of seventeen candidates. On December fifth, then, he was present when the Tenth General Assembly of Illinois met in Vandalia.

He came there with his desired goal more clearly in sight, for on September ninth he had applied for a license to practice law in all the courts of the state, and this had been granted to him on the same day. It was the second official step which would lead him to the work he wanted. Only one more remained.

In his current term, as in his previous one, the assemblyman met with a wide range of affairs which reflected the needs and aspirations, the concerns and the natures of the men and women whose lives they sought to govern for the better.

The assemblyman took part in the vote on such matters as the works of human justice and dignity which appeared in bills on the establishment of circuit courts, and on the powers of justices of the peace, and on legislative procedures, and on the delineation of voting districts and precincts. With his fellow members he voted on the election of the United States Senator. He considered as a committee member the problems inseparable from the disposition of public moneys, and with scarcely a half-cent piece in his pocket, he voted on questions of taxation, of banking and of incorporation of insurance companies and railroads.

The Assembly was much occupied with the development of travel and the needs of people coming and going. He considered and helped to decide upon proposals dealing with public roads, toll bridges, canals and river navigation. Education was public business, and the assemblyman worked on schools in general and schools for orphans. Much of the common concern had to do with the homely life of work, household and sustenance. He was on the record of legislation covering cattle marks and brands, the regulation of mills and millers, the killing of wolves and the determination of bounties therefor, and—an act which reflected with intimacy and compassion the poverty, the need and the terms of the farmer's life—a bill to declare exempt from legal attachment one work horse or a yoke of oxen, so that daily work might continue. The Assembly took account of human trouble, and the assemblyman acted with his associates on bills looking to the relief of debtors, and bills against gaming, and bills regulating the penitentiary.

It was a broad experience of man and man's ways of constantly reshaping himself as a social being. In his first term the assemblyman had been "silent, observant, studious," as a contemporary said. In the new term he was, of those his own age and length of service, "the smartest parliamentarian and cunningest 'log-roller.'" These knacks of his enlivened his efforts in the second term to secure the removal of the state capital from Vandalia. Many towns were after the prize, but Springfield was the leader. The assemblyman led the fight, and on the last day of February, 1837, he saw the bill he backed win the approval of the majority. On March first he saw another achievement when in the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois his name was entered upon the roll of attorneys as a member of the State Bar. It was the third and final qualification toward which he had worked.

Before the term was over, the assemblyman, with Dan Stone, his fellow townsman, filed dissent from a resolution adopted by the House. The House resolution went on record against the abolition of slavery. The Sangamo assemblyman and his colleague made a joint statement saying that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." In the temper of the time, however, they added that "the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils." With this moral act, the assemblyman was ready for the adjournment of the House on March sixth.

During this term his self-image found words; for he told Joshua Fry Speed of

... ...

Bud

By Helen Harrington

Now the winter aching,
Gripping like a vise,
Feels a green fire breaking,
Cracking through the ice.

Now the winter stressing
Weightiness of snow
Finds a light pulse pressing,
Forcing it to go.

Stronger than the bulk of cold
Is the fleck of sun,
And the hard wind cannot hold
Against a breeze begun.

Now the day depresses dark
And, upon the tree,
Finally the break on bark
Knows what it will be.

... ...

Springfield that he aimed—it could only be the pinnacle of fame—he aimed at the "great distinction" of being known as "the DeWitt Clinton of Illinois." Joshua Speed could be excused if he smiled kindly at the hope of anyone to match such an illustrious citizen. On March seventh and eighth the assemblyman, in his short claw-hammer coat and his hiked-up pantaloons, made his way home to New Salem.

He brought with him a new resolve. It would not be long until he should make it known.

New Salem had been his school, his academy, his college. There he had learned how to use language correctly and beautifully; how to speak and debate in public; how to study; how to plan towns; how to write laws by reading law; how to live amidst people and how to respect their common concerns and forgive their uncommon ones. There it was he had left the forest and the river, which had also taught him much, and had found the world.

Like all others, he had to find out where to look for it, but it was there to be seen, if he would look, in a hamlet in a wood above a river. In all his young life he had worked to overcome disadvantages, and as they enlarged, so did he, in spirit, patience and strength, among his neighbors of New Salem. They had suffered him when he suffered, and laughed for him when he reached for their funny bones, and allowed him his hopes, and voted for him when he asked them to. As he was, so had New Salem helped to make him.

On April twelfth the Springfield paper carried an announcement that the assemblyman—once a flatboatman, a store clerk, a militia captain, a candidate, a postmaster, a deputy surveyor, a law student, and now a full attorney at law—would, with J. T. Stuart, "practice conjointly in the courts of this Judicial Circuit Office No. 4 Hoffman's Row upstairs."

The resolve made, it was time to go.

On April 15, 1837, he borrowed from Judge Bowling Green a small pony with a worn-out saddle. In the saddle bags he put his copy of Blackstone, a copy of the compiled laws of Illinois for 1833, three volumes of session laws, two small miscellaneous books and some underclothes. When he mounted the pony, his long legs nearly reached the ground. His fortune consisted of about seven dollars in his pocket. A friend declared that "superficially he seemed like a farm hand in search of employment." So it was he rode off to Springfield, leaving New Salem, which, in two years, like the store he had once owned with William Berry, would "wink out."

The new attorney and counselor at law from New Salem rode into Springfield on April fifteenth and went to the only cabinetmaker in town to inquire for a single bedstead. He then saw the store of Joshua Speed.

He tied his pony and unsaddled it and went in, hauling the saddlebags, which he threw on the counter. What, he asked, would the mattress and bedding for a single bedstead cost?

Joshua Speed took his slate and pencil and worked out some figures. The total, he stated, would come to seventeen dollars.

"It is probably cheap enough," said the attorney, "but I want to say that, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay." They looked at each other. "But," he continued, "if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then." The tone of his voice, thought Speed, was so melancholy that he felt for him. The attorney said, "If I fail in that I will probably never pay you at all."

Speed looked at him and said to himself that he had never seen so gloomy and melancholy a face in his life. He said to him, "So small a debt seems to affect you so deeply, I think I can suggest a plan by which you will be able to attain your end without incurring any debt. I have a very large room and a very large double bed in it, which you are perfectly welcome to share with me if you choose."

"Where is your room?" asked the attorney.

Speed pointed to the stairs leading from the store to his room. "Upstairs," he said.

The attorney said nothing, threw his saddlebags over his arm, went upstairs and set them on the floor, and at once returned. Speed said his face was "beaming with pleasure and smiles."

"Well, Speed," he exclaimed, "I'm moved."

The satisfaction of this youthful attainment of a momentous stage could not last.

But for now—while still lost in the inexorable future were the circuit and the Congress and the White House and Ford's Theater and a lodging in th world's heart—it was enough for the former citizen of New Salem.

THE END

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The Universe Revalued

(Continued from Page 23)

dweller who is not on the point of suicide. How this universe can be so steeped in intention, yet remain merely accidental, we do not explain.

Evidently we science-invoking moderns think of "living matter" as if it were somehow freakish, irrelevant to the nature of the universe. Yet science says that the physical basis of inert objects like heavenly bodies is the same as that of the creatures which come to life in them, formed of their substance. The difference does not lie in the raw material, but its organization. Thus the lowliest particles everywhere are capable of assuming the highest living forms. Potentially, all the stuff of all the stars is alive, purposeful and, indeed, superhuman. And even if such exalted functions could actually emerge only for a moment in only one spot, they would still reveal for all time the hidden nature of all matter. One small flower is enough to identify the biggest plant. It follows that there is no sense whatever in our description of the universe as lifeless and mindless.

The scale of this immense thing is what tricks us. We are not deceived when we consider a creature of handy size; for then we take its whole life history into account, and especially the more developed stages. Thus the plant is a *flowering* plant, even as a seedling; and the caterpillar is no mere worm, but a moth in the making, even if it should never come out in its true colors. *Flower* seeds, *mosquito* larvae, *human* embryos: the higher functions are always the most significant for us—provided our specimen weighs no more than a few hundred tons and survives no more than a few hundred years! Our unhappy cosmos lacks both qualifications. Its scale is wrong; therefore its higher functions tell us nothing important about it; we see it as defunct, and only *infested* with life! No matter what myriads of living worlds and species and individuals our universe-tree may sport, no matter how luxuriant its blossoms of mind and values (all arising naturally, science assures us), we still reckon it a *flowerless* tree! Worse, it is no tree at all; it is not even a branching vase in which we, mere cut flowers, are tastefully displayed, but merely their indifferent or threatening background! Thus, idiotically, do we human flowers deny the life of our cosmic plant because it is not *all* flower, but enormous leaves and stem and root, also!

The analogy is a false one. It does not go half far enough. A rose plucked from the bush is still a rose, but a man plucked from the universe is an absurdity. Yet this absurdity is the very core of our modern myth, which sees man as the clue to what the universe is *not* like!

To say the least, then, the ancient notion of a living cosmos is neither ridiculous nor inconsistent with science. But whatever we think of the universe as a whole, we feel quite sure that its bigger parts are not alive. The bulkiest organisms we recognize are the big trees of California and Oregon and the blue whale.

This is rather odd. For we have, extending from ultimate particles through atoms and molecules and cells up to man who includes them all, a well-filled scale or hierarchy of unitary beings; and then, immeasurably above man, the living whole. Why this cosmic gap? If the vast interval between man and his minutest particles is filled by a series of increasingly subhuman parts, surely the principle of nature's continuity suggests that the equally vast interval between man and the totality may be filled by a series of increasingly superhuman wholes. If these have so far escaped our notice, could that be because we have eyes only for our equals in the cosmic hierarchy?

Have we ever looked for our superiors? Would we recognize them if we saw them? It is notoriously difficult to find a thing one has no idea of. Therefore let us assume that this gap in the natural order is not empty. Let us posit a creature who outbulks a man as a man outbulks a cell, and ask how such a giant would have to differ from ourselves in order to live at all.

Apparently there are limits to the size of a terrestrial organism. If it is too big it is unlikely to survive. In that case, we can only assume that our giant takes flight from his parent heavenly body and sets up as a heavenly body on his own account. Then he not only can be very massive, but *needs* to be; otherwise, he can neither incorporate his own atmosphere and water supply, nor keep a firm gravitational hold upon them; and without water and oxygen, and atmosphere shells to shield him from meteorites and dangerous radiation and extreme temperatures, he cannot make the heavens his home. And once there, he cannot just wander at will, but must attach himself to some star for warmth and energy, keeping a safe distance and turning continually to avoid freezing behind and roasting in front. And he is certainly a lucky giant. As soon as he starts spinning and circling round his star, the laws of gravity and inertia see that he goes on doing so without effort or deviation.

As for his physique, what would he want with legs or arms, hands or feet, or even wings? Nose and tongue and ears, a mouth and rows of teeth, a stomach and bowels and an anus—anything like these would surely be an encumbrance and a laughingstock in the heavens. We are left, apparently, with some vast rounded body, its whole surface drinking in solar energy.

And supposing there were no convenient star to feed on? Well, if he cannot *find* what he needs, he must *be* it. Our starless sky dweller must himself incorporate a starlike source of energy—a great blazing heart to sustain the smaller and cooler peripheral body we have described.

To sum up: if we greatly enlarge the creatures we know, adjusting their physique and behavior to suit their size, we get creatures that are indistinguishable from planets and stars. If they exist, they are probably a familiar sight. Many a star shining in the sky could in fact be a living thing, a fit inhabitant of heaven. And so the scale of creatures does not necessarily end with us. The seeming gap could arise from a defect of vision instead of a defect in the universe.

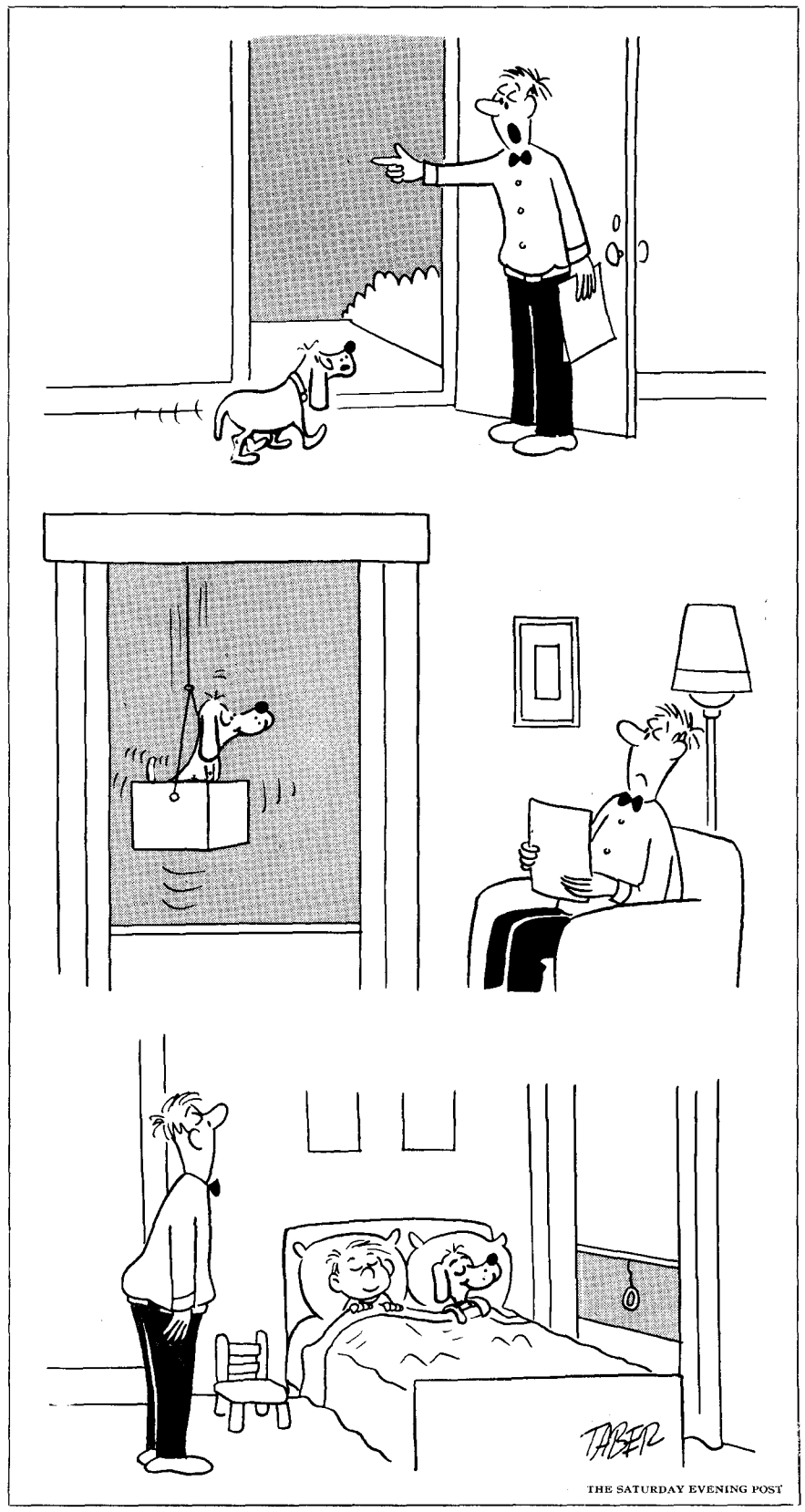
A celestial detective story with no solution! Perhaps it is time we came down to earth again, to the life we know.

But *do* we know it? A living thing (scientists tell us) is an organization of nonliving ones. The salts of our blood, the acid of our stomachs, and the calcium phosphate of our bones are clearly not alive; but neither are the atoms comprising all our living cells. What is physics or chemistry at one observational level is a man at another, and at once alive and not alive. All depends on whether this thing is taken to pieces or not.

But if the pieces (as pieces) are lifeless, where shall we set the boundaries of the living whole? If by the whole man we mean one who is independent and self-contained, we can hardly leave out the air in his lungs and the saliva in his mouth and the chyme in his guts—at least, nobody has pointed out where these cease to be environment and become organism. And if *they* are caught up in the living whole of him, why not the tools without which he would starve to death and the clothes without which he would freeze to death? After all, he is far more dependent upon his shoes than his toenails, and upon his good false teeth than his bad real ones. They have become part of his life.

That is how he describes them, and that is what they feel like. He identifies himself with his possessions and is not himself without them. He may be more vain of his façade than his face, and more hurt by the loss of a few tiles than many hairs. Until he feels so all-of-a-piece with the clothes he wears, and the horse he rides, and the financial or political power he wields, that they no longer seem outside him, he has still to learn their use. The expert is one who, having incorporated his tools, is unaware of them. They have temporarily vanished into his physique. He doesn't sit on the seat of his pants, or even on a seat in a boat that sails on the sea. *He* sails, *he* is at sea. He doesn't grasp a handle that holds a blade that cuts bread. *He* cuts bread. That is how a man speaks because that is what he is—an endlessly elastic organization of "dead" parts, mostly outside his skin. Thanks to them, he can drink at the lake and browse in the field while attending a concert on the far side of the world—all without setting foot outside his own porch. Instead of going out to these places, he grows out to them.

Nor do these artificial but vital extensions complete his physique. To cut man off from the other creatures is homicidal, for species neither occur nor survive nor develop as things apart, but in great interlocking patterns of mutual dependence. Just as our muscle cells make no sense without our blood cells, so the bee's tongue makes no sense without the flower's nectary; and so on indefinitely—the more you study one bit of life the more you must take the others into account, so that really to know one would be to know the lot. If, then, we seek the



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living whole—and life, we have seen, is a question of wholeness—nothing short of the entire network of terrestrial organisms, growing up as one living thing from the start, really deserves such a title. And even this vast spherical organization is not yet a complete organism. This living earth-skin is still far from being self-contained—for without rock and water and topsoil and air it is as dead as the least of its parts.

In short, nothing less than the whole Earth is genuinely alive! Here indeed is a visible god or goddess. The giant we were seeking in the heavens was down here all the while!

Whose life is in doubt? Hers, or ours which is hers or nothing? The only *complete* living thing of which we have inside knowledge turns out to be a heavenly body—our Earth. And the *only* heavenly body of which we have inside knowledge turns out to be a living thing—again, our Earth. In fact, it is not *living* heavenly bodies which call for proof, so much as *dead* ones!

The behavior and build of such a creature are so odd that we need a new word for this high-level vitality, this superlife which is at least planetary. Oddity, however, must be expected here. The living cell is a very different story from one of its molecules, and man from one of his cells. It would be strange if the living Earth were not, in turn, unlike her animal and subanimal parts.

All the same, the Earth is no foreign body, living some mysterious life apart from ours. Admittedly her life-preserving maneuvers in the sky are less varied than ours in her; but if to act deliberately is to know with scientific precision what you do and why (its causes and effects in the past, present and future) then her behavior is much more deliberate than any man's. Admittedly her beginnings were unconscious and unpromising, but so were ours; and now who can match her adult complexity—all her own unfolding and no invasion? For parent, she has the sun; for anxiously awaited offspring, manned spaceships and satellites; for eyes, observatories whose binocular vision (like the merely human) enables her to place her nearer neighbors; for special sense organs, receptors tuned in to cosmic influences; for intellectual exercise, our science of the heavens. We hang her portrait on our walls, and the close-up of her face is familiar to every radio-equipped aviator as a luminous and noisy and ever-changing network and patchwork.

This is indeed no alien godling. She is the full extent, the filled-out body-mind of each of her creatures. For there is nowhere to live but heaven, and no way to live there but hers.

But, of course, even she is not really suited to the hard climate of the skies. The smallest complete creature fit for this universe is no sunless planet, but a star—a fully developed sun, a solar system whose "living" planet is a mere organ. And even such a star is not independent of its fellows in our Galaxy, and of the universe of galaxies itself. Only the whole is a genuine whole, and therefore altogether alive.

It is no surprise to find in the superhuman just such a hierarchy of wholes and parts as we found in the subhuman. Isn't this exactly what we wanted to fill the gap above man, and balance the orders below him—this ascending scale of beings—planetary, sidereal, and galactic, but all finite—in which higher rank means more independence achieved, and more "dead" material raised to life? And isn't the life of man the indivisible life of the entire hierarchy—the upper half that he is in as well as the lower half that is in him—or nothing at all?

Is this view of man too speculative? Then let us imitate the scientist, whose business is unprejudiced observation (with a view to economical description and prediction or control). Let us try observing man. What precisely are you, when examined without prejudice?

What we make of you depends upon range. At ten feet, we see a human body; a little closer, a head. But the superficial view is not enough. Our instruments take us nearer and nearer, to places where we observe tissues, cell groups, a cell in detail, giant molecules and so on.

So much for the near view. Let us now move away from you. This time we find, in turn, a house, a city, a country, a planet, a star (our solar system) and a galaxy.

You may say that these are nothing like "you." But which appearance is less like "you," your particles or your planet, your cells or your city? If the first is "you" observed, why not the second? But we don't yet know what "you" are. We can only take what we find—namely, the whole scale of creatures from particles to heavenly bodies. And this confirms our conclusion that you are incomplete, not yourself, till you are celestially constituted.

You may reasonably protest that the distant view includes so much that isn't you, provided you add that the near view excludes so much that is you, and that the middle view is altogether too superficial. But all three objections beg the question: what are you? Surely the best hope of an answer is to ignore no view of this object, whatever the range. Only unprejudiced observation could reveal the astonishing totality, with all its metamorphoses.

You might reply that this merging and emerging, this cosmic elasticity, however true of your bodily or outer aspect, is untrue of your "real self."

To find out the truth, first listen to your self. You talk of *this* organ, *this* body, *this* house, city, country, planet and star. Clearly, what is felt as *here* varies from this aching tooth to this star, and what is felt as *there* varies from all the other teeth in your head to all the other stars in the sky. "Now" and "then," "fast" and "slow," "present" and "absent"—these little words are always giving you away. Anyone who can seriously talk of near galaxies yet the far side of the room, of old men in a new world, of giant atoms in a dwarf star, is either altogether elastic or beside himself.

Far from deceiving us, language is only underlining the facts. A diseased mind may so identify itself with one bodily organ that the rest are treated as alien or hostile. And evidently a man may so identify himself with his family, or country, or race, or planet (in the event of interplanetary war), or God, that he thinks for them, and is hurt when they are injured, and makes their good his good, and lives and dies for them without thought of his private welfare. In fact, anyone who lacked all such expansive feelings would be an intellectual and moral imbecile, incapable of objectivity or responsibility. The idea of the self as constant, as a unique, permanent, separate, immiscible something, will not bear examination. The facts make nonsense of it—they include the evidence of multiple personality, religious conversion, amnesia and parapsychology, not to mention the great problem of biological individuality. Nor does this nonsensical idea work. Quite the contrary, it is madness. To the extent that we cut ourselves off from anybody and everybody we are out of our minds and dispirited.

The truth is that this illusion of a separate self and the illusion of a dead universe are halves of a whole, segments one vicious circle. The universe seems dead because I seem out of it. I seem out of it because the universe seems dead. Till the total mind in man rejoins its own total body, the universe, he is self-alienated and the universe appears corpselike.

Short of that goal, his elastic mind matches his elastic body; *here* and *there* grow and shrink together; subject takes on the rank of object; you and I are roughly equals. It is a man who greets a man, a ship that hails a ship, a planet that signals a planet. And just as it is not this eye (or even this head) that sees you, but this man (from top to toe) who does so, so it is not this man who studies Mars, but Earth that does so. She is our only astronomer—no mere man being equal to or equipped for the task—so that, in fact, there is the world of difference between the "I" in "I see a man" and in "I see Mars." Again, when the general (note the noun) says he will smash the enemy, it is the army that does so. And when the atomic physicist (note the adjective) says he will smash the uranium nucleus, it is neutrons that do so. Yet he does not feel small, any more than the general or the astronomer feel bloated. It comes so naturally to us to be almost everything, and the next moment almost nothing, that we never notice the transformation.

We have every right, then, to announce Earth's life. It is an aspect of our own infinitely elastic life. But this makes her peculiarly vulnerable. A word is enough to kill this great but sensitive creature.

For we have only to decide, in the teeth of all the evidence, that she shall be a "lifeless" planet, and then no matter what limb she flourishes, or eye she opens, or *Song of the Earth* she sings—nothing she can ever do or say will prove her alive: because it is all, by definition, not hers! It is living, and therefore alien or parasitic! Never shall the life *on* Earth be the life *of* Earth. Treat a man thus, and he is little more than a cell-infested skeleton. Examine the world's liveliest organism till you know it inside out, and you will find nothing but cell-populated terrain. The only way for us to rejoin Earth, to rank as geological specimens instead of an geological ones, is to stop geologizii and thinking, and living, and get ourselves buried and petrified. Then we are dead enough to belong again!

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Nothing is better for baldness than being tall.

The hardest kind of money to make is enough.

Of course there is no such thing as a bad boy. But a growing number of them appear to be misunderstood.

It's a great satisfaction to move into an old house and with your hands convert it into a problem for the next owners.

People who lose their tempers always seem to have a spare.

You don't realize how much automobiles discourage walking until you try to cross a street.

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And, of course, our sun—now come to life as our solar system—gets the same raw deal. We have only to hand over the whole of his natural history to physics and astronomy (as if his men and beasts were unnatural and his flowers artificial) to reduce this star god to star dust.

A solar myth as curious as this does not spring up overnight. It, too, has a natural history.

To our early ancestors the sun was simply alive, as you or I, only brighter and more divine. But gradually the animating spirit was distinguished and divided from the gross body, which became a mere fireball steered by an independent god or angel. Then science reduced particular star spirits to general laws of nature, tendencies and forces. And eventually, coming down to our own day, even these ghostly remnants are seen as man-made or subjective, and so exorcised. The stars are no longer impelled or guided in their courses. They only take the line of least resistance. And while the solar life and mind are thus being wiped out, the body itself is being quietly disposed of. The sun's sensible qualities—his color, brightness, warmth—are drawn in from the object there to the subject here, to the eye of the perceiver. Even his apparent motion across the sky is really ours. Finally, and just in case any miserable residue of our victim should remain, physics dissolves his substance into space, dotted with inscrutable particles.

Here is the murder story of all time—nothing less than "cosmicide" committed over millenniums, and still going practically undetected. Fortunately, however, it is only a tale, a piece of solar crime fiction. For we could *get rid* of the solar life by absorbing it into our heads only if they were lethal receptacles, or else made off with their solar contents to some other star. In fact, the life of our solar system has suffered an internal shift; it has not vanished. Rather the reverse. Doubtless it is only by thus shamming dead that a planet-ringed sun can wake in the end to a fully self-conscious life. After all, our pseudoscientific myth of a dead sun must be seen as a solar rather than a merely human myth, as an indispensable chapter in the natural history of our solar system rather than a mere aberration. Only don't let us mistake this brief and somewhat crazy chapter for the whole story.

And don't let us mistake indifference to this story for real neutrality. The universe which is not seen as living is treated as dead. There is no halfway. Even if we could avoid taking sides, rejection of the ancient world-view amounts in practice to acceptance of the modern, with its immense consequences for religion and art and politics, to say nothing of science itself.

To sum up: we have found our modern myth, this life-abhorring world-picture that we laymen thought was scientific, to be nothing of the sort. Instead, we have found science pointing in the opposite direction, toward something like the old cosmic hierarchy culminating in the divine.

The outcome for you and me is as far-reaching as we care to make it. Already we have seen that, once we breach the artificial wall dividing our little selves from the hierarchy of our greater selves, the walls are apt to go on falling, till in the end we glimpse the one self of all. It is the first step that counts. Once we admit any life and mind above the merely human, we are apt to find ourselves admitting more and more, till we come to the highest life, our total mind, where we are safe home at last and outside nothing. That is where, say the world's great spiritual teachers, we could even now lose ourselves for good, in a deathless world whose divisions and opacity have finally vanished, and where everything is indescribably open, weightless and brilliant.

To some of us, this is danger signal enough. Our separate egos will defend themselves to the death. To others, here is a renewed invitation to the toughest adventure of all, whose end is variously called enlightenment, liberation, the Kingdom of Heaven and the mystical union. Several roads lead toward that goal; and the road whose first stages this article has sketched is certainly not everybody's. To the thoroughly Westernized mind, however, whose preoccupation has for two centuries been the "conquest" of nature, this approach may have more than intellectual interest. Nature, the "enemy," can now show us her kinder face. She can lead us farther than ever before toward the one unchanging reality of which she is the manifold and fleeting appearance.

In any case, there exists for none of us, not even the most "spiritual," a merely human or personal liberation which leaves nature out, and which does not involve the liberation of every creature on the Earth and in the skies, however grotesque or seemingly unlovable. How could we *begin* to disentangle ourselves from any part of the one, in whom we all live and move and have our being? Enlightenment is either cosmic or nothing.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Harding, Douglas E.
The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth
The Humanities Press
$4.50

Lowrie, Walter (editor and translator)
Religion of a Scientist
Selections from Gustav T. Fechner
Pantheon Books
$3.50

James, William
Vol. 1, Essays in Radical Empiricism, and A Pluralistic Universe
Longmans
$4.50
(Ed. by Ralph B. Perry)

Boodin, John E.
God and Creation, Two Vols.
Macmillan
$6.75

Tillyard, E. M. W.
The Elizabethan World Picture
Modern Library
$.95

Little Tommy's War Bonnet (Continued from Page 29)

"My mom's dead. She died last year."

"Oh. Well, what about your dad?"

"He's working. He won't even know I'm not on the bus. I'm supposed to meet him at home." The boy was silent for a moment. "It just so happens that the war bonnet is a surprise for him."

The driver squinted at the road and wondered whether to turn the boy over to the police in Dalesburg. There was probably an alarm out already.

Tommy blew softly at a tail feather. "That's another reason why I had to take it with me. What good's a surprise if you haven't got it to show?"

"Sure," the man said, dimly aware that he had no intention of turning the boy in. "How many miles have you gone so far?"

"About thirty. A farmer gave me a ride, and I walked a lot."

The man drove silently. At the outskirts of Dalesburg he pulled over and parked. "I'll let you off here," he said. "Do you have eating money?"

Tommy nodded. He dug into his shirt pocket and showed a quarter. The man added a dollar bill to the lonesome coin and closed the boy's fist around it as he started to protest. "You've got to eat," he told him. "A man can't do anything if he don't eat."

Tommy looked pleased at his leap to manhood. "I'll pay you back."

The driver nodded. "Just keep off parkways, or you'll be picked up by state police. Stay on this road and you'll be all right. Understand?"

"Yes," Tommy Neally said gravely.

"Don't say you're going as far as New York. Just say you're visiting an aunt down the road. And turn that camp shirt inside out. It's a dead giveaway."

The boy struggled obediently out of his uniform, ribs showing against smooth, hairless skin. "Maybe," the man said slowly, "I'm not doing you any favor. Maybe you'd be better off if the cops did pick you up."

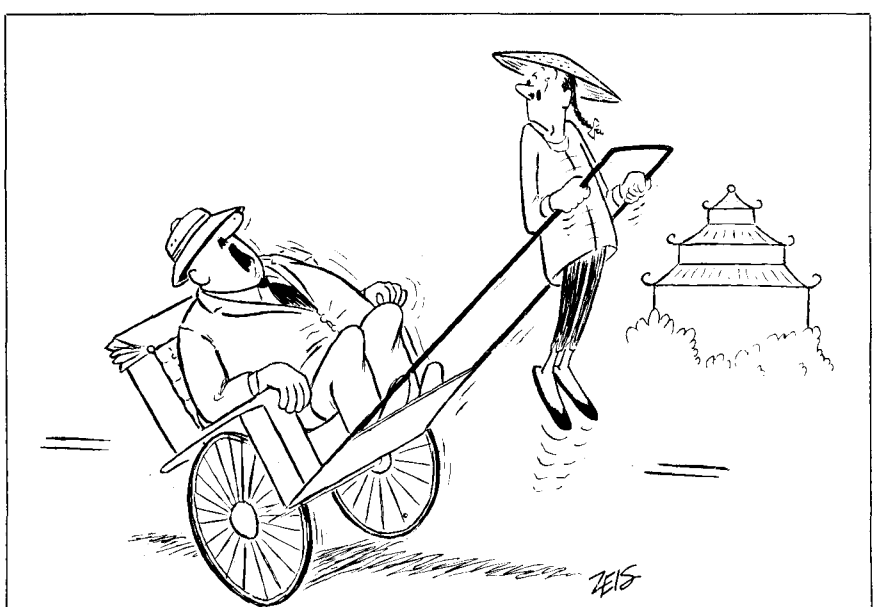
Tommy looked horrified. "That would spoil everything. Can't you see how terrible that would be?"

The driver studied the boy's high, freckled, baby brow. "Yes," he said.

Then they said good-by and shook hands, and the man tried not to notice how small the boy's fingers felt in his.

Tommy Neally stood watching the truck roar away and suddenly felt alone and a little frightened. He had not thought about the police before. Then he put on his war bonnet, looped the tail over one arm and started to walk once more. The sun was almost directly overhead, and no breeze ruffled the feathers as he walked. After a while his arm began to tire and he carefully transferred the looped tail to the other arm. How much easier, he thought, to just let it trail behind him. But the feathers would become nicked and dirty, and this was not the way he wanted his father to see them. They must be bright and clean and shining—the way the feathers of the old, the other, war bonnet had been. Then everything would be just as he had planned. He let his thoughts slip into the grooves worn deep by eight weeks of constant use. For in his mind it was always the same, with even the words clearly worked out.

"It's beautiful!" his father would exclaim. "Did you really make it yourself?"



"Well, what are we waiting for?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And he, Tommy Neally, would smile and nod. Then his father would walk around him so as not to miss anything. When he was through, he would grin and say quietly, "I think I'm going to love it even more than the old war bonnet." He would say nothing more. But they would both know all it meant, all that would be changed. His father might even put his arms around him and kiss him because he was so happy. And Tommy thought that he surely loved his father very much.

Tommy pulled from his hip pocket a small snapshot, cracked and faded in its worn-leather holder. He stopped to study it and saw himself standing eight years tall in the war bonnet, held wondrously and forever between his mother and father in a moment of joy and warmth and summer sun. They had just bought the bonnet, and Chief Dark Cloud himself had snapped the picture for them in front of the Reservation Trading Post. Tommy remembered the way his mother had hugged him among the feathers. And always afterward it had been the same whenever he put it on—whether for the special Cub Scout meeting or for only the three of them together, with his mother hugging him and smelling from perfume and his father just standing there grinning on account of he loved the war bonnet, too, and was so happy.

But how long ago that had been, Tommy thought, walking on. Now his father did not grin at all any more—not since his mother had died. Now his father just sat sometimes and did not say anything. And even when his father did speak to him, it was as though he did not really know that he was there. He had wanted more than anything for his father to be the way he once was, but had not known what to do. And instead of helping, he had somehow made it worse, with

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his father worrying about his having to be alone so much and his suddenly not being interested in his schoolwork or anything else. His father even worried about his being so skinny and not eating enough. So that he, Tommy, had tried hard to eat more, until his stomach had at last become sick from the trying.

Then, desperate for some way to make things better, he had thought one afternoon of the old war bonnet and the way his father's face had always looked when he'd worn it. So, with hopes high, he had taken the war bonnet from its camphored box in the closet and made his plans. By the time his father was due home that evening, all was in readiness. He had waited tensely in the war bonnet, the apartment dark except for the three flickering candles of the tribal campfire. Then, hearing footsteps outside the door, he had made a final move, and the bonnet's tail had somehow touched a candle.

Tommy stumbled over a root and blinked at a passing car. He sighed, because the rest was almost too terrible to think about. But he remembered it clearly, as always—with the flames all around and his father crying out and beating at them, his face all twisted and strange-looking. And afterward, with the war bonnet only black ashes on the floor, his father had been very angry and had said even if he had to borrow the money, he was sending him to camp that summer. Because otherwise he, Tommy, would surely get himself killed with his crazy stunts. Tommy wished he could have told his father about what he'd been trying to do. But he'd watched his father looking at the burned thing on the floor and had said nothing. He guessed his father had loved that old war bonnet very much.

"Hey, Injun!" a husky voice called. "Tired of walking?"

A blue sedan with a man and woman in it had stopped a short distance ahead. Tommy ran up to the car and climbed in back. Carefully following the truck driver's advice, he told the couple he was going to visit an aunt thirty miles down the road. He was almost surprised when they seemed to believe him. He was not used to lying and had not expected it to be this easy. They were very pleasant and friendly, so that after a while he began to feel badly about having lied to them.

They stopped and let him out at a crossroad where they were turning off. They waved as they drove away, and Tommy waved back. He saw a sign saying that New York was still one hundred and five miles away. But he had already come sixty-five miles and was not too worried about the rest. There was a diner across the road and, although he did not feel very hungry, he thought perhaps he should eat. The truck driver had said a man couldn't do anything if he didn't eat.

He adjusted the war bonnet and started toward the diner, one hand inevitably carrying the tail, the other reaching for the money in his shirt pocket. But he felt neither pocket nor money. He looked down quickly and saw his shirt turned inside out. He dug inside for the pocket and found it. But his fingers found nothing else and came out empty. He tried twice more before he realized sadly that the money had probably dropped out when he had pulled off his shirt in the truck. He stood uncertainly in front of the diner for a moment, then walked slowly away.

A bank of clouds had drifted over the sun. But there was still no breeze, and the air hung heavy. Tommy watched the sky anxiously, thinking he would have nothing with which to cover the feathers if it should rain. He suddenly wondered if his leaving had caused much of a fuss at camp. He had left a note on his bunk saying his father was driving him home. He didn't expect them to believe it, but at least they'd know nothing terrible had happened to him. They couldn't call his father, because he was out selling and wouldn't be back until tonight. He guessed his father would be pretty angry at first about what he'd done, but not after he knew the reason and saw the war bonnet.

Tommy felt a few drops of rain on his face and started to walk more quickly. The rain felt cool and pleasant, but he was still worried about the feathers and could not enjoy it. He stopped under a tree and stood there with his thumb out until a woman in a shining black car pulled over and offered him a ride.

The woman was fat and wore silver-rimmed glasses and smiled without stopping. She asked him a great many questions about where he lived and where his aunt lived and why he was going to visit her, so that it became necessary for Tommy to lie a great deal. She kept smiling much too much. Tommy remembered hearing his father say you couldn't trust people who smiled too much.

She was still smiling as she said, "Do you know your shirt is on inside out, young man?"

Tommy glanced down and managed to look surprised. "I guess I got dressed in kind of a hurry this morning."

"Isn't that a camp shirt?" she asked.

"It's my brother's," he said quickly. "He went to this camp last year."

"Oh?" The woman drove sitting stiffly and with both hands gripping the wheel. "And what camp was that, young man?" she inquired.

"Winnetonga," Tommy said without thinking, then wanted to bite his tongue.

"That's a lovely camp. I've visited there several times."

Tommy studied the swinging windshield wipers and did not say anything. When they came to a service station, the woman stopped for gas, then got out of the car while the tank was being filled. She smiled. "I'll be right back. I have to make a phone call."

Tommy watched her jounce flabbily through the rain and into the office. He waited, shifting restlessly in his seat. Then, abruptly suspicious, he pushed open the door and left the car. He circled the office and stealthily approached an open window on the side. The woman was speaking into an open wall phone and he could hear her clearly.

"Yes, I know," she was saying. "I'll leave him at the police barracks and you can send someone. Yes, I recognized the uniform at once. And that outlandish feathered thing on his head." The woman laughed, and Tommy Neally's stomach quietly sagged.

Aaah, he thought bitterly, *smiling women.*

He felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and looked up at the grimy face of the station mechanic. "Playin' Indian, kid?"

Tommy tried to shake loose. But the hand held strong and firm. "Let me go," he said desperately. "Please, let me go."

The woman had turned and seen them through the window. "Hold him," she ordered. "Don't let him get away."

Tommy looked appealingly at the grinning face above him and found no reason for hope there at all. He gritted his teeth and kicked hard at the man's ankle. The mechanic cried out and released his grip as he clutched at the wounded part. Tommy leaped past him and into a deep stretch of woods behind the gas station. He ran fast and frightened, not looking back, unaware of slashing rain or tearing branches. His tail streamed wildly behind him like some strange and feathered comet. He did not see where the ground suddenly fell away until it was too late. He went over the edge of the gully fast and rolled for thirty feet before he was stopped hard and abruptly by a large rock.

He lay dazed for a moment. His hands flew to his head, and he sat up in quick panic as he felt only hair. Then he saw the war bonnet. It clung sorrowfully to a bush, part way up the slope.

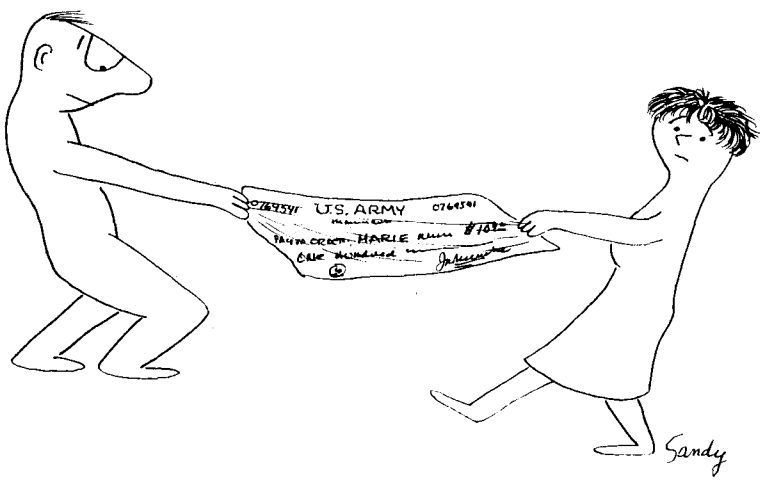
Tommy ran over to it. He picked it up reverently, as one would a dead and beloved thing. He saw the places where feathers had been broken and other places where they had been torn out completely. Then he collected as many of the loose ones as he could find, sorting and straightening them into a neat pile. It was not too bad, he told himself. But he felt strange inside when he looked at it.

Then he put the war bonnet back on his head and tucked the extra feathers into his belt. He listened for sounds of pursuit, but heard only the rain hitting the leaves. He started back toward the road and thought he would have to be very careful with them knowing where he was now and looking for him. He circled in a wide arc to reach the road as far from the service station as possible. His wet clothing was cold against his skin, and his sneakers complained moistly with each step. He carried the war bonnet's dripping tail with the same respect as before, but the brightness of his hope began to fade. He wondered if perhaps he had not been expecting too much from it. Maybe to his father nothing could ever take the place of the old war bonnet. Maybe even if he made a hundred new ones his father would still keep thinking of the old one and the way his mother used to press it to her face. And he, Tommy Neally, had burned it to a black nothing.

He heard the sound of distant traffic then a while later saw the road through the trees. He approached it cautiously and knelt behind a clump of bushes. He blinked the rain from his eyes as he watched anxiously for the fat woman's shiny black sedan or possibly a police car. He glanced at the feathers draped over his arm, then looked quickly back at the road as he saw them wet, bedraggled and dirty. He did not enjoy looking at the war bonnet any more. When it had been torn, it was as though he himself had been torn. But it would be all right, he told himself fiercely. After it was fixed and cleaned off, it would be fine.

A big moving van approached. When it was still a hundred yards away, Tommy stepped from hiding and held out his thumb. The two men sitting in front stared wide-eyed, but the van did not slow. Tommy hurried back to wait behind the bush, shivering now in the wetness.

His teeth were chattering nearly an hour later when an old man stopped to pick him up in a crumbling junk truck. The old man's face was very wrinkled but his eyes were blue and shining and did not look as old as the rest of him. He drew on a big, curved pipe and listened seriously as Tommy told him all about



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Marie, living at home and working as a secretary, refused to join her soldier husband Jim at his New England base, but regularly cashed his allotment checks. Finally Jim withheld the checks and cashed four himself by signing her name to them. He was accused of forgery. Marie testified against him. He was convicted, and appealed on grounds that she should not have been permitted to testify.

"Granted that a wife usually can't testify against her husband, in this instance she was an injured party because he cashed her checks," Marie's lawyer argued. "That gave her the right to testify, and the conviction should stand."

"An allotment check is not the sole property of the wife," Jim's counsel contended. "The husband has an interest in it, and his endorsing it is not the kind of injury which permits his wife to testify against him. Set Jim free."

If you were the judge, would you free Jim?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jim went free. The court said there was insufficient evidence to show that his action hurt his wife and so the wife's testimony was inadmissible. It added that the husband, as head of the family, was entitled to establish a place of residence and to use the checks for that purpose.

Based upon a 1959 United States Military Court of Appeals decision.

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going to visit his aunt. When the boy had finished, he looked at him silently for a moment, then reached in back and handed him a sweater.

"You'd better take off that wet shirt," he said, "and put this on. You look like a drowned cat."

Tommy placed his pile of soggy feathers on the seat and did as he was told. The sweater was torn and fit him like a coat and smelled of tobacco. But it was warm, and he hugged it to him gratefully. They rode without speaking, the truck and its load of scrap rattling about them.

"Feel better?" the old man asked after a while.

Tommy nodded.

"Now tell me why you're running away."

Tommy stiffened and started to protest. But the old man cut him off. "You're not a very good liar, boy," he said. "Besides, I stopped for gas a while back, and they told me to watch for a runaway Indian."

Tommy sagged against the back of the seat. "What are you going to do with me?"

"That depends," the old man said, "on where you're running to and why. Maybe you'd better tell me."

So Tommy Neally told him. He told him all of it, the words seeming to spill out by themselves in a great and eager rush. So that he told the old man far more than he had expected to tell. "So you see," he finished breathlessly, pleadingly, "why I had to bring it home myself? Why I couldn't let them send it with all the trunks and junk?"

The old man glanced down at the mournful collection of feathers.

"They'll be all right," Tommy assured him quickly. "I just have to dry them and clean them off a little. They'll be fine." He picked up two feathers and rubbed them with his sleeve to show just how fine they would be. But they lay limp and dejected in his hand.

The old man peered through the rain-washed windshield. "It just so happens, boy," he said, "that I'm going all the way to New York. And I hate like anything to ride all by myself."

Then he smiled, and Tommy Neally smiled back and just sat listening to the suddenly beautiful noises of the truck. After a while he was able to let himself enjoy once more the way it would be when he saw his father. And in his thoughts the war bonnet was again clean and perfect.

It had just become dark when they came out of the Lincoln Tunnel. The rain had stopped and the lights of the city glowed yellow in the shining streets. They turned uptown on Eighth Avenue and moved along in heavy traffic. At Ninety-fifth Street Tommy said quickly, "Could you let me off here, please? I live over that way." He pointed. "Near the park."

The truck rattled to a halt. Tommy hurriedly removed the old man's sweater and put on his own shirt, now dry. Then he gathered up the war bonnet. "Thank you very much," he said, his voice dry and tense with excitement. He suddenly felt as though he had not seen his father in years.

The old man watched him put on the war bonnet and fuss nervously with the feathers. "It looks fine," he said.

Tommy looked up uncertainly. "Are you sure?"

The old man smiled and his face shattered into a thousand lines. "Absolutely sure," he said firmly, decisively. Then, with his pipe belching smoke, he rattled the ancient truck off into the traffic.

Tommy turned and walked west on Ninety-fifth Street, the tenements looming tall and dark on either side, the pavement feeling strange and hard against his feet. He was tired, but walked straight and with careful dignity, conscious of the glances he drew from passers-by. Glimpsing his reflection in a store window, he noted with relief that the war bonnet had dried well and no longer drooped too badly.

He was only half a block from his house when he saw the group of boys beneath the street light.

There were five of them. Three were sitting on the curb, while two leaned against the lamppost. They were only slightly older than he, but Tommy did not recognize any of them and supposed they were from some other block. Three of them were smoking cigarettes and looked pretty tough. They watched him approach, not saying anything, but silently nudging one another in joyous disbelief.

Tommy felt his legs stiffen and thought fleetingly of crossing to the other side of the street. But he did not want them to think he was afraid. So, with his head up and looking at nothing, he marched forward to the brave beat of drums long stilled, his ears hearing again their sound, faint but immutable in the orange glow of tribal fires long cold.

He was almost past when they came at him with loud and mocking war whoops. He whirled to meet them, small fists swinging, at that instant each a deadly tomahawk. A hand snatched at his war bonnet, and he slashed at the menacing face above it. It went away, but another took its place, and he swung at this too. They came in a bunch then, and he was hit from three sides, although he did not know it. He chopped and kicked at whatever he found in front of him, until the war bonnet was torn from his head and he was knocked to the sidewalk. Then he lunged for the legs beneath the feathers and hung on desperately, hearing the wild whoops above him, feeling the legs collapse in a swirl of plumage. Something hard hit him in the face several times. But he grabbed at the feathers with one hand and just kept punching with the other.

Then suddenly there was nothing at which to punch and the war whoops had stopped, and he heard only the sound of running feet. He felt himself lifted by two big hands and stared vacantly at a shining, silver shield on a very wide chest. "You all right, boy?" a big voice asked.

Tommy looked at what was left of the war bonnet in his hand and could not speak. But he nodded, and the policeman walked beside him to his house and stood on the sidewalk watching as he climbed the stoop and entered the dimly lighted vestibule.

Inside he stopped to rest for a moment at the foot of the stairs because he could hardly breathe. He felt a strange taste in his mouth and remembered that he had not eaten since early that morning. *A man can't do anything*, he thought numbly, *if he don't eat.*

He started to climb the stairs, and at the top of the second flight he fell and lay for a little while with his face against the feathers. Finally he stood up and began to climb once more. On the fourth floor he stopped to rest again. Then he walked down the long, narrow corridor. A light was shining from beneath the door to his apartment. He stood looking at the door. Then slowly, reluctantly, he pushed it open.

His father was sitting beside the telephone in the foyer. But he stood up as Tommy walked in, a tall, dark-eyed man with heavy brows and anxious lines beside his mouth. He started to speak, his voice harsh with anger—then stopped, the words forgotten in his throat. He stared silently at the boy, at the way he looked, at the feathers trailing limply from one hand like a flag of complete and lasting defeat.

Tommy held up all that remained of the war bonnet. It was not much. "You should have seen the way it was," he whispered through dried, beaten lips. "It was beautiful. I wish you could have seen the way it was."

He wanted to say more. But his tongue stiffened between his teeth and his eyes stared without hope, while no words came to tell this tall man whom he loved what he, Tommy Neally, had done. Suddenly and without warning the tears started from his eyes and rolled down his rigid, warrior's cheeks. He turned away, helpless and ashamed. But there was no way that he could stop them and no place that he could hide.

"I've been going out of my mind here." His father's voice came to him, sounding hoarse and strange and not like his voice at all. "I got back early to meet your bus. For five hours I've just been sitting by that phone, going wild."

Tommy stood there, his face quivering. "It was beautiful," he sighed vacantly, unable to let go of what had once been, "and it was going to make up for what I did to the old one. It was a surprise for you and they wanted to send it with the trunks, and I couldn't let. . . ." His voice trailed off hopelessly and died. Aaah—*what was the use*, he thought tiredly. No matter what he did, it turned out wrong. He waited for his father's righteous anger to strike.

But somehow it did not come. There was only a long and empty silence. Until at last Tommy glanced up and saw his father looking at the remains of the war bonnet. The tall man bent and picked up the battered feathers and tried awkwardly to smooth them between his big hands.

"You mean," he said softly, "that you really made this yourself?"

Tommy Neally straightened disbelievingly at the sound of the long-awaited words. He tried to smile and nod as he had planned, but all that came out was a weird and tired grimace.

Then his father straightened the war bonnet as best he could and placed it on Tommy's head. He walked around the boy slowly, his dark eyes drowning. And although the things that he saw were very far from the things that Tommy had planned for him to see, this did not seem to matter at all.

For his father was saying in his hoarse, strange-sounding voice, "Don't you worry. It can be fixed. We'll fix everything fine—both of us together. You just wait and see—both of us together."

And a moment later, with his father's face strong and joyously rough against his cheek, Tommy knew without any doubt that this was the way it would surely be.

THE END

... ...

Portrait

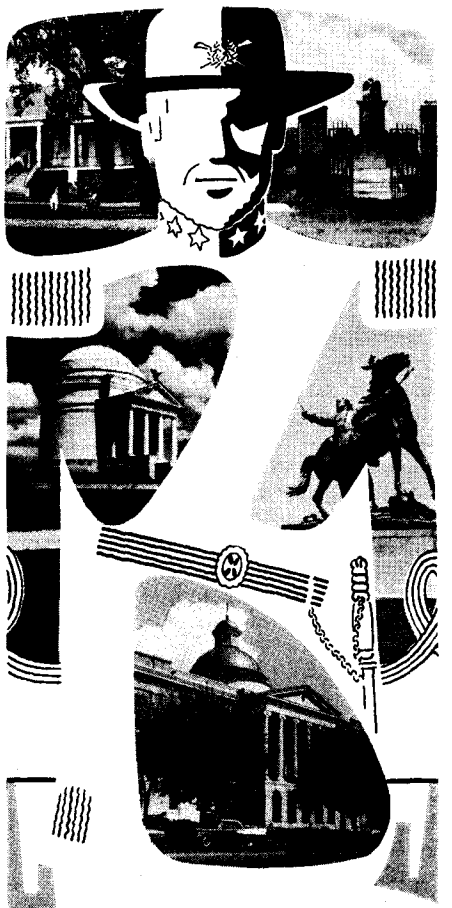
By Charles Lee

Be smart
And call it Instant Art,
But there are sudden
moments
Just the same
That capture Renoir's light
and flame.
Last night was one.
Your face created sunlight
In the startled gloom,
Your yellow hair made
roses
In the blue-black garden
of your chair.
Renoir lived within that
room,
As if to prove that
sometimes art,
Composing masterpieces in
a magic air,
Hangs best within the
heart.

... ...

ississippi

Civil War Centennial



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The Space Generation (Continued from Page 27)

cell. I've built this model garage with an automatic door. When the car approaches the garage it breaks a beam of light between a post and the electric eye. This starts a motor which raises the garage door. You can see how the garage roof is cut away to show the motor and relay switches. And this"—he put up a large display board with a wiring design on it—"is the schematic."

Albert trundled the toy car down the miniature driveway, but the garage door didn't budge. He frowned and looked around. "I'm getting interference from the house lights," he said. He rigged a shade for the electric eye, and after that his automatic door worked smoothly.

What these young men had in common was their membership in a national high-school organization, the Junior Engineering Technical Society—better known as Jets—which aims at stimulating youthful interest in applied science. The youngsters attracted to this fast-growing club seem fairly typical of science-minded teenagers all over the country when their curiosity and competitive spirit are challenged. The nuclear, automated space age may be something of a fearsome mystery to many of the older generation, but it won't be to these bright kids, who are going to help run it, eagerly and ably.

The Jets organization itself has much of the enthusiastic, sky's-not-the-limit attitude of its members. The society was launched eleven years ago by Michigan State University's College of Engineering simply as a state program to locate and attract high-school students with talent in applied science. But the society now has rocketed to national proportions—even to some foreign nations—and at last count had 762 chapters with about 19,000 members in forty-six states and seven countries. Spurring on this growth have been numbers of industrial firms which have contributed to the national organization's budget and, perhaps most important, have lent the clubs the time and brains of their engineers and scientists.

Strangely enough, the original pattern for Jets came from a farm-youth club, and was stimulated by a lack of youthful interest in applied science. Back in the years following World War II the faculty of Michigan State's engineering school became apprehensive about (1) the poor preparation and motivation of the freshmen they were getting, and (2) the increasing number of "dropouts"—students who enrolled in engineering but later decided they weren't cut out for this kind of course and withdrew. In some cases the entering freshmen simply had an erroneous idea about engineering and, after wasting a year or so, found they were unsuited for it. In others the youngsters had talent, but hadn't taken enough basic science and mathematics in high school—or hadn't taken these courses seriously enough—to provide a foundation for technical courses in college. Michigan State was sending emissaries, such as Prof. Harold P. Skamser of the College of Engineering, to "college days" and "career days" at Midwestern high schools. Skamser and others reported that they were talking to seniors who had excellent scholastic records and who wanted to go into engineering or scientific research, but simply couldn't qualify. "These young people had followed the course of least resistance," Skamser recalls. (He now is dean of engineering at California State Polytechnic College.) "Their realization that their training was useless for a career in applied science came too late for them to take corrective action."

In talking over the problem, Skamser and Lorin G. Miller, then dean of engineering and since retired, decided that some mechanism was needed to reach the high-school students early in the game, something that would give the youngsters a taste of applied science so they could decide for themselves whether or not they had talent and what would be required to develop it. But how to reach them? How to dramatize the adventure and excitement in engineering and research?

Seeking answers, Miller and Skamser thought of the remarkable success long enjoyed by the 4-H Clubs of America in capturing the imaginations of farm boys and girls. The 4-H clubs, sponsored by the United States Department of Agriculture and state agricultural colleges, promote agricultural education by the project method. The 4-H calls it "learning by doing." The 4-H clubs use youth-run meetings, demonstrations, emblems, contests and awards to bring life and competition to subjects which might be considered dreary if presented simply as textbook lessons. Part of the 4-H technique is the use of experienced people in the community—teachers, outstanding farmers, and the like—as volunteer leaders for the clubs.

Unblushingly Miller and Skamser borrowed the 4-H pattern. They thought up a name, originally Junior Engineering Training for Schools, later changed to Junior Engineering Technical Society. The main idea was to get initials that connoted speed and action—or JETS. Keep in mind that Sputnik had not yet blazed through the skies, or the profs might have figured out an acrostic that would have added up to ROCKETS. The clubs would "learn by doing" with individual and group projects which would emphasize applied physics, chemistry and math. There would be a club emblem—this later did turn out to be a rocket and a streak of lightning. Each club would have a teacher-adviser, to be known as a "jets pilot," and a local volunteer technical adviser, an engineer or scientist, but the club members themselves would run the show, guided by their elected officers: A captain, first officer, navigator (treasurer) and communications officer (secretary). Industries would be invited to back the clubs, locally and nationally, with ideas, technical material, prizes, scholarships and money. There would be contests, awards, field trips and engineering expositions where the kids could show their projects. There would be no national fees, although the local clubs might collect dues for their own purposes.

Skamser organized the first club in 1950 in his own back yard—at the East Lansing High School, not far from the campus of Michigan State. From there the idea spread rather slowly through the state; during the next two years only nine other clubs were chartered. Then, as word got around through educational and engineering circles, the movement began to spread to other states. New ideas came along too. A club newsletter called the *Jets-O-Gram* was started. Michigan State University set aside a few entrance scholarships especially for Jets members. An official pin was adopted—a small, silver slide rule with the word "Jets" engraved on it—and the Keuffel and Esser Company of Hoboken, New Jersey, manufacturers of engineering instruments, agreed to provide these to all members. Companies such as General Electric, which had previously sponsored high-school engineering and science clubs in their plant communities, made their educational literature available to the Jets and took an interest in expanding the organization. The Consumers Power Company of Michigan decided to support the Jets program on a statewide basis, assigning seventy-five of the company's engineers to work in their spare time in organizing and advising the clubs.

"The reason for our part in the program is very simple," said a company spokesman. "For several years there has been a dearth of good engineers. Our men are enthusiastic about the Jets program. They get a kick out of working with the youngsters and have learned they have to cram up on their engineering principles before going to club meetings."

"I took a thorn out of his foot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Industry's increasing interest in Jets was one reason for the society's mushrooming growth. By 1958 the organization had 365 chapters in thirty-five states and had completely outgrown its status as a part-time Michigan State project. So it was reorganized as a national, nonprofit society with an impressive board of directors drawn from various parts of United States industry, education and government. A full-time executive director was hired. Dean J. D. Ryder of Michigan State's College of Engineering was elected president of the society, a post he still holds. The national headquarters remained in East Lansing.

Jets roots took hold in many different ways. For example, five years ago Carl Parenti, an intense aeronautical engineer, then chief of engineering training of Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, was desperately scouting for engineers on the Michigan State campus when he heard about the program. On returning to his home office he convinced Republic's top command that the company should undertake to promote the Jets idea in the high school in its area, and should back the decision with a grant of at least $100 annually per school and part of the working time of as many as a dozen of its engineers and scientists.

"We're real selfish about this program," said Parenti, who since has become manager of the organization-procedures division of the company. "We want to have engineers and technicians when we need them, so we're helping the high schools to find and develop talent. We aren't trying to interfere with the school system, but we do want to help them give better guidance to students in the fields of science and engineering."

Parenti believes that the schools, rather than the students, have been to blame for lack of emphasis on basic studies. He tells of one case in which a promising student found himself overloaded because he had to help his father in business. The boy decided he had to drop at least one course, either mechanical drawing or driver training. His faculty adviser suggested that the student drop mechanical drawing, but stay with the driver training calling it "a practical subject that would be of more value." Parenti's face turns a light crimson when he tells this.

"These clubs have been a challenge too," he added. "We now are working with twelve of them. They will try anything. For instance, the Jets at Levittown Memorial High School decided their school needed a cyclotron—an atom smasher—as an aid to science instruction; not just a model, but a fourteen-million-electron-volt industrial type. So they set out to build it."

They have completed it too. Working under the guidance of their pilot, Marvin Feinstein, a science teacher, the Levittown group first came to Parenti seeking advice and materials. Parenti now admits that he was a bit shaken up; he feared the project was too ambitious for a bunch of teen-agers to take on, but he didn't want to dampen their enthusiasm. So he suggested that the club draw up preliminary plans for the device, hoping that in the process they would discover what a complex piece of equipment they were tackling.

But it didn't work out quite as I imagined it would. The club studied all the written material they could find on

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cyclotrons, consulted experts with a number of the country's largest electrical firms and laid out a three-year program for the construction, volunteering to continue their work through summer vacations. The club then came back to Parenti with their complete designs, which Republic's engineers checked and found to be quite sound. There was a problem of making the magnetic core of the atom smasher because it had to be a carefully machined, two-ton chunk of metal. So Republic machined the core to the junior engineers' specifications. The club had the cyclotron—believed to be the largest in any high school—all wired and ready for testing as this article went to press.

"We soon learned to avoid telling the Jets that something was out of their reach," Parenti said. "But we try diplomatically to divert them from impractical or dangerous projects. For example, the Jets at Lindenhurst High School wanted to build a big rocket and try to put it into orbit—these kids are all hopped up about space. But Howard Triani, a Republic engineer and counselor to the club, and Fred Frisbie, the club's pilot, pointed out to the youngsters that they had no place to fire such a rocket, and that they might learn more about the science of rocketry if they built a static test stand for rocket motors." The members liked the idea and negotiated with the village government for a piece of land, away from the town and jutting out over a bay. In drawing up plans, the club sought and secured technical advice from Reaction Motors, Inc., a rocket-engine firm. As yet the club hasn't fired a rocket motor, but as Parenti says, "They certainly have learned a lot about rockets—and also how to do business."

At the sparkling, ultramodern, $5,000,000 Cathedral High School in Springfield, Massachusetts, I sat in on a regular, twice-a-month meeting of one of the top Jets clubs of the country. It was a somewhat unnerving experience which left me feeling like some antique left over from the auto-and-airplane age, yet pleasantly amazed by the scientific sophistication of forty-four young men and six girls who expertly discussed everything from cryogenics to thermodynamics, particularly the latter because the club's 1960 group project—they also had many individual ones—was the designing and building of a working model of a solar home.

The pilot of this club is Sister Loretto Thomas, a dedicated but jolly teacher of physics and mechanical drawing, who realized that I was out of my depth. So she explained things as the meeting went along, adding comfortingly, "This generation isn't any smarter than the older one, but they have access to so much more knowledge. They seem to have more self-confidence too."

I couldn't argue with her about that. Jets Capt. Joseph Liro—the boy mentioned earlier—was running the meeting with professional smoothness and was pointing out that this project gave the club an excellent opportunity to work as a group because a solar house involved investigation of a number of different principles and would require participation by all members—the girls, for example, would be in charge of the design from standpoint of livability and decoration. He then called on Earl Godfrey to report on the findings of a committee which had researched mechanisms for solar heating.

Godfrey quickly diagrammed a "sandwich" of glass plates and copper sheets to collect heat from the sun. He pointed out that the glass plates would be spaced to permit the sun's rays to penetrate but not to bounce back. The copper sheets would transfer the heat to water, piped into a reservoir which could be drawn on as needed. After some discussion of capacities, angle of the sun's rays at various times of the year, and so on, Charles Sharples, a boy who plans to become an architect, suggested an alternate design, a house with a dome, carrying a curved mirror which would collect the sun's heat and would be guided by an electric eye to stay directly in line with the sun from morning till night in all seasons. There was some objection that this was "too much engineering and too little house," plus discussion of means by which such a solar heating system could be converted in summer to a cooling system.

At the end of the discussion, the Captain listed the alternatives on the board and put the matter to a vote. The mirror type won. Before the meeting adjourned, I asked how many Jets members planned to go on to college—and was astonished when every student put up a hand.

"All of you?" I said in surprise. A girl held up her hand. "We all *plan* on going to college," she said, "but some of us may not be able to go unless we get scholarships."

Next I asked for a show of hands of those planning to go into engineering, and all but seven indicated such plans. On polling the seven I learned that they intended to major in physics, mathematics and chemistry. The year before, out of twenty-two members, sixteen had enrolled in engineering schools.

Sister Loretto told me that the club definitely had helped its members to clarify their plans for careers in applied science. "Before we started this program, most boys had only a vague idea of what "engineering" or "technology" really meant," she said. "Now Jets members know just what each kind of engineer does, and they understand that any kind of engineer must also be a mathematician as well as a designer and planner. The club's activities also help in a negative way—they show those youngsters who lack the particular talents needed for applied science that careers in engineering and research aren't for them. This last is important, too, because it saves youngsters from drifting into college courses in which they are likely to fail."

Throughout the entire school year the national Jets organization spreads its

Hiatus

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

This is the day between
heartbreak
And the realization of
heartbreak.
This is the day of
detachment,
The falling of the leaf.
Borne by the wind that
wrenched it,
The weary mind is
suspended,
Drifting in aimless spirals,
Uncaring in this brief
Yet measureless journeying
earthward.
Blessed little hiatus!
This is the day between
heartbreak
And coming to grips with
grief.

Now...for today's younger men and women over 45

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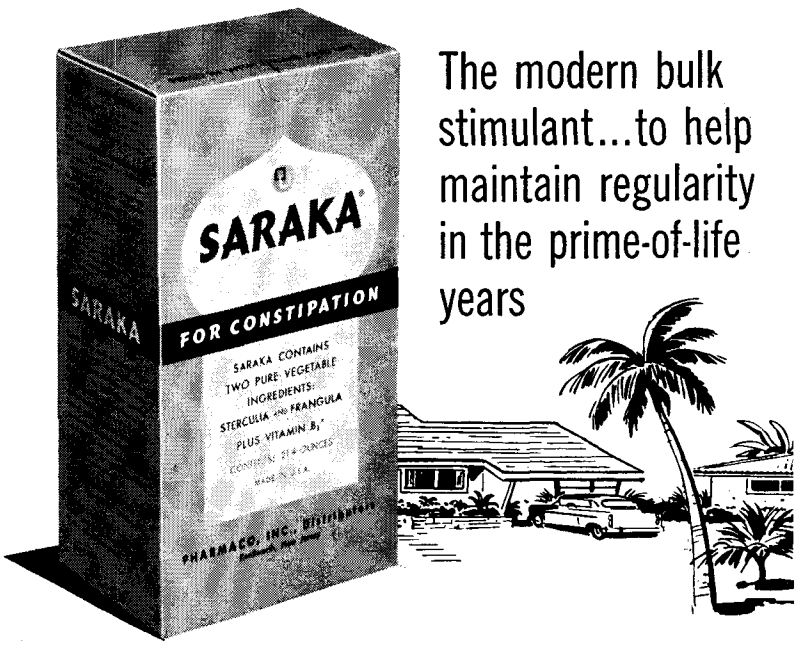
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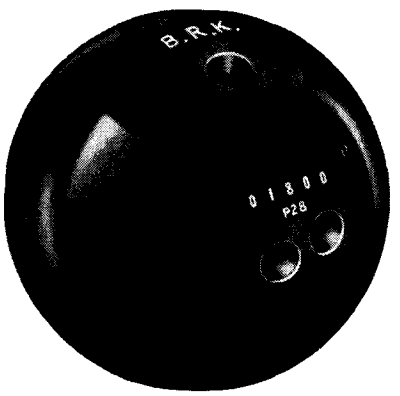

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doctrine and information by a number of routes. Each chapter receives the semimonthly *Jets-O-Gram*, along with a fat package of information material on some phase of physical science, especially prepared for high-school use. These are called "academic unit plans" and may cover anything from nuclear physics to fluid mechanics. A typical unit—say, on dynamics—will have a thirty-four-page booklet, illustrated with drawings, giving not only the basic laws but also their application in such things as rockets, automobiles and airplanes. There will be suggested projects which can be set up with simple materials.

As Richard T. Fallon, executive director of Jets national, says, "It isn't enough to talk or write to teen-agers. They need stuff they can put their hands on and use to build. Industry has been very helpful in supplying kits of various kinds that we can send out. For example, one company provided materials from which Jets members could build a simple spectroscope." The cost of preparing the units presently is covered by a grant from the National Science Foundation.

Other activities promoted by the national organization are "science downs," engineering expositions, field days and leadership conferences—all designed to whip up the competitive spirits of members. The science downs are something like a spelling bee with atomic-age overtones; that is, teams from different clubs challenge each other and square off in contests, each team seeking to answer the most questions about science. Engineering expositions at high schools, on a local or regional basis, give embryo engineers a chance to show their projects and to win awards—usually technical items such as slide rules, instrument-building kits, technical books and the like—supplied by local firms that are co-operating in the program. Leadership conferences are regional get-togethers at which Jets club leaders and advisers can swap ideas and talk over their work.

The big show—the place where outstanding teen-age engineers from all over the country can compete—is the National Jets Projects Exposition at Michigan State University. I went to the eighth annual exposition last May to see what it was all about. The show proved to be a dazzling display of youthful technical skill and imagination—with enough teen-age lapses into faulty spelling and horseplay to give the event a flavor all its own.

As I wanted to talk with some of the youngsters while they were setting up their exhibits, I arrived early at the large lobby of Michigan State's new library, the scene of the exposition. There I found Executive Director Fallon straightening out some last-minute details in allocation of exhibition spaces.

"We have one hundred and twenty-one entries from seven states," Fallon told me. "We're expecting a total of 2400 members and their pilots and advisers. We put many of them up in the college dorms." He showed me how the projects were divided into nine engineering categories—from aeronautics to astrophysics. Fallon himself is a mathematician, a former high-school teacher at Defiance, Ohio, where he became interested in the Jets movement and organized an award-winning club.

"When the exhibits come in, I hope you'll notice that they aren't just gadgets or toys," he said. "To qualify they have to demonstrate a scientific principle or development and do it in an original way—not just an imitation. We have teams of top-notch judges for each category—specialists from education and industry. Projects which are rated Superior or Excellent win awards.

It wasn't long before Albert Thiess Jr., the boy with the photoelectric-cell demonstration, came in and began setting up his project. (He later won a Superior award.) Crews of boys carrying heavy crates and strangely shaped objects streamed through the doors, and the exhibit hall began to hum, whir, crackle and flash as various electronic devices were tested. One group in particular attracted considerable attention because it came to the registration desk and apologetically but rather firmly requested that the long desk be moved closer to the wall at one end of the hall.

"We have a wind tunnel, one that uses smoke," their spokesman explained. "It's kind of large and has to be near a ventilator. This seems to be the only place for it."

The registration desk was moved, and a Jets team from Traverse City, Michigan, started setting up its twenty-foot-long apparatus, a sturdy, interlocking affair with an impressive-looking control board. It had been designed and built by three students, Joe Wollam, Fitch Williams and Nick Crain. Wollam, a slender, spectacled boy with the standard crew-cut hair, was the leader of the crew and talked to me while making a last-minute repair in the wiring.

"We wanted a tunnel that would give us a good velocity—around forty miles per hour—and would show the effect of air flow on wing foils and model-airplane conformations," he explained. "We more or less found the parts for it. The power unit came from a project we had last year. We borrowed an old vacuum sweeper from the basement to make our smoke-generating device. We had to buy the siding for the tunnel and the fan motor—we earned the money for this by cleaning out the Williams's barn."

"How do you generate the smoke?" I asked.

"Well, we tried a lot of methods and materials, but we found a mixture of tobacco and fine oil makes the most visible smoke. It's ignited and sucked into the wind tunnel by the vacuum sweeper. I'd show you how it works but, to be honest, we don't want to turn this thing on until the judges come around because, boy, it's going to fog up this whole hall."

It did too. But through the resulting haze, the judges managed to find their way to pin a Superior ribbon on the project. All together, twenty-four of the entries won Superior awards and twenty-one were rated as Excellent. The Michigan State University handed out seven tuition scholarships in the engineering school to Jets boys.

Later I inspected exhibits until I was completely confused but was in agreement with Dean Ryder that "The kids always surprise us. They have a lot more potential than we expect." There were a number of boy-made electronic computers. One lad had constructed a model of an atom, using table-tennis balls with lights inside them which would light up in various sequences to show the action of different particles—protons, neutrons, mesons, neutrinos, and so forth—during nuclear fission. There were working models of ram-jet engines, rocket-guidance systems, cloud chambers, communications systems using infrared light ("Enemy couldn't jam it as they can radio," said the young builder). In the mathematics section was a demonstration which had even the profs on the ropes. It had something to do with the fourth dimension and was called "Hypercubes Made Visible."

Pioneering in a relatively new field was a tall, dark-haired young man, Greg Touchman, aged eighteen, of Cedarville, Ohio, who was showing a device he had spent two years in building. It was an air-liquefaction machine he had developed especially for cryogenics, the study of the effect of exceedingly low temperatures on materials and processes, a branch of science which has gained new significance as man approaches the utterly cold reaches of outer space. Touchman won a Superior award on his project and later was named 1960's Jets National Junior Engineer—the title carrying with it a trip to Washington to receive a trophy presented by Lt. Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, head of the Air Research and Development Command, and a member of the Jets board of directors. The young man was busy last summer on a special job for Jets, writing an academic unit on cryogenics for distribution to the clubs. He received a scholarship and enrolled last fall in mechanical engineering—specializing in cryogenics, naturally—at Michigan State.

"We think that Jets is helping to clear up some of the confusion that developed after the Russian Sputnik," Dean Ryder said. "You know, youngsters took seriously that publicity that the Soviet Union was ahead of us in science. So there was a big increase in enrollment in pure-science courses—and a drop in the courses in applied science. While college enrollments went up, enrollments in engineering went down, all but in electronics, which had a special glamour."

He pointed out the window where a long antiaircraft rocket, lent by the Army for the exposition, poked its nose toward the sky. "What the kids and the high schools overlooked was that there is just as much engineering as there is science in a rocket. When a space rocket goes into orbit, that's considered a great scientific achievement—but when it flops, some engineer goofed.

"Jets has helped show students how science and engineering fit together," he continued. "And we know that students from these clubs are better scholastic risks than the average. They've been preselected. This is highly important today because what we need in the coming age is not just engineers, but *good* engineers."

Personally I think the kids are getting the message. THE END

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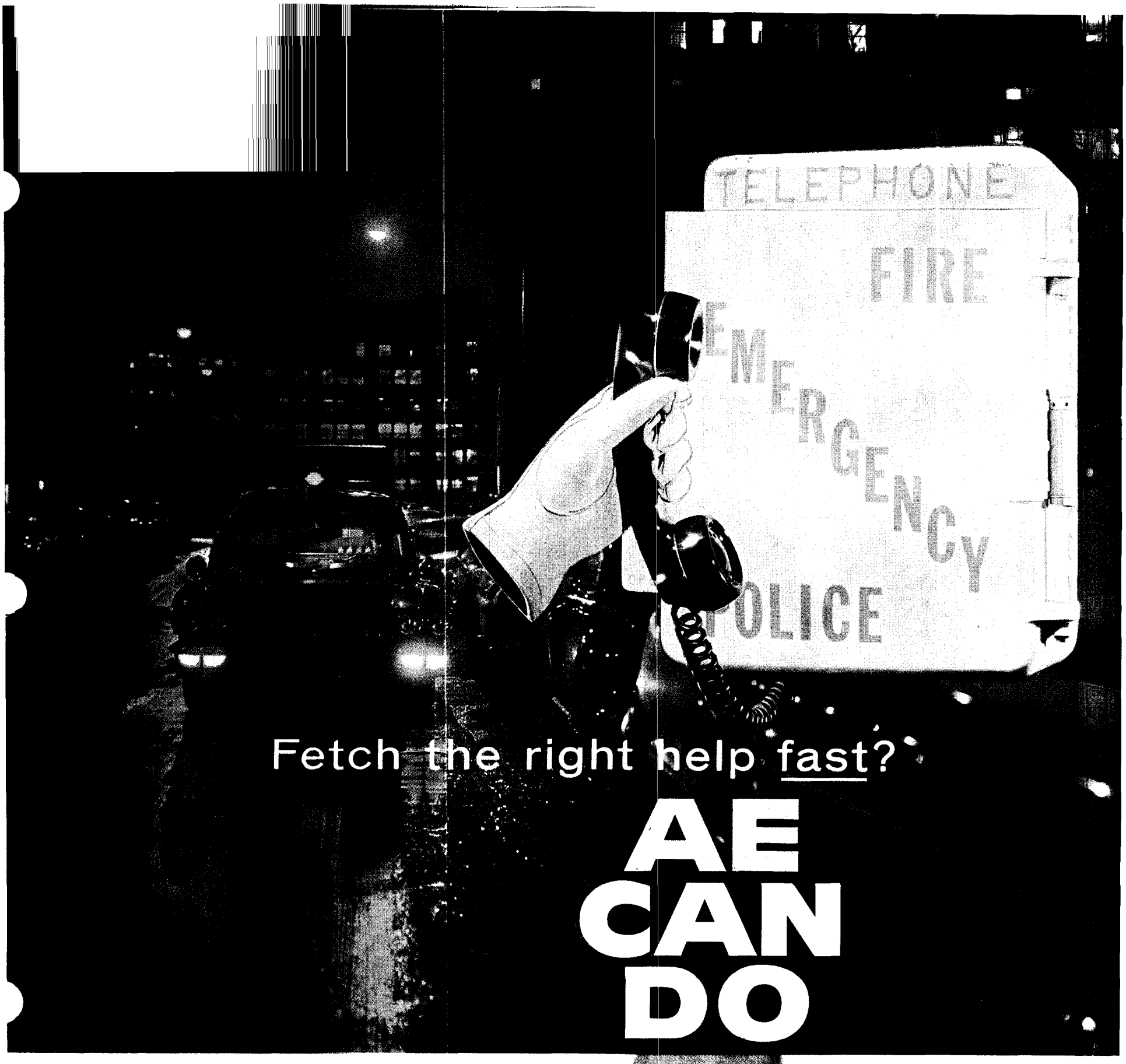

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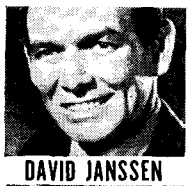

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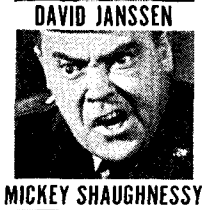

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Keeping Posted

Citizen of New Mexico

Paul Horgan grew up along the Rio Grande and chronicled its epic history in his Pulitzer Prize-winning 1954 work, *Great River*. Today he lives in Roswell, New Mexico, near the Rio Hondo, "a dry ditch which presumably pours into the Pecos, which pours into Rio Grande."

The theme for Horgan's history on the young manhood of Abe Lincoln (CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM, page 18) was suggested to us by Robert Bird, public-relations director of Illinois' Lincoln College and brother of our Senior Editor John Bird. Novelist-historian Horgan explored New Salem at our invitation. He was impressed by the number of people who journey to this restored village from all parts of the world; yet these throngs were at the same time an intrusion. "I wanted to have the place to myself," says Horgan, "in order to imagine how life must have been during its few years of flourishing activity."

Horgan visited the village one dawn, just after a storm. "The raindrops were still dripping off branches and eaves, mists were hanging in the woods, and small creatures were venturing onto the village green and among the silent houses. Half looking at the long, wandering single street of the village and half listening to the actual sounds of the growing day, I was able to see and almost hear what New Salem might well have been like 130 years ago. Almost I expected a door to open here, a fireplace to start smoking there, a neighbor's call to sound down the street. I wandered an hour alone and peered through windows and leaned into doorways. As the daylight grew, so did my impressions. I made written notes of these, and a drawing or two to catch something of my feeling. By the time the first tourists began to appear, I felt that I had been to New Salem in 1830, and I was ready to yield it to the visitors of 1960."

Horgan's early-morning sketch of the second Lincoln-Berry store is below. Horgan is an accomplished water colorist, but his "chief preoccupation" is music. In the 1920's he studied voice at the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music; today he's board chairman of the Santa Fe Opera. The proudest accomplishment of this man of many talents: "I am allowed to conduct at the annual opera ball."

Addendum: A 1959 piece of *Post* Lincolniana, Jacques Barzun's LINCOLN THE LITERARY GENIUS, has been published in book form—the first book produced by a one-man, one-press publishing firm, The Schori Private Press. The typesetting and printing of this hand-crafted little volume was done in the home of Ward K. Schori, an Evanston, Illinois, editor and typographer.

Paul Horgan checking proofs of his Lincoln text.

Horgan made this sketch at dawn, to preserve for himself the mood of New Salem, Ill.

Tales of the Authors

Peggy Simson Curry.

Every summer for the past six years **Peggy Simson Curry** of Casper, Wyoming, has written a story to be read to the guests at the Casper Lions Club Camp for the Blind. Invariably author Curry is asked after she has read her story, "Will you send it out?" and when she returns the following year, "Did you sell it?" The tale she read aloud, sent out and sold in 1960: BOGUS BRIDE, page 16.

The space-age spoof on page 24 (THE CAT THAT VANISHED) was written in a fit of frustration by San Gabriel, California's, **John Reese,** an old-fashioned father who occasionally has difficulty communicating with his fifteen-year-old son Andy. Andy began reviewing science books for a Pasadena newspaper at age twelve. One day his dad took him up to the NASA's Goldstone tracking station, where scientists police the satellites. After the physicist in charge had explained how messages are received from satellites, Andy said, "I see. Are your data-reduction calculations all based on the Doppler effect?"

"I felt like taking the boy home and washing his mouth with soap," says Reese, who adds, "By the way, watching that Echo thing go over, I thought of a title for a popular song, a mournful ballad about unrequited love, that should do well on the jukeboxes: *My Lucky Star Turned Out to Be a Stinking Satellite.*"

(For further commentary on our youngsters of the satellite set, see THE SPACE GENERATION, page 26.)

Before going to Athens in 1959, **Ellis O. Briggs** (THE CHURCH THAT NICK BUILT, page 25) served as ambassador to Santo Domingo, Uruguay, Czechoslovakia, Korea, Peru and Brazil. In 1956 we published his article on Syngman Rhee's gift of Korean bears to President Eisenhower (MY TANGLE WITH THE PRESIDENT'S BEARS). This article later was incorporated into a book, *Shots Heard Round the World*. Ambassador Briggs tells us that aforesaid bears are thriving in Washington's Rock Creek Park Zoo, to the delight of legions of grandchildren, including his own.

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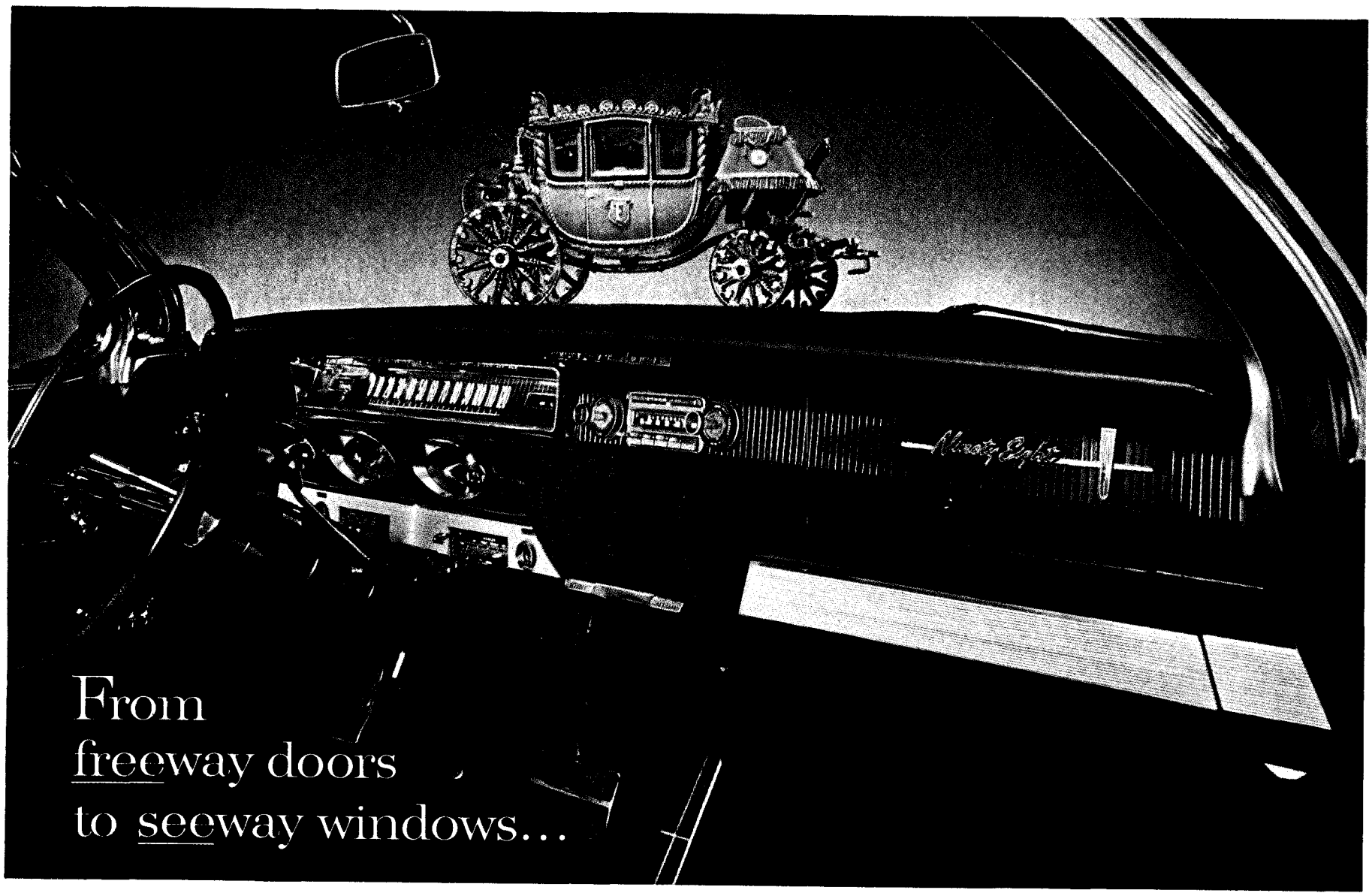

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